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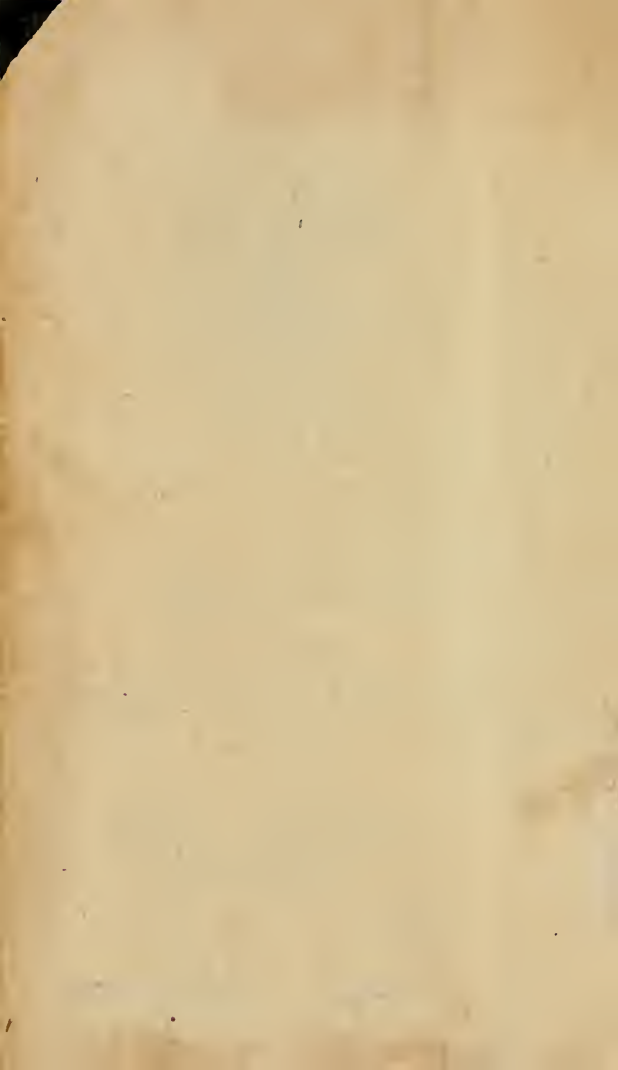
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BELL'S EDITION.  
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN  
COMPLETE, FROM  
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL



POMFRET.

High in the Boughs the murderer's Father hung  
Beneath the Children round the Mother hung

*Trinity's Hist. Verse 270*

*Stoddart del.*

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London 1779

*Dalton Sc.*

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN POMFRET.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

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If Heav'n the grateful liberty would give,  
That I might chuse my method how to live----  
Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,  
Built uniform; not little, nor too great----  
I'd have a clear and competent estate,  
That I might live genteelly, but not great----  
I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd  
With the best wines each vintage could afford----  
I'd chuse two friends, whose company would be  
A great advance to my felicity----  
Would bounteous Heav'n once more indulge, I'd chuse  
(For who would so much satisfaction lose  
As witty nymphs in conversation give?)  
Near some obliging modest fair to live.----

THE CHOICE.

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EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1779.

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1779



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JOHN POMFRET.

CONTAINING HIS

CHOICE,		LAST EPIPHANY,
PROSPECT OF DEATH,		DIVINE ATTRIBUTES,
REASON,		ELEAZAR'S LAMENTAT.

*&c. &c. &c.*

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I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar ;  
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.  
Whate'er assistance I had pow'r to bring,  
T'oblige my country, or to serve my king,  
Whene'er they call'd, I'd readily afford  
My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword---  
If Heav'n a date of many years would give,  
Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty, live---  
And when committed to the dust, I'd have  
Few tears, but friendly, dropp'd into my grave :  
Then would my exit so propitious be,  
All men would wish to live and die like me.

THE CHOICE.

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EDINBURG:  
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.  
*Anno 1779.*

1877

1878

1879

1880

1881

1882

1883

THE LIFE OF  
JOHN POMFRET.

Few anecdotes concerning this poet have been transmitted to posterity; and therefore the reader cannot expect a circumstantial detail either of the incidents of his life, which probably were but few, and even these not of much importance, nor an elaborate discussion of the merit of his writings. That he was a pious good man is a truth sufficiently established from his poems, and will further appear from the following short narrative, dated in the 1724, which is all we have been able to collect relative to this poet or his works.

The two pieces, *Reason*, and *Dies Novissima*, are the only Poetical Remains of the Rev. Mr. Pomfret; and were lately found, among some other of his papers of a private nature, in the custody of an intimate friend.

The first of them, entitled *Reason*, was wrote by him in the year 1700, when the debates concerning the doctrine of the Trinity were carried on with so much heat by the clergy, one against another, that King William was obliged to interpose his royal authority, by putting an end to that pernicious controversy, through an act of parliament, strictly forbidding any persons whatsoever to publish their notions on this subject. It is, indeed, a severe though very just satire upon the antagonists engaged in that dis-

pute, and was published by Mr. Pomfret at the time it was wrote. The not inserting of it among his other poems, when he collected them into a volume, was on account of his having received very signal favours from some of the persons therein mentioned; but they, as well as he, being now dead, it is hoped that the revival of it at this juncture will answer the same good purposes intended by the Author in its original composition.

The other, entitled *Dies Novissima*; or, The Last Epiphany, a Pindaric ode, on Christ's second appearance to judge the world, is now printed from a manuscript under his own hand. It must be, indeed, confessed, that many excellent pens have exercised their talents upon this subject; but yet, notwithstanding the different manner in which they have treated it, I dare say there will be found such a holy warmth animating this piece throughout, that, as The Guardian has observed of divine poetry, we shall find a kind of refuge in our pleasure, and our diversion will become our safety.

Having thus given a faithful account of these valuable Remains, there is another natural piece of justice still due to the memory of the Author. In the first place, by giving some account of his family, to clear him from the aspersions of fanaticism, which have been generally cast on him through a notorious mistake; and, in the next place, to defend the genuine-

ness of his writings from the injurious treatment of those who have, either through malice or ignorance, ascribed some of them to other persons.

The true account of his family is as follows, *viz.* Mr. Pomfret's father was Rector of Luton in Bedfordshire, and himself was preferred to the living of Malden in the same county. He was liberally educated at an eminent grammar-school in the country, from whence he was sent to the university of Cambridge, but of what college he was entered I know not. There he wrote most of his poetical compositions, took the degree of Master of Arts, and very early accomplished himself in most kinds of polite literature.

It was shortly after his leaving the University that he was preferred to the living of Malden above mentioned; and so far was he from being in the least tinctured with fanaticism, that I have often heard him express his abhorrence of the destructive tenets maintained by those people, both against our religious and civil rights.

This imputation, it seems, was cast on him by there having been one of his surname, though not any way related to him, a dissenting teacher, who died not long ago\*: so far distant from the accusation were the principles of this excellent man.

\* Mr. Samuel Pomfret, who published some rhymes upon spiritual Subjects, as they are pleased to call them.

About the year 1703 Mr. Pomfret came up to London, for institution and induction into a very considerable living, but was retarded for some time by a disgust taken by Dr. Henry Compton, then bishop of London, at these four lines in the close of his poem, entitled *The Choice*.

And as I near approach'd the verge of life,  
Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)  
Should take upon him all my worldly care,  
While I did for a better state prepare.

The parenthesis in these verses was so maliciously represented to the Bishop, that his Lordship was given to understand it could bear no other construction than that Mr. Pomfret preferred a mistress before a wife; though I think the contrary is self-evident, the verses implying no more than the preference of a single life to marriage, unless his brethren of the gown will assert that an unmarried clergyman cannot live without a mistress. But the worthy prelate was soon convinced of the propense malice of Mr. Pomfret's enemies towards him, he being at that time married: yet their base opposition of his deserved merit had in some measure its effect; for by the obstructions he met with, and the small-pox being at that time very rife, he sickened of them, and died at London in the 36th year of his age.

The ungenerous treatment he has since met with in regard to his poetical compositions, is in a book entitled *Poems* by the Earl of Roscommon and Mr.

Duke \*; in the préface to which the publisher has peremptorily inserted the following paragraph: “In this collection (says he) of my Lord Roscommon’s poems, care has been taken to insert all that I could possibly procure that are truly genuine, there having been several things published under his name which were written by others, the authors of which I could set down if it were material.” Now, this arrogant editor would have been more just, both to the public and to the Earl of Roscommon’s memory, in telling us what things had been published under his Lordship’s name by others, than by concealing the authors of any such gross impositions: instead of which he is so much a stranger to impartiality, that he has been guilty of the very crime he exclaims against; for he has not only attributed *The Prospect of Death* to the Earl of Roscommon, which was wrote by Mr. Pomfret many years after his Lordship’s decease, but likewise another piece, entitled *The Prayer of Jeremy* paraphrased, prophetically representing the passionate grief of the Jewish people for the loss of their town and sanctuary, written by Mr. Southcot, a worthy gentleman now living, who first published it himself in the year 1717 †: so that it is to be

\* Printed for Jacob Tonson, 1717. Octavo.

† See *Miscellaneous Poems and Translations*. Printed for Bernard Lintot. Octavo.

hoped, in a future edition of the E. of Roscommon's and Mr. Duke's poems, the same care will be taken to do these gentlemen justice, as to prevent any other person from hereafter injuring the memory of his Lordship.

1724.

PHILALETHES.



## THE PREFACE.

IT will be to little purpose, the Author presumes, to offer any reasons why the following poems appear in public, for it is ten to one whether he gives the true, and if he does, it is much greater odds whether the gentle reader is so courteous as to believe him. He could tell the world, according to the laudable custom of Prefaces, that it was through the irresistible importunity of friends, or some other excuse of ancient renown, that he ventured them to the press; but he thought it much better to leave every man to guess for himself, and then he would be sure to satisfy himself; for, let what will be pretended, people are grown so very apt to fancy they are always in the right, that unless it hit their humour it is immediately condemned for a sham and hypocrisy.

In short, that which wants an excuse for being in print ought not to have been printed at all: but whether the ensuing Poems deserve to stand in that class the world must have leave to determine. What faults the true judgment of the gentleman may find out, it is to be hoped his candour and good humour will easily pardon; but those which the peevishness and ill nature of the critic may discover, must expect to be unmercifully used; though, methinks, it is a very preposterous pleasure to scratch other persons till the blood comes, and then laugh at and ridicule them.

Some persons, perhaps, may wonder how things of this nature dare come into the world without the

protection of some great name, as they call it, and a fulsome epistle dedicatory to his Grace, or Right Honourable: for if a poem struts out under my Lord's patronage, the author imagines it is no less than *scandalum magnatum* to dislike it, especially if he thinks fit to tell the world that this same lord is a person of wonderful wit and understanding, a notable judge of poetry, and a very considerable poet himself. But if a poem have no intrinsic excellencies and real beauties, the greatest name in the world will never induce a man of sense to approve it; and if it has them, Tom Piper's is as good as my Lord Duke's; the only difference is, Tom claps half an ounce of snuff into the poet's hand, and his Grace twenty guineas: for, indeed, there lies the strength of a great name, and the greatest protection an author can receive from it.

To please every one would be a new thing, and to write so as to please no body would be as new; for even Quarles and Wythers have their admirers. The Author is not so fond of fame to desire it from the injudicious many, nor of so mortified a temper not to wish it from the discerning few. It is not the multitude of applauses, but the good sense of the applauders, which establishes a valuable reputation; and if a Rymer or a Congreve say it is well, he will not be at all solicitous how great the majority may be to the contrary.

London, anno 1699.

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## MISCELLANIES.

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### THE CHOICE.

If Heav'n the grateful liberty would give,  
That I might chuse my method how to live,  
And all those hours propitious Fate should lend  
In blisful ease and satisfaction spend :

Near some fair town I'd have a private seat, 5  
Built uniform; not little, nor too great;  
Better if on a rising ground it stood,  
On this side fields, on that a neighb'ring wood:  
It should within no other things contain  
But what are useful, necessary, plain: 10  
Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure  
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.

A little garden, grateful to the eye,  
And a cool rivulet run murm'ring by,  
On whose delicious banks a stately row 15  
Of shady limes or sycamores should grow;  
At th' end of which a silent study plac'd,  
Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd,  
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines  
Immortal wit and solid learning shines; 20  
Sharp Juvenal, and am'rous Ovid too,  
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew;

He that with judgment reads his charming lines,  
 In which strong art with stronger nature joins,  
 Must grant his fancy does the best excel, 25  
 His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well;  
 With all those Moderns, men of steady sense,  
 Esteem'd for learning and for eloquence.  
 In some of these, as Fancy should advise,  
 I'd always take my morning exercise; 30  
 For sure no minutes bring us more content  
 Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.  
 I'd have a clear and competent estate,  
 That I might live genteelly, but not great;  
 As much as I could moderately spend; 35  
 A little more, sometimes t'oblige a friend:  
 Nor should the sons of Poverty repine  
 Too much at Fortune, they should taste of mine;  
 And all that objects of true pity were  
 Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare:  
 For that our Maker has too largely giv'n 41  
 Should be return'd in gratitude to Heav'n.  
 A frugal plenty should my table spread,  
 With healthy, not luxurious, dishes fed;  
 Enough to satisfy, and something more, 45  
 To feed the stranger and the neighb'ring poor.  
 Strong meat indulges vice, and pamp'ring food  
 Creates diseases, and inflames the blood:  
 But what's sufficient to make nature strong,  
 And the bright lamp of life continue long, 50

I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,  
 The bounteous Author of my plenty blefs.  
 I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd  
 With the best wines each vintage could afford.  
 Wine whets the wit, improves its native force, 55  
 And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse;  
 By making all our spirits debonair,  
 Throws off the lees, the sediment of care:  
 But as the greatest blessing Heaven lends  
 May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends, 60  
 So, but too oft', the grape's refreshing juice  
 Does many mischievous effects produce.  
 My house should no such rude disorders know  
 As from high drinking consequently flow,  
 Nor would I use what was so kindly giv'n 65  
 To the dishonour of indulgent Heav'n.  
 If any neighbour came he should be free,  
 Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be  
 In my retreat, or to himself or me. }  
 What freedom, prudence, and right reason, give, 70  
 All men may, with impunity, receive;  
 But the least swerving from their rule's too much;  
 For what's forbidden us 'tis death to touch.  
 That life may be more comfortable yet,  
 And all my joys refin'd, sincere, and great, 75  
 I'd chuse two friends, whose company would be  
 A great advance to my felicity;

Well born, of humours suited to my own,  
 Discreet, and men as well as books have known;  
 Brave, gen'rous, witty, and exactly free 80  
 From loose behaviour or formality;  
 Airy and prudent; merry, but not light;  
 Quick in discerning, and in judging right;  
 Secret they should be, faithful to their trust,  
 In reas'ning cool, strong, temperate, and just; 85  
 Obliging, open, without huffing brave,  
 Brisk in gay talking, and in sober grave;  
 Close in dispute, but not tenacious; try'd  
 By solid reason, and let that decide;  
 Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate, 90  
 Nor busy meddlers with intrigues of state;  
 Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spite;  
 Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight;  
 Loyal and pious, friends to Cæsar; true,  
 As dying martyrs, to their Maker too: 95  
 In their society I could not miss  
 A permanent, sincere, substantial, bliss.

Would bounteous Heav'n once more indulge, I'd  
 (For who would so much satisfaction lose [chuse  
 As witty nymphs in conversation give?) 100  
 Near some obliging modest fair to live;  
 For there's that sweetness in a female mind  
 Which in a man's we cannot hope to find;  
 That, by a secret but a pow'rful art,  
 Winds up the spring of life, and does impart 105 }  
 Fresh vital heat to the transported heart.

I'd have her reason all her passion sway ;  
 Easy in company, in private gay ;  
 Coy to a fop, to the deserving free ;  
 Still constant to herself, and just to me : 110  
 A soul she should have for great actions fit,  
 Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit ;  
 Courage to look bold Danger in the face ;  
 No fear, but only to be proud or base ;  
 Quick to advise, by an emergence prest, 115  
 To give good counsel, or to take the best :  
 I'd have th' expression of her thoughts be such,  
 She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much ;  
 That shews a want of judgment and of sense ;  
 More than enough is but impertinence : 120  
 Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd,  
 Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind ;  
 Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride,  
 In all the methods of deceit untry'd ;  
 So faithful to her friend, and good to all, 125  
 No censure might upon her actions fall :  
 Then would ev'n Envy be compell'd to say  
 She goes the least of woman-kind astray.

'To this fair creature I'd sometimes retire,  
 Her conversation would new joys inspire, 130  
 Give life an edge so keen, no surly care  
 Would venture to assault my soul, or dare,  
 Near my retreat, to hide one secret snare.

But so divine, so noble, a repast  
 I'd seldom and with moderation taste; 135  
 For highest cordials all their virtue lose  
 By a too frequent and too bold a use;  
 And what would cheer the spirits in distress  
 Ruins our health when taken to excess.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar; 140  
 Beloved by all, not vainly popular.  
 Whate'er assistance I had pow'r to bring,  
 T' oblige my country, or to serve my king,  
 Whene'er they call'd, I'd readily afford  
 My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword. 145  
 Law-suits I'd shun with as much studious care  
 As I would dens where hungry lions are,  
 And rather put up injuries than be  
 A plague to him who'd be a plague to me.  
 I value quiet at a price too great 150  
 To give for my revenge so dear a rate;  
 For what do we by all our bustle gain  
 But counterfeit delight for real pain?

If Heav'n a date of many years would give,  
 Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty, live; 155  
 And as I near approach'd the verge of life,  
 Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)  
 Should take upon him all my worldly care,  
 Whilst I did for a better state prepare:  
 Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd, 160  
 Nor have the ev'ning of my days perplex'd,



But, by a silent and a peaceful death,  
Without a sigh resign my aged breath:  
And when committed to the dust, I'd have  
Few tears, but friendly, dropp'd into my grave: 165  
Then would my exit so propitious be,  
All men would wish to live and die like me. 167

# LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON.

## A VISION.

Tho' gloomy thoughts disturb'd my anxious breast  
All the long night, and drove away my rest,  
Just as the dawning day began to rise  
A grateful slumber clos'd my waking eyes;  
But active Fancy to strange regions flew, 5  
And brought surprising objects to my view.

Methought I walk'd in a delightful grove,  
The soft retreat of gods, when gods make love;  
Each beauteous object my charm'd soul amaz'd,  
And I on each with equal wonder gaz'd, 10  
Nor knew which most delighted; all was fine,  
The noble product of some pow'r divine:  
But as I travers'd the obliging shade,  
Which myrtle, jessamine, and roses, made,  
I saw a person whose celestial face 15  
At first declar'd her goddess of the place;  
But I discover'd, when approaching near,  
An aspect full of beauty, but severe:  
Bold and majestic, ev'ry awful look  
Into my soul a secret horror struck: 20  
Advancing farther on she made a stand,  
And beckon'd me; I, kneeling, kiss'd her hand;  
Then thus began——“Bright Deity! (for so  
“You are, no mortals such perfections know)  
“I may intrude; but how I was convey'd 25  
“To this strange place, or by what pow'rful aid,

"I'm wholly ignorant; nor know I more,  
 "Or where I am, or whom I do adore:  
 "Instruct me, then, that I no longer may  
 "In darkness serve the goddess I obey." 30  
 "Youth!" she reply'd, "this place belongs to one  
 "By whom you'll be, and thousands are, undone.  
 "These pleasant walks, and all these shady bow'rs,  
 "Are in the government of dang'rous pow'rs.  
 "Love's the capricious master of this coast, 35  
 "This fatal labyrinth, where fools are lost.  
 "I dwell not here amidst these gaudy things,  
 "Whose short enjoyment no true pleasure brings,  
 "But have an empire of a nobler kind;  
 "My regal seat's in the celestial mind, 40  
 "Where, with a godlike and a peaceful hand,  
 "I rule, and make those happy I command;  
 "For while I govern all within's at rest;  
 "No stormy passion revels in my breast:  
 "But when my pow'r is despicable grown, 45  
 "And rebel appetites usurp the throne,  
 "The soul no longer quiet thoughts enjoys,  
 "But all is tumult and eternal noise.  
 "Know, Youth! I'm Reason, which you've oft' de-  
 "I am that Reason which you never priz'd; [spis'd;  
 "And tho' my argument successless prove, 50  
 "(For reason seems impertinence in love)  
 "Yet I'll not see my charge (for all mankind  
 "Are to my guardianship by Heav'n assign'd)

- " Into the grasp of any ruin run 55  
 " That I can warm 'em of and they may shun.  
 " Fly, Youth! these guilty shades; retreat in time,  
 " Ere your mistake's converted to a crime;  
 " For ignorance no longer can atone  
 " When once the error and the fault is known. 60  
 " You thought, perhaps, as giddy youth inclines,  
 " Imprudently, to value all that shines,  
 " In these retirements freely to possess  
 " True joy, and strong substantial happiness:  
 " But here gay Folly keeps her court, and here, 65  
 " In crowds, her tributary fops appear,  
 " Who, blindly lavish of their golden days,  
 " Consume them all in her fallacious ways.  
 " Pert Love with her, by joint commission, rules  
 " In this capacious realm of idle fools, 70  
 " Who, by false arts and popular deceits,  
 " The careless, fond, unthinking mortal cheats.  
 " 'Tis easy to descend into the snare,  
 " By the pernicious conduct of the fair;  
 " But safely to return from this abode 75  
 " Requires the wit, the prudence, of a god;  
 " Tho' you, who have not tasted that delight,  
 " Which only at a distance charms your sight,  
 " May, with a little toil, retrieve your heart,  
 " Which lost, is subject to eternal smart. 80  
 " Bright Delia's beauty, I must needs confess,  
 " Is truly great, nor would I make it less;

“ That were to wrong her where she merits most ;  
 “ But dragons guard the fruit, and rocks the coast :  
 “ And who would run, that ’s moderately wise, 85  
 “ A certain danger for a doubtful prize ?  
 “ If you miscarry, you are lost so far,  
 “ (For there ’s no erring twice in love and war)  
 “ You ’ll ne ’er recover, but must always wear  
 “ Those chains you ’ll find it difficult to bear. 90  
 “ Delia has charms, I own ; such charms would move  
 “ Old Age and frozen Impotence to love :  
 “ But do not venture where such danger lies ;  
 “ Avoid the sight of those victorious eyes,  
 “ Whose pois’nous rays do to the soul impart 95  
 “ Delicious ruin and a pleasing smart.  
 “ You draw, insensibly, destruction near,  
 “ And love the danger which you ought to fear.  
 “ If the light pains you labour under now  
 “ Destroy your ease, and make your spirits bow, 100  
 “ You ’ll find ’em much more grievous to be borne,  
 “ When heavier made by an imperious scorn ;  
 “ Nor can you hope she will your passion hear  
 “ With softer notions or a kinder ear  
 “ Than those of other swains, who always found 105  
 “ She rather widen’d than clos’d up the wound.  
 “ But grant she should indulge your flame, and give  
 “ Whate’er you ’d ask, nay, all you can receive ;  
 “ The short-liv’d pleasure would so quickly cloy,  
 “ Bring such a weak and such a feeble joy, 110

- " You'd have but small encouragement to boast  
 " The tinsel rapture worth the pains it cost.  
 " Consider, Strephon! soberly of things,  
 " What strange inquietudes love always brings;  
 " The foolish fears, vain hopes, and jealousies, 115  
 " Which still attend upon this fond disease;  
 " How you must cringe and bow, submit and whine,  
 " Call ev'ry feature, ev'ry look, divine;  
 " Commend each sentence with an humble smile;  
 " Tho' nonsense, swear it is a heav'nly style; 120  
 " Servilely rail at all she disapproves,  
 " And as ignobly flatter all she loves;  
 " Renounce your very sense, and silent sit  
 " While she puts off impertinence for wit:  
 " Like setting-dog, new whipp'd for springing game,  
 " You must be made, by due correction, tame. 126  
 " But if you can endure the nauseous rule  
 " Of woman, do; love on, and be a fool.  
 " You know the danger, your own methods use,  
 " The good or evil's in your pow'r to chuse: 130  
 " But who'd expect a short and dubious bliss  
 " On the declining of a precipice,  
 " Where, if he slips, not Fate itself can save  
 " The falling wretch from an untimely grave?"  
 " Thou great Directress of our minds," said I, 135  
 " We safely on your dictates may rely,  
 " And that which you have now so kindly prest  
 " Is true, and, without contradiction, best;

“ But with a steady sentence to control  
 “ The heat and vigour of a youthful soul, 140  
 “ While gay temptations hover in our sight,  
 “ And daily bring new objects of delight,  
 “ Which on us with surprising beauty smile,  
 “ Is difficult, but is a noble toil.  
 “ The best may slip, and the most cautious fall; 145  
 “ He’s more than mortal that ne’er err’d at all:  
 “ And tho’ fair Delia has my soul possess’d,  
 “ I’ll chase her bright idea from my breast;  
 “ At least I’ll make one essay: if I fail,  
 “ And Delia’s charms o’er Reason do prevail, 150  
 “ I may be, sure, from rigid censures free;  
 “ Love was my foe, and Love’s a deity.”

Then she rejoin’d; “ May you successful prove  
 “ In your attempt to curb imperious Love;  
 “ Then will proud passion own her rightful lord; 155  
 “ You to yourself, I to my throne, restor’d:  
 “ But to confirm your courage, and inspire  
 “ Your resolution with a bolder fire,  
 “ Follow me, Youth! I’ll shew you that shall move  
 “ Your soul to curse the tyranny of Love.” 160

Then she convey’d me to a dismal shade  
 Which melancholy yew and cypress made,  
 Where I beheld an antiquated pile  
 Of rugged building in a narrow aisle;  
 The water round it gave a nauseous smell, 165  
 Like vapours steaming from a sulph’rous cell;

The ruin'd wall, compos'd of stinking mud,  
 O'ergrown with hemlock, on supporters stood,  
 As did the roof, ungrateful to the view;  
 'Twas both an hospital and bedlam too: 170  
 Before the ent'rance mould'ring bones were spread,  
 Some skeletons entire, some lately dead;  
 A little rubbish loofely scatter'd o'er  
 Their bodies uninterr'd lay round the door:  
 No fun'ral rites to any here were paid, 175  
 But dead, like dogs, into the dust convey'd.  
 From hence, by Reason's conduct, I was brought,  
 Thro' various turnings, to a spacious vault,  
 Where I beheld, and 'twas a mournful sight,  
 Vast crowds of wretches all debarr'd from light, 180  
 But what a few dim lamps, expiring, had,  
 Which made the prospect more amazing sad;  
 Some wept, some rav'd, some musically mad;  
 Some swearing loud, and others laughing; some  
 Were always talking, others always dumb: 185  
 Here one, a dagger in his breast, expires,  
 And quenches with his blood his am'rous fires:  
 There hangs a second; and, not far remov'd,  
 A third lies poison'd, who false Celia lov'd.  
 All sorts of madness, ev'ry kind of death, 190  
 By which unhappy mortals lose their breath,  
 Were here expos'd before my wond'ring eyes,  
 The sad effects of female treacheries.  
 Others I saw who were not quite bereft  
 Of sense, tho' very small remains were left, 195



Cursing the fatal folly of their youth  
 For trusting to perjurious woman's truth,  
 These on the left—upon the right a view  
 Of equal horror, equal mis'ry, too;  
 Amazing, all employ'd my troubled thought, 200  
 And with new wonder new aversion brought.  
 There I beheld a wretched num'rous throng  
 Of pale lean mortals: some lay stretch'd along  
 On beds of straw, disconsolate and poor;  
 Others extended naked on the floor: 205  
 Exil'd from human pity here they lie,  
 And know no end of mis'ry till they die:  
 But death, which comes in gay and prosp'rous days  
 Too soon, in time of misery delays.

These dreadful spectacles had so much pow'r, 210  
 I vow'd, and solemnly, to love no more;  
 For sure that flame is kindled from below  
 Which breeds such sad variety of woe.

Then we descending by some few degrees  
 From this stupendous scene of miseries, 215  
 Bold Reason brought me to another cave,  
 Dark as the inmost chambers of the grave:

"Here, Youth!" she cry'd, "in the acutest pain  
 "Those villains lie who have their fathers slain, 219  
 "Stabb'd their own brothers, nay, their friends, to  
 "Ambitious, proud, revengeful, mistresses, [please  
 "Who, after all their services, prefer'd  
 "Some rugged fellow of the brawny herd

" Before those wretches, who, despairing, dwell  
 " In agonies no human tongue can tell. 225  
 " Darkneſs prevents the too amazing ſight,  
 " And you may bleſs the happy want of light."  
 But my tormented ears were fill'd with ſighs,  
 Expiring groans, and lamentable cries,  
 So very ſad, I could endure no more; 230  
 Methought I felt the miſeries they bore.

Then to my guide ſaid I, " For pity, now  
 " Conduct me back; here I confirm my vow,  
 " Which if I dare infringe be this my fate,  
 " To die thus wretched, and repent too late. 235  
 " The charms of beauty I'll no more purſue;  
 " Delia! farewell; farewell for ever too."

Then we return'd to the delightful grove,  
 Where Reaſon ſtill diſſuaded me from love.  
 " You ſee," ſhe cry'd, " what miſery attends 240  
 " On love, and where too frequently it ends;  
 " And let not that unwieldy paſſion ſway  
 " Your ſoul, which none but whining fools obey.  
 " The maſculine brave ſpirit ſcorns to own  
 " The proud uſurper of my ſacred throne, 245  
 " Nor with idolatrous devotion pays  
 " To the falſe god or ſacrifice or praiſe.  
 " The Syren's muſic charms the ſailor's ear,  
 " But he is ruin'd if he ſtops to hear;  
 " And if you liſten, Love's harmonious voice 250  
 " As much delights as certainly deſtroys.

- “ Ambrosia mix’d with aconite may have  
 “ A pleasant taste, but sends you to the grave;  
 “ For tho’ the latent poison may be still  
 “ A while, it very seldom fails to kill. 255  
 “ But who’d partake the food of gods to die  
 “ Within a day, or live in misery?  
 “ Who’d eat with emperors, if o’er his head  
 “ A poniard hung but by a single thread\*?  
 “ Love’s banquets are extravagantly sweet, 260  
 “ And either kill or surfeit all that eat,  
 “ Who, when the fated appetite is tir’d,  
 “ Ev’n loathe the thoughts of what they once admir’d.  
 “ You’ve promis’d, Strephon, to forsake the charms  
 “ Of Delia, tho’ she courts you to her arms; 265  
 “ And sure I may your resolution trust;  
 “ You’ll never want temptation, but be just.  
 “ Vows of this nature, Youth! must not be broke;  
 “ You’re always bound, tho’ ’tis a gentle yoke.  
 “ Would men be wise, and my advice pursue, 270  
 “ Love’s conquests would be small, his triumphs few;  
 “ For nothing can oppose his tyranny  
 “ With such a prospect of success as I.  
 “ Me he detests, and from my presence flies,  
 “ Who know his arts, and stratagems despise, 275  
 “ By which he cancels mighty Wisdom’s rules,  
 “ To make himself the deity of fools:

\* The feast of Democles.

" Him dully they adore, him blindly serve ;  
 " Some while they're fots, and others while they  
 " For those who under his wild conduct go, [starve ;  
 " Either come coxcombs, or he makes 'em so : 281  
 " His charms deprive, by their strange influence,  
 " The brave of courage, and the wise of sense :  
 " In vain Philosophy would set the mind  
 " At liberty, if once by him confin'd : 285  
 " The scholar's learning and the poet's wit  
 " A while may struggle, but at last submit :  
 " Well-weigh'd results and wise conclusions seem  
 " But empty chat, impertinence, to him :  
 " His opiates seize so strongly on the brain, 290  
 " They make all prudent application vain :  
 " If therefore you resolve to live at ease,  
 " To taste the sweetness of internal peace,  
 " Would not for safety to a battle fly,  
 " Or chuse a shipwreck, if afraid to die, 295  
 " Far from these pleasurable shades remove,  
 " And leave the fond inglorious toil of Love."

This said, she vanish'd ; and methought I found  
 Myself transported to a rising ground,  
 From whence I did a pleasant vale survey ; 300  
 Large was the prospect, beautiful and gay :  
 There I beheld th' apartments of delight,  
 Whose curious forms oblig'd the wond'ring sight ;  
 Some in full view upon the champaign plac'd,  
 With lofty walls and cooling streams embrac'd ; 305

Others in shady groves retir'd from noise,  
 The seat of private and exalted joys:  
 At a great distance I perceiv'd there stood  
 A stately building in a spacious wood,  
 Whose gilded turrets rais'd their beauteous heads 310  
 High in the air, to view the neighb'ring meads,  
 Where vulgar lovers spend their happy days  
 In rustic dancing and delightful plays:  
 But while I gaz'd with admiration round,  
 I heard from far celestial music sound; 315  
 So soft, so moving, so harmonious, all  
 The artful charming notes did rise and fall,  
 My soul, transported with the graceful airs,  
 Shook off the pressures of its former fears;  
 I felt afresh the little god begin 320  
 To stir himself, and gently move within;  
 Then I repented I had vow'd no more  
 To love, or Delia's beauteous eyes adore.  
 "Why am I now condemn'd to banishment,  
 "And made an exile by my own consent?" 325  
 I sighing cry'd. "Why should I live in pain  
 "Those fleeting hours which ne'er return again?  
 "O Delia! what can wretched Strephon do?  
 "Inhuman to himself, and false to you!  
 "'Tis true, I've promis'd Reason to remove 330  
 "From these retreats, and quit bright Delia's love:  
 "But is not Reason partially unkind?  
 "Are all her votaries, like me, confin'd?

“ Must none, that under her dominion live,  
 “ To love and beauty veneration give? 335

“ Why then did Nature youthful Delia grace

“ With a majestic mien and charming face?

“ Why did she give her that surprizing air,

“ Make her so gay, so witty, and so fair,

“ Mistrefs of all that can affection move, 340

“ If Reason will not suffer us to love?

“ But since it must be so I'll haste away;

“ 'Tis fatal to return, and death to stay.

“ From you, blest'd Shades! (if I may call you so

“ Inculpable) with mighty pain I go: 345

“ Compell'd from hence, I leave my quiet here;

“ I may find safety, but I buy it dear.”

“ Then, turning round, I saw a beauteous boy,

Such as of old were messengers of joy:

“ Who art thou, or from whence? If sent,” said I,

“ To me, my haste requires a quick reply.” 351

“ I come,” he cry'd, “ from yon' celestial grove,

“ Where stands the temple of the god of Love,

“ With whose important favour you are grac'd,

“ And justly in his high protection plac'd. 355

“ Be grateful, Strephon, and obey that god

“ Whose sceptre ne'er is chang'd into a rod;

“ That god to whom the haughty and the proud,

“ The bold, the bravest, nay, the best, have bow'd;

“ That god whom all the lesser gods adore, 360

“ First in existence, and the first in pow'r:

“ From him I come, on embassy divine,  
 “ To tell thee Delia, Delia may be thine,  
 “ To whom all beauties rightful tribute pay;  
 “ Delia! the young, the lovely, and the gay! 365  
 “ If you dare push your fortune, if you dare  
 “ But be resolv’d, and press the yielding fair,  
 “ Success and glory will your labours crown,  
 “ For Fate does rarely on the valiant frown:  
 “ But were you sure to be unkindly us’d, 370  
 “ Coldly receiv’d, and scornfully refus’d,  
 “ He greater glory and more fame obtains  
 “ Who loses Delia than who Phyllis gains.  
 “ But, to prevent all fears that may arise,  
 “ (Tho’ fears ne’er move the daring and the wise) 375  
 “ In the dark volumes of eternal doom,  
 “ Where all things past, and present, and to come,  
 “ Are writ, I saw these words—“ It is decreed  
 “ That Strephon’s love to Delia shall succeed.” 379  
 “ What would you more?—While youth and vigour  
 “ Love; and be happy; they decline too fast. [last  
 “ In youth alone you’re capable to prove  
 “ The mighty transports of a gen’rous love;  
 “ For dull Old Age with fumbling labour cloys  
 “ Before the bliss, or gives but wither’d joys. 385  
 “ Youth’s the best time for action mortals have;  
 “ That past, they touch the confines of the grave.  
 “ Now, if you hope to lie in Delia’s arms,  
 “ To die in raptures, or dissolve in charms,

- “ Quick to the blifsful happy manſion fly, 390  
 “ Where all is one continu’d ecſtaſy;  
 “ Delia impatiently expects you there,  
 “ And ſure you will not diſappoint the fair:  
 “ None but the impotent or old would ſtay  
 “ When love invites, and beauty calls away.” 395  
 “ Oh! you convey,” ſaid I, “ dear charming Boy!  
 “ Into my ſoul a ſtrange diſorder’d joy.  
 “ I would, but dare not, your advice purſue;  
 “ I’ve promis’d Reaſon, and I muſt be true:  
 “ Reaſon’s the rightful empreſs of the ſoul, 400  
 “ Does all exorbitant deſires control,  
 “ Checks ev’ry wild excursion of the mind,  
 “ By her wiſe dictates happily confin’d;  
 “ And he that will not her commands obey  
 “ Leaves a ſafe convoy in a dang’rous ſea. 405  
 “ True, I love Delia to a vaſt exceſs,  
 “ But I muſt try to make my paſſion leſs;  
 “ Try if I can; if poſſible I will;  
 “ For I have vow’d, and muſt that vow fulfil.  
 “ Oh! had I not, with what a vig’rous flight 410  
 “ Could I purſue the quarries of delight!  
 “ How could I preſs fair Delia in theſe arms,  
 “ Till I diſſolv’d in love, and ſhe in charms!  
 “ But now no more muſt I her beauties view,  
 “ Yet tremble at the thoughts to leave her too. 415  
 “ What would I give I might my flame allow!  
 “ But ’tis forbid by Reaſon and a vow,



“ Two mighty obstacles; tho’ love of old  
 “ Has broke thro’ greater, stronger pow’rs controll’d.  
 “ Should I offend, by high example taught, 420  
 “ ’Twould not be an inexpressible fault:  
 “ The crimes of malice have found grace above,  
 “ And sure kind Heav’n will spare the crimes of love.  
 “ Couldst thou, my Angel! but instruct me how  
 “ I might be happy and not break my vow, 425  
 “ Or by some subtle art dissolve the chain,  
 “ You’d soon revive my dying hopes again.  
 “ Reason and Love, I know, could ne’er agree;  
 “ Both would command, and both superior be.  
 “ Reason’s supported by the sin’wy force 430  
 “ Of solid argument and wise discourse;  
 “ But Love pretends to use no other arms  
 “ Than soft impressions and persuasive charms.  
 “ One must be disobey’d; and shall I prove  
 “ A rebel to my reason, or to love? 435  
 “ But then, suppose I should my flame pursue,  
 “ Delia may be unkind and faithless too,  
 “ Reject my passion with a proud disdain,  
 “ And scorn the love of such an humble swain:  
 “ Then should I labour under mighty grief, 440  
 “ Beyond all hopes or prospect of relief;  
 “ So that, methinks, ’tis safer to obey  
 “ Right Reason, tho’ she bears a rugged sway,  
 “ Than Love’s soft rule, whose subjects undergo,  
 “ Early or late, too sad a share of woe. 445

" Can I so soon forget that wretched crew  
 " Reason just now expos'd before my view?  
 " If Delia should be cruel, I must be  
 " A sad partaker of their misery.  
 " But your encouragements so strongly move, 450  
 " I'm almost tempted to pursue my love;  
 " For sure no treacherous designs should dwell  
 " In one that argues and persuades so well;  
 " For what could Love by my destruction gain?  
 " Love's an immortal god and I a swain; 455  
 " And sure I may, without suspicion, trust  
 " A god, for gods can never be unjust."  
 " Right you conclude," reply'd the smiling boy;  
 " Love ruins none; 'tis men themselves destroy;  
 " And those vile wretches which you lately saw 460  
 " Transgress'd his rules as well as Reason's law:  
 " They're not Love's subjects, but the slaves of lust;  
 " Nor is their punishment so great as just:  
 " For Love and Lust essentially divide,  
 " Like day and night, humility and pride: 465  
 " One darkness hides, t' other does always shine;  
 " This of infernal make, and that divine.  
 " Reason no gen'rous passion does oppose;  
 " 'Tis Lust (not Love) and Reason that are foes:  
 " She bids you scorn a base inglorious flame, 470  
 " Black as the gloomy shade from whence it came:  
 " In this her precepts should obedience find,  
 " But your's is not of that ignoble kind.

“ You err in thinking she would disapprove  
 “ The brave pursuit of honourable love, 475  
 “ And therefore judge what’s harmless an offence,  
 “ Invert her meaning, and mistake her sense.  
 “ She could not such insipid counsel give  
 “ As not to love at all; ’tis not to live;  
 “ But where bright virtue and true beauty lies, 480  
 “ And that in Delia, charming Delia’s eyes!  
 “ Could you, contented, see th’ angelic maid  
 “ In old Alexis’ dull embraces laid?  
 “ Or rough-hewn Tityrus possess those charms  
 “ Which are in heav’n, the heav’n of Delia’s arms?  
 “ Consider, Youth! what transport you forego, 486  
 “ The most entire felicity below,  
 “ Which is by Fate alone reserv’d for you;  
 “ Monarchs have been deny’d, for monarchs sue.  
 “ I own ’tis difficult to gain the prize, 490  
 “ Or ’t would be cheap and low in noble eyes;  
 “ But there is one soft minute when the mind  
 “ Is left unguarded, waiting to be kind,  
 “ Which the wise lover understanding right,  
 “ Steals in like day upon the wings of light. 495  
 “ You urge your vow; but can those vows prevail  
 “ Whose first foundation and whose reason fail?  
 “ You vow’d to leave fair Delia, but you thought  
 “ Your passion was a crime, your flame a fault:  
 “ But since your judgment err’d, it has no force 500  
 “ To bind at all, but is dissolv’d of course;

" And therefore hesitate no longer here,  
 " But banish all the dull remains of fear.  
 " Dare you be happy, Youth ! but dare, and be ;  
 " I'll be your convoy to the charming she. 505  
 " What ! still irresolute ? debating still ?  
 " View her, and then forsake her if you will."  
 " I'll go," said I ; " once more I'll venture all ;  
 " 'Tis brave to perish by a noble fall.  
 " Beauty no mortal can resist, and Jove 510  
 " Laid by his grandeur to indulge his love.  
 " Reason ! if I do err, my crime forgive ;  
 " Angels alone without offending live.  
 " I go astray but as the wise have done,  
 " And act a folly which they did not shun." 515  
 Then we, descending to a spacious plain,  
 Were soon saluted by a num'rous train  
 Of happy lovers, who consum'd their hours  
 With constant jollity in shady bow'rs.  
 There I beheld the blest'd variety 520  
 Of joy, from all corroding troubles free :  
 Each follow'd his own fancy to delight ;  
 Tho' all went diff'rent ways, yet all went right.  
 None err'd, or mis'd the happiness he sought ;  
 Love to one centre ev'ry twining brought. 525  
 We pass'd thro' num'rous pleasant fields and glades,  
 By murm'ring fountains and by peaceful shades,  
 Till we approach'd the confines of the wood,  
 Where mighty Love's immortal temple stood.

Round the celestial fane, in goodly rows, 530  
 And beauteous order, am'rous myrtle grows,  
 Beneath whose shade expecting lovers wait  
 For the kind minute of indulgent Fate :  
 Each had his guardian Cupid, whose chief care,  
 By secret motions, was to warm the fair; 535  
 To kindle eager longings for the joy;  
 To move the slow, and to incline the coy.

The glorious fabric charm'd my wond'ring sight,  
 Of vast extent and of prodigious height :  
 The case was marble, but the polish'd stone 540  
 With such an admirable lustre shone,  
 As if some architect divine had strove  
 To outdo the palace of imperial Jove.  
 The pond'rous gates of massy gold were made,  
 With di'monds of a mighty size inlaid : 545  
 Here stood the winged guards, in order plac'd,  
 With shining darts and golden quivers grac'd :  
 As we approach'd they clapp'd their joyful wings,  
 And cry'd aloud, "Tune, tune your warbling strings;  
 " The grateful youth is come to sacrifice 550  
 " At Deia's altar to bright Delia's eyes :  
 " With harmony divine his soul inspire,  
 " That he may boldly touch the sacred fire :  
 " And ye that wait upon the blushing fair,  
 " Celestial incense and perfumes prepare, 555  
 " While our great god her panting bosom warms,  
 " Refines her beauties, and improves her charms."

Ent'ring the spacious dome, my ravish'd eyes  
 A wondrous scene of glory did surprife;  
 'The riches, fymmetry, and brightness, all 560  
 Did equally for admiration call;  
 But the description is a labour fit  
 For none beneath a laureat angel's wit.

Amidst the temple was an altar made  
 Of solid gold, where adoration's paid: 565  
 Here I perform'd the usual rites with fear,  
 Not daring boldly to approach too near,  
 Till from the god a smiling Cupid came,  
 And bid me touch the consecrated flame;  
 Which done, my guide my eager steps convey'd 570  
 To the apartment of the beauteous maid.

Before the entrance was her altar rais'd,  
 On pedestals of polish'd marble plac'd;  
 By it her-guardian Cupid always stands,  
 Who troöps of missionary Loves commands: 575  
 'To him with soft addressees all repair;  
 Each for his captive humbly begs the fair,  
 Tho' still in vain they importun'd; for he  
 Would give encouragement to none but me. 579  
 "There stands the youth," he cry'd, "must take the  
 "The lovely Delia can be none but his: [bliss,  
 "Fate has selected him; and mighty Love  
 "Confirms below what that decrees above.  
 "Then pres no more; there's not another swain  
 "On earth but Strephon can bright Delia gain. 585

" Kneel, Youth! and with a grateful mind renew  
 " Your vows; swear you'll eternally be true :  
 " But if you darè be false, dare perjur'd prove,  
 " You'll find, in sure revenge, affronted Love  
 " As hot, as fierce, as terrible, as Jove." 590 }  
 " Hear me, ye Gods!" said I, " now hear me swear,  
 " By all that's sacred, and by all that's fair!  
 " If I prove false to Delia, let me fall  
 " The common obloquy, condemn'd by all;  
 " Let me the utmost of your vengeance try, 595  
 " Forc'd to live wretched, and unpity'd die."

Then he expos'd the lovely sleeping maid,  
 Upon a couch of new-blown roses laid:  
 The blushing colour in her cheeks express 599  
 What tender thoughts inspir'd her heaving breast.  
 Sometimes a sigh, half smother'd, stole away, [say :  
 'Then she would " Strephon, charming Strephon!"  
 Sometimes she, smiling, cry'd, " You love, 'tis true;  
 " But will you always, and be faithful too?"  
 'Ten thousand Graces play'd about her face, 605  
 'Ten thousand charms attended ev'ry Grace :  
 Each admirable feature did impart  
 A secret rapture to my throbbing heart.  
 'The nymph \* imprison'd in the Brazen Tow'r,  
 When Jove descended in a golden show'r, 610  
 Less beautiful appear'd, and yet her eyes  
 Brought down that god from the neglected skies.

\* Danae.

So moving, so transporting, was the sight,  
So much a goddess Delia seem'd, so bright,  
My ravish'd soul, with secret wonder fraught, 615  
Lay all dissolv'd in ecstasy of thought.

Long time I gaz'd; but as I, trembling, drew  
Nearer, to take a more obliging view,  
It thunder'd loud, and the ungrateful noise  
Wak'd me, and put an end to all my joys. 620



## THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

As Strephon in a wither'd cypress shade,  
For anxious thought and sighing lovers made,  
Revolving lay upon his wretched state,  
And the hard usage of too partial Fate,  
Thus the sad youth complain'd: "Once happy swain,  
" Now the most abject shepherd of the plain! 6  
" Where's that harmonious concert of delights,  
" Those peaceful days and pleasurable nights,  
" That gen'rous mirth and noble jollity,  
" Which gaily made the dancing minutes fly? 10  
" Dispers'd, and banish'd from my troubled breast,  
" Nor leave me one short interval of rest.  
" Why do I prosecute a hopeless flame,  
" And play in torment such a losing game?  
" All things conspire to make my ruin sure; 15  
" When wounds are mortal they admit no cure:  
" But Heav'n sometimes does a mirac'ous thing,  
" When our last hope is just upon the wing,  
" And in a moment drives those clouds away  
" Whose sullen darkness hid a glorious day. 20  
" Why was I born? or why do I survive?  
" To be made wretched only kept alive?  
" Fate is too cruel in the harsh decree,  
" That I must live, yet live in misery.  
" Are all its pleasing happy moments gone? 25  
" Must Strephon be unfortunate alone?

“ On other swains it lavishly bestows ;  
 “ On them each nymph neglected favour throws ;  
 “ They meet compliance still in ev’ry face,  
 “ And lodge their passions in a kind embrace,      30  
 “ Obtaining from the soft incurious maid  
 “ True love for counterfeit, and gold for lead.  
 “ Success on Mævius always does attend ;  
 “ Inconstant Fortune is his constant friend ;  
 “ He levels blindly, yet the mark does hit,      35  
 “ And owes the victory to chance, not wit :  
 “ But let him conquer ere one blow be struck ;  
 “ I’d not be Mævius to have Mævius’ luck :  
 “ Proud of my fate, I would not change my chains  
 “ For all the trophies purring Mævius gains,      40  
 “ But rather still live Delia’s slave, than be  
 “ Like Mævius silly, and like Mævius free.  
 “ But he is happy, loves the common road,  
 “ And, pack-horse like, jogs on beneath his load :  
 “ If Phyllis peevish or unkind does prove,      45  
 “ It ne’er disturbs his grave mechanic love.  
 “ A little joy his languid flame contents,  
 “ And makes him easy under all events :  
 “ But when a passion’s noble and sublime,  
 “ And higher still would ev’ry moment climb,      50  
 “ If ’tis accepted with a just return,  
 “ The fire’s immortal, will for ever burn,  
 “ And with such raptures fills the lover’s breast,  
 “ That saints in Paradise are scarce more blest.

- “ But I lament my miseries in vain, 55  
 “ For Delia hears me pitiless complain.  
 “ Suppose she pities, and believes me true, }  
 “ What satisfaction can from thence accrue, }  
 “ Unless her pity makes her love me too ? }  
 “ Perhaps she loves, (’tis but perhaps, I fear, 60  
 “ For that’s a blessing can’t be bought too dear)  
 “ If she has scruples that oppose her will,  
 “ I must, alas! be miserable still;  
 “ Tho’, if she loves, those scruples soon will fly  
 “ Before the reas’ning of the deity; 65  
 “ For where Love enters he will rule alone,  
 “ And suffer no copartner in his throne;  
 “ And those false arguments that would repel  
 “ His high injunctions teach us to rebel.  
 “ What method can poor Strephon then propound  
 “ To cure the bleeding of his fatal wound, 71  
 “ If she who guided the vexatious dart  
 “ Resolves to cherish and increase the smart ?  
 “ Go, youth, from these unhappy plains remove,  
 “ Leave the pursuit of unsuccessful love; 75  
 “ Go, and to foreign swains thy griefs relate;  
 “ Tell ’em the cruelty of frowning Fate;  
 “ Tell ’em the noble charms of Delia’s mind;  
 “ Tell ’em how fair, but tell ’em how unkind;  
 “ And when few years thou hast in sorrow spent, 80  
 “ (For sure they cannot be of large extent)

“ In pray’rs for her thou lov’st resign thy breath,  
 “ And blefs the minute gives thee eafe and death.”

Here paus’d the fwain—when Delia, driving by  
 Her bleating flock to fome fresh pasture nigh, 85  
 By Love directed, did her steps convey  
 Where Strephon, wrapp’d in filent sorrow, lay.  
 As foon as he perceiv’d the beauteous maid,  
 He rofe to meet her, and thus, trembling, faid :

“ When humble fuppliants would the gods appeafe,  
 “ And in fevere afflictions beg for eafe, 91  
 “ With conftant importunity they fue,  
 “ And their petitions ev’ry day renew,  
 “ Grow ftill more earnest as they are deny’d,  
 “ Nor one well-weigh’d expedient leave untry’d, 95  
 “ Till Heav’n thofe bleffings they enjoy’d before  
 “ Not only does return, but gives ’em more.

“ O! do not blame me, Delia, if I prefs  
 “ So much, and with impatience, for redrefs :  
 “ My pond’rous griefs no eafe my foul allow, 100  
 “ For they are next t’ intolerable now :  
 “ How fhall I then fupport ’em when they grow  
 “ To an excefs, to a diftracting woe ?  
 “ Since you ’re endow’d with a celeftial mind,  
 “ Relieve like Heav’n, and, like the gods, be kind.  
 “ Did you perceive the torments I endure, 106  
 “ Which you firft caus’d, and you alone can cure,  
 “ They would your virgin foul to pity move,  
 “ And pity may at laft be chang’d to love.

- “ Some swains, I own, impose upon the fair, 110  
 “ And lead th’ incautious maid into a snare;  
 “ But let them suffer for their perjury,  
 “ And do not punish others’ crimes in me.  
 “ If there’s so many of our sex untrue,  
 “ Your’s should more kindly use the faithful few; 115  
 “ Tho’ innocence too oft’ incurs the fate  
 “ Of guilt, and clears itself sometimes too late.  
 “ Your nature is to tenderness inclin’d;  
 “ And why to me, to me alone, unkind?  
 “ A common love, by other persons shown, 120  
 “ Meets with a full return, but mine has none;  
 “ Nay, scarce believ’d, tho’ from deceit as free  
 “ As angels’ flames can for archangels be.  
 “ A passion feign’d at no repulse is griev’d,  
 “ And values little if it ben’t receiv’d; 125  
 “ But love sincere resents the smallest scorn,  
 “ And the unkindness does in secret mourn.  
 “ Sometimes I please myself, and think you are  
 “ Too good to make me wretched by despair;  
 “ That tenderness which in your soul is plac’d 130  
 “ Will move you to compassion sure at last:  
 “ But when I come to take a second view  
 “ Of my own merits, I despond of you;  
 “ For what can Delia, beauteous Delia! see  
 “ To raise in her the least esteem for me? 135  
 “ I’ve nought that can encourage my address;  
 “ My fortune’s little, and my worth is less:

- " But if a love of the sublimest kind  
 " Can make impresson on a gen'rous mind ;  
 " If all has real value that 's divine, 140  
 " There cannot be a nobler flame than mine.  
 " Perhaps you pity me ; I know you must,  
 " And my affection can no more distrust :  
 " But what, alas ! will helpless pity do ?  
 " You pity, but you may despise me too. 145  
 " Still I am wretched if no more you give ;  
 " The starving orphan can't on pity live ;  
 " He must receive the food for which he cries,  
 " Or he consumes, and, tho' much pity'd, dies.  
 " My torments still do with my passion grow ; 150  
 " The more I love the more I undergo :  
 " But suffer me no longer to remain  
 " Beneath the pressure of so vast a pain :  
 " My wound requires some speedy remedy ;  
 " Delays are fatal when despair is nigh. 155  
 " Much I've endur'd, much more than I can tell ;  
 " Too much, indeed, for one that loves so well.  
 " When will the end of all my sorrows be ?  
 " Can you not love ? I'm sure you pity me :  
 " But if I must new miseries sustain, 160  
 " And be condemn'd to more and stronger pain,  
 " I'll not accuse you, since my fate is such ;  
 " I please too little, and I love too much."  
 " Stephen, no more," the blushing Delia said ;  
 " Excuse the conduct of a tim'rous maid : 165

“ Now I'm convinc'd your love's sublime and true,  
“ Such as I always wish'd to find in you :  
“ Each kind expression, ev'ry tender thought,  
“ A mighty transport in my bosom wrought ;  
“ And tho' in secret I your flame approv'd, 170  
“ I sigh'd and griev'd, but durst not own I lov'd :  
“ Tho' now—O Strephon ! be so kind to guess  
“ What shame will not allow me to confess.”

The youth, encompass'd with a joy so bright,  
Had hardly strength to bear the vast delight : 175  
By too sublime an ecstasy possess'd,  
He trembled, gaz'd, and clasp'd her to his breast ;  
Ador'd the nymph that did his pain remove,  
Vow'd endless truth and everlasting love. 179

# A PASTORAL ESSAY

## ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN MARY.

ANNO MDCXCIV.

As gentle Strephon to his fold convey'd  
A wand'ring lamb, which from the flocks had stray'd,  
Beneath a mournful cypress shade he found  
Cosmelia weeping on the dewy ground:  
Amaz'd, with eager haste he ran to know 5  
The fatal cause of her intemp'rate woe,  
And clasping her to his impatient breast,  
In these soft words his tender care express'd.

STREPH. Why mourns my dear Cosmelia? why ap-  
My life, my soul, dissolv'd in briny tears? [pears  
Has some fierce tiger thy lov'd heifer slain, 11  
While I was wand'ring on the neighb'ring plain?  
Or has some greedy wolf devour'd thy sheep?  
What sad misfortune makes Cosmelia weep?  
Speak, that I may prevent thy grief's increase, 15  
Partake thy sorrows, or restore thy peace.

Cos. Do you not hear from far that mournful bell?  
'Tis for---I cannot the sad tidings tell.  
Oh! whither are my fainting spirits fled!  
'Tis for Celestia---Strephon, oh!--she's dead! 20  
'The brightest nymph, the princess of the plain,  
By an untimely dart untimely slain!



STREPH. Dead! 'tis impossible! she cannot die!  
She's too divine, too much a deity:

'Tis a false rumour some ill swains have spread, 25  
Who wish, perhaps, the good Celestia dead.

Cos. Ah! no; the truth in ev'ry face appears,  
For ev'ry face you meet's o'erflow'd with tears.  
Trembling and pale I ran thro' all the plain,  
From flock to flock, and ask'd of ev'ry swain, 30  
But each, scarce lifting his dejected head,  
Cry'd, "Oh! Cosmelia; oh! Celestia's dead."

STREPH. Something was meant by that ill-bo- }  
Of the prophetic raven from the oak, [ding croak }  
Which straight by lightning was in shivers broke; }  
But we our mischief feel before we see, 36  
Seiz'd and o'erwhelm'd at once with misery.

Cos. Since then we have no trophies to bestow,  
No pompous things to make a glorious show,  
(For all the tribute a poor swain can bring, 40  
In rural numbers is to mourn and sing)  
Let us beneath the gloomy shade rehearse  
Celestia's sacred name in no less sacred verse.

STREPH. Celestia dead! then 'tis in vain to live;  
What's all the comfort that the plains can give, 45  
Since she, by whose bright influence alone  
Our flocks increas'd, and we rejoic'd, is gone?  
Since she, who round such beams of goodness spread  
As gave new life to ev'ry swain, is dead?

Cos. In vain we wish for the delightful spring; 50  
What joys can flow'ry May or April bring,

When she, for whom the spacious plains were spread  
 With early flow'rs and cheerful greens, is dead?  
 In vain did courtly Damon warm the earth,  
 To give to summer fruits a winter birth; 55  
 In vain we autumn wait, which crowns the fields  
 With wealthy crops, and various plenty yields;  
 Since that fair nymph, for whom the boundless store  
 Of Nature was preserv'd, is now no more.

STREPH. Farewell for ever then to all that's gay;  
 You will forget to sing and I to play: 61  
 No more with cheerful songs, in cooling bow'rs,  
 Shall we consume the pleasurable hours:  
 All joys are banish'd, all delights are fled,  
 Ne'er to return, now fair Celestia's dead! 65

Cos. If e'er I sing, they shall be mournful lays  
 Of great Celestia's name, Celestia's praise;  
 How good she was, how generous, how wise!  
 How beautiful her shape, how bright her eyes!  
 How charming all! how much she was ador'd, 70  
 Alive; when dead, how much her loss deplor'd!  
 A noble theme, and able to inspire  
 The humblest Muse with the sublimest fire.  
 And since we do of such a princess sing,  
 Let ours ascend upon a stronger wing, 75  
 And while we do the lofty numbers join,  
 Her name will make the harmony divine.  
 Raise, then, thy tuneful voice, and be the song  
 Sweet as her temper, as her virtue strong. 79

STREPH. When her great Lord to foreign wars was  
 And left Celestia here to rule alone, [gone,  
 With how serene a brow, how void of fear,  
 When storms arose, did she the vessel steer!  
 And when the raging of the waves did cease,  
 How gentle was her sway in times of peace! 85  
 Justice and Mercy did their beams unite,  
 And round her temples spread a glorious light:  
 So quick she eas'd the wrongs of ev'ry swain,  
 She hardly gave them leisure to complain:  
 Impatient to reward, but slow to draw 90  
 Th' avenging sword of necessary law;  
 Like Heav'n, she took no pleasure to destroy;  
 With grief she punish'd, and she sav'd with joy.

Cos. When godlike Belliger from war's alarms  
 Return'd in triumph to Celestia's arms, 95  
 She met her hero with a full desire,  
 But chaste as light, and vigorous as fire:  
 Such mutual flames, so equally divine,  
 Did in each breast with such a lustre shine,  
 His could not seem the greater, her's the less; 100  
 Both were immense, for both were in excess.

STREPH. Oh! godlike princess! oh! thrice happy  
 While she presid'd o'er the fruitful plains! [swains!  
 While she, for ever ravish'd from our eyes,  
 To mingle with her kindred of the skies, 105  
 Did for your peace her constant thoughts employ,  
 The nymph's good angel, and the shepherd's joy!

Cos. All that was noble beautify'd her mind;  
 There Wisdom sat, with solid Reason join'd;  
 There, too, did Piety and Greatness wait, 110  
 Meekness on Grandeur, Modesty on State:  
 Humble amidst the splendours of a throne,  
 Plac'd above all, and yet despising none;  
 And when a crown was forc'd on her by Fate,  
 She with some pain submitted to be great. 115

STREPH. Her pious soul with emulation strove  
 To gain the mighty Pan's important love,  
 To whose mysterious rites she always came  
 With such an active so intense a flame,  
 The duties of religion seem'd to be 120  
 No more her care than her felicity.

Cos. Virtue unmix'd, without the least allay,  
 Pure as the light of a celestial ray,  
 Commanded all the motions of the soul  
 With such a soft but absolute control, 125  
 'That as she knew what best great Pan would please,  
 She still perform'd it with the greatest ease;  
 Him for her high exemplar she design'd,  
 Like him benevolent to all mankind.  
 Her foes she pity'd, not desir'd their blood, 130  
 And, to revenge their crimes, she did them good;  
 Nay, all affronts so unconcern'd she bore,  
 (Maugre that violent temptation pow'r)  
 As if she thought it vulgar to resent,  
 Or wish'd forgiveness their worst punishment. 135

STREPH. Next mighty Pan was her illustrious lord,  
 His high vicegerent, sacredly ador'd;  
 Him with such piety and zeal she lov'd,  
 The noble passion ev'ry hour improv'd,  
 Till it ascended to that glorious height 140  
 'Twas next (if only next) to infinite:  
 This made her so entire a duty pay,  
 She grew at last impatient to obey,  
 And met his wishes with as prompt a zeal  
 As an archangel his Creator's will. 145

Cos. Mature for heav'n, the fatal mandate came,  
 With it a chariot of ethereal flame,  
 In which, Elijah-like, she pass'd the spheres,  
 Brought joy to heav'n, but left the world in tears.

STREPH. Methinks I see her on the plains of light  
 All glorious, all incomparably bright! 151  
 While the immortal minds around her gaze  
 On the excessive splendour of her rays,  
 And scarce believe a human soul could be  
 Endow'd with such stupendous majesty. 155

Cos. Who can lament too much? O! who can mourn  
 Enough o'er beautiful Celestia's urn?  
 So great a loss as this deserves excess  
 Of sorrow; all 's too little that is less.  
 But to supply the universal woe, 160  
 Tears from all eyes, without cessation, flow:  
 All that have pow'r to weep, or voice to groan,  
 With throbbing breasts Celestia's fate bemoan;

While marble rocks the common griefs partake, 164  
And echo back those cries they cannot make.

STREPH. Weep then, (once fruitful) Vales! and  
spring with yew,

Ye thirsty barren Mountains! weep with dew;  
Let ev'ry flow'r on this extended plain  
Not droop, but shrink into its womb again,  
Ne'er to receive anew its yearly birth; 170  
Let ev'ry thing that's grateful leave the earth;  
Let mournful cypress, with each noxious weed,  
And baneful venoms in their place succeed.  
Ye purling quer'llous Brooks! o'ercharg'd with grief,  
Haste swiftly to the sea for more relief; 175  
Then tiding back, each to his sacred head,  
Tell your astonish'd springs Celestia's dead!

Cos. Well have you sung, in an exalted strain,  
The fairest nymph e'er grac'd the British plain.  
Who knows but some officious angel may 180  
Your grateful numbers to her ears convey,  
That she may smile upon us from above,  
And bless our mournful plains with peace and love?

STREPH. But see! our flocks do to their fold repair,  
For night with sable clouds obscures the air; 185  
Cold damps descend from the unwholesome sky,  
And safety bids us to our cottage fly.

Tho' with each morn our sorrows will return,  
Each ev'n, like nightingales, we'll sing and mourn, }  
'Till death conveys us to the peaceful urn. 190 }

ON THE MARRIAGE OF  
THE EARL OF A——  
WITH THE COUNTESS OF S——.

TRIUMPHANT beauty never looks so gay  
As on the morning of a nuptial day;  
Love then within a larger circle moves,  
New graces adds, and ev'ry charm improves.  
While Hymen does his sacred rites prepare, 5  
The busy nymphs attend the trembling fair,  
Whose veins are swell'd with an unusual heat,  
And eager pulses with strange motions beat;  
Alternate passions various thoughts impart,  
And painful joys distend her throbbing heart; 10  
Her fears are great, and her desires are strong;  
'The minutes fly too fast—yet stay too long:  
Now she is ready—the next moment not;  
All things are done—then something is forgot :.  
She fears—yet wishes the strange work were done;  
Delays—yet is impatient to be gone. 16  
Disorders thus from ev'ry thought arise;  
What Love persuades I know not what denies.

Achates' choice does his firm judgment prove,  
And shews at once he can be wise and love, 20  
Because it from no spurious passion came,  
But was the product of a noble flame;

Bold without rudeness, without blazing bright,  
 Pure as fix'd stars, and uncorrupt as light,  
 By just degrees it to perfection grew, 25  
 An early ripeness, and a lasting too.  
 So the bright sun ascending to his noon  
 Moves not too slowly, nor is there too soon.

But tho' Achates was unkindly driv'n  
 From his own land, he's banish'd into heav'n; 30  
 For sure the raptures of Cosmelia's love  
 Are next, if only next, to those above.  
 Thus pow'r divine does with his foes engage,  
 Rewards his virtues, and defeats their rage;  
 For first it did to fair Cosmelia give 35  
 All that a human creature could receive;  
 Whate'er can raise our wonder or delight,  
 Transport the soul, or gratify the sight,  
 Then, in the full perfection of her charms,  
 Lodg'd the bright virgin in Achates' arms. 40

What angels are is in Cosmelia seen,  
 Their awful glories, and their godlike mien;  
 For in her aspect all the Graces meet,  
 All that is noble, beautiful, or sweet;  
 There ev'ry charm in lofty triumph sits, 45  
 Scorns poor defect, and to no fault submits;  
 There symmetry, complexion, air, unite,  
 Sublimely noble, and amazing bright.  
 So, newly finish'd, by the hand divine,  
 Before her fall, did the first woman shine: 50



But Eve in one great point she does excel;  
 Cofmelia never err'd at all; she fell:  
 From her temptation, in despair, withdrew,  
 Nor more assaults whom it could ne'er subdue.

Virtue confirm'd, and regularly brought 55  
 To full maturity by serious thought,  
 Her actions with a watchful eye surveys,  
 Each passion guides, and every moment sways:  
 Not the least failure in her conduct lies,  
 So gaily modest, and so freely wise. 60

Her judgment sure, impartial, and refin'd,  
 With wit that's clear and penetrating join'd,  
 O'er all the efforts of her mind presides,  
 And to the noblest end her labours guides:  
 She knows the best, and does the best pursue, 65  
 And treads the maze of life without a clue;  
 That the weak only and the wav'ring lack,  
 When they're mistaken, to conduct 'em back:  
 She does, amidst ten thousand ways, prefer  
 The right, as if not capable to err. 70

Her fancy, strong, vivacious, and sublime,  
 Seldom betrays her converse to a crime,  
 And tho' it moves with a luxuriant heat,  
 'Tis ne'er precipitous, but always great;  
 For each expression, ev'ry teeming thought, 75  
 Is to the scanning of her judgment brought,  
 Which wisely separates the finest gold,  
 And casts the image in a beautiful mould.

No trifling words debase her eloquence,  
 But all 's pathetic, all is sterling sense, 80  
 Refin'd from drossy chat and idle noise,  
 With which the female conversation cloy:  
 So well she knows, what 's understood by few,  
 To time her thoughts, and to express 'em too,  
 That what she speaks does to the soul transmit 85  
 'The fair ideas of delightful wit.

Illustrious born, and as illustrious bred,  
 By great example to wise actions led,  
 Much to the same her lineal heroes bore  
 She owes, but to her own high genius more; 90  
 And by a noble emulation mov'd,  
 Excell'd their virtues, and her own improv'd,  
 Till they arriv'd to that celestial height,  
 Scarce angels greater be, or faints so bright.

But if Cosmelia could yet lovelier be, 95 }  
 Of nobler birth, or more a deity, }  
 Achates merits her, tho' none but he,  
 Whose gen'rous soul abhors a base disguise,  
 Resolv'd in action, and in council wise;  
 Too well confirm'd and fortify'd within 100  
 For threats to forcē, or flattery to win;  
 Unmov'd amidst the hurricane he stood;  
 He dare be guiltless, and he will be good.

Since the first pair in Paradise were join'd,  
 Two hearts were ne'er so happily combin'd. 105

Achates life to fair Cosmelia gives;  
 In fair Cosmelia great Achates lives:  
 Each is to other the divinest bliss;  
 He is her heav'n, and she is more than his.  
 Oh! may the kindest influence above  
 Protect their persons, and indulge their love! III

*An Inscription for the monument of*

## DIANA

COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ELGIN.

DIANA OXONII ET ELGINI COMITISSA,

Quæ

Illustri orta sanguine, sanguinem illustravit:

Ceciliorum meritis, clara, suis clarissima;

Ut quæ nesciret minor esse maximis.

Vitam incuntem innocentia;

Procedentem ampla virtutum cohors: 5

Exeuntem mors beatissima decoravit;

(Volente Numine)

Ut nuspian deesset aut virtus aut felicitas.

Duobus conjuncta maritis,

Utrique charissima: IO

Primum

(Quem ad annum habuit).

Impense dilexit:

Secundum  
 (Quem ad annos viginti quatuor) 15  
 Tanta pietate et amore coluit;  
 Ut qui, vivens,  
 Obsequium tanquam patri præstitit;  
 Moriens,  
 Patrimonium, tanquam filio, reliquit. 20  
 Noverca cum esset,  
 Maternam pietatem facile superavit.  
 Famulitii adeo mitem prudentemque curam gessit,  
 Ut non tam Domina familiæ præesse,  
 Quam anima corpori inesse videretur. 25  
 Denique,  
 Cum pudico, humili, forti, sancto animo,  
 Virginibus, conjugibus, viduis, omnibus,  
 Exemplum consecrasset integerrimum,  
 Terris anima major, ad similes evolavit superos. 30

### THE FOREGOING INSCRIPTION

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

DIANA COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ELGIN,  
 Who from a race of noble heroes came,  
 And added lustre to its ancient fame;  
 Round her the virtues of the Cecils shone,  
 But with inferior brightness to her own,  
 Which she refin'd to that sublime degree, 5  
 The greatest mortal could not greater be.

Each stage of life peculiar splendour had;  
 Her tender years with innocence were clad;  
 Maturer grown, whate'er was brave and good  
 In the retinue of her virtues stood; 10  
 And at the final period of her breath  
 She crown'd her life with a propitious death.  
 That no occasion might be wanting here  
 To make her virtues fam'd or joys sincere,  
 Two noble lords her genial bed possess'd, 15  
 A wife to both the dearest and the best:  
 Oxford submitted in one year to Fate,  
 For whom her passion was exceeding great;  
 'To Elgin full six *lustra* were assign'd,  
 And him she lov'd with so intense a mind, 20  
 That, living, like a father she obey'd,  
 Dying, as to a son, left all she had.  
 When a stepmother, she soon soar'd above  
 The common height ev'n of maternal love.  
 She did her num'rous family command 25  
 With such a tender care, so wise a hand,  
 She seem'd no otherwise a mistress there,  
 Than godlike souls in human bodies are:  
 But when to all she had example shew'd,  
 How to be great and humble, chaste and good, 30  
 Her soul, for earth too excellent, too high,  
 Flew to its p'ers, the princes of the sky. 32

# ELEAZAR'S LAMENTATION

## OVER JERUSALEM.

PARAPHRASED OUT OF JOSEPHUS.

### I.

ALAS! Jerusalem! alas! where's now  
Thy pristine glory, thy unmatch'd renown,  
To which the Heathen monarchies did bow?  
Ah! hapless, miserable town!  
Where's all thy majesty, thy beauty, gone? 3  
Thou once most noble, celebrated place,  
The joy and the delight of all the earth,  
Who gav'st to godlike princes birth,  
And bred up heroes, an immortal race,  
Where's now the vast magnificence which made 10  
The souls of foreigners adore  
Thy wondrous brightness, which no more  
Shall shine, but lie in an eternal shade?  
Oh! misery! where's all her mighty state,  
Her splendid train of num'rous kings, 15  
Her noble edifices, noble things,  
Which made her seem so eminently great,  
That barb'rous princes in her gates appear'd,  
And wealthy presents, as their tribute, brought  
To court her friendship? for her strength they fear'd,  
And all her wide protection sought. 21  
But now, ah! now they laugh and cry,  
"See how her lofty buildings lie!  
"See how her flaming turrets gild the sky!"

## II.

Where's all the young, the valiant, and the gay, 25  
 That on her festivals were us'd to play  
 Harmonious tunes, and beautify the day?  
 The glitt'ring troops which did from far  
 Bring home the trophies and the spoils of war,  
 Whom all the nations round with terror view'd, 30  
 Nor durst their godlike valour try?  
 Where'er they fought they certainly subdu'd,  
 And ev'ry combat gain'd a victory.  
 Ah! where's the house of the Eternal King,  
 The beauteous temple of the Lord of Hosts, 35  
 To whose large treasuries our fleets did bring  
 The gold and jewels of remotest coasts?  
 There had the infinite Creator plac'd  
 His terrible, amazing name,  
 And with his more peculiar presence grac'd 40  
 That heav'nly *sanctum* where no mortal came,  
 The high priest only; he but once a-year  
 In that divine apartment might appear;  
 So full of glory, and so sacred, then;  
 But now corrupted with the heaps of slain 45  
 Which, scatter'd round with blood, defile the mighty

## III.

[sane.

Alas! Jerusalem! each spacious street  
 Was once so fill'd, the num'rous throng  
 Was forc'd to jostle as they pass'd along,  
 And thousands did with thousands meet; 50  
 The darling then of God, and man's belov'd retreat.

In thee was the bright throne of Justice fix'd,  
 Justice impartial, and with fraud unnix'd.  
 She scorn'd the beauties of fallacious gold,  
 Despising the most wealthy bribes, 55  
 But did the sacred balance hold  
 With godlike faith to all our happy tribes.  
 Thy well-built streets and ev'ry noble square  
 Were once with polish'd marble laid,  
 And all thy lofty bulwarks made 60  
 With wondrous labour and with artful care.  
 Thy pond'rous gates, surprising to behold,  
 Were cover'd o'er with solid gold,  
 Whose splendour did so glorious appear,  
 It ravish'd and amaz'd the eye, 65  
 And strangers passing, to themselves would cry,  
 "What mighty heaps of wealth are here!  
 "How thick the bars of massy silver lie!  
 "O happy people! and still happy be,  
 "Celestial city! from destruction free, 70  
 "May'st thou enjoy a long entire prosperity!"

## IV.

But now, O! wretched, wretched place!  
 Thy streets and palaces are spread  
 With heaps of carcases, and mountains of the dead,  
 The bleeding relics of the Jewish race: 75  
 Each corner of the town, no vacant space,  
 But is with breathless bodies fill'd,  
 Some by the sword and some by famine kill'd.  
 Natives and strangers are together laid:



Death's arrows all at random flew 80  
 Amongst the crowd, and no distinction made,  
 But both the coward and the valiant flew.  
 All in one dismal ruin join'd,  
 (For swords and pestilence are blind)  
 The fair, the good, the brave, no mercy find. 85  
 Those that from far, with joyful haste,  
 Came to attend thy festival,  
 Of the same bitter poison taste,  
 And by the black destructive poison fall,  
 For the avenging sentence pass'd on all. 90  
 Oh! see how the delight of human eyes  
 In horrid desolation lies!  
 See how the burning ruins flame,  
 Nothing now left but a sad empty name,  
 And the triumphant victor cries, 95  
 "This was the fam'd Jerusaleml!"

## V.

The most obdurate creature must  
 Be griev'd to see thy palaces in dust,  
 Those ancient habitations of the just;  
 And could the marble rocks but know 100  
 The mis'ries of thy fatal overthrow,  
 They'd strive to find some secret way unknown,  
 Maugre the senseless nature of the stone,  
 Their pity and concern to show:  
 For now where lofty buildings stood 105  
 Thy sons' corrupted carcasses are laid,  
 And all by this destruction made  
 One common Golgotha, one field of blood.

See how these ancient men who rul'd thy state,  
 And made thee happy, made thee great, 110  
 Who sat upon the awful chair  
 Of mighty Moses, in long scarlet clad,  
 The good to cherish and chastise the bad,  
 Now sit in the corrupted air,  
 In silent melancholy, and in sad despair! 115  
 See how their murder'd children round 'em lie!  
 Ah! dismal scene! hark, how they cry!  
 "Woe! woe! one beam of mercy give,  
 "Good Heav'n! Alas! for we would live!  
 "Be pitiful, and suffer us to die!" 120  
 Thus they lament, thus beg for ease,  
 While in their feeble aged arms they hold  
 The bodies of their offspring stiff and cold,  
 To guard 'em from the rav'nous savages,  
 Till their increasing sorrows Death persuade 125  
 (For Death must sure with pity see  
 The horrid desolation he has made)  
 To put a period to their misery.  
 Thy wretched daughters that survive  
 Are by the Heathen kept alive 130  
 Only to gratify their lust,  
 And then be mixed with the common dust.  
 Oh! insupportable, stupendous woe!  
 What shall we do? ah! whither shall we go?  
 Down to the grave, down to those happy shades below  
 Where all our brave progenitors are blest 136  
 With endless triumph and eternal rest.

## VI.

But who, without a flood of tears, can see  
 Thy mournful sad catastrophe?  
 Who can behold thy glorious Temple lie      140  
 In ashes, and not be in pain to die?  
 Unhappy, dear Jerusalem! thy woes  
 Have rais'd my griefs to such a vast excess,  
 Their mighty weight no mortal knows,  
 Thought cannot comprehend, or words express; 145  
 Nor can they possibly, while I survive, be less.  
 Good Heav'n had been extremely kind  
 If it had struck me dead, or struck me blind,  
 Before this cursed time, this worst of days.  
 Is Death quite tir'd? are all his arrows spent?      150  
 If not, why then so many dull delays?  
 Quick, quick, let the obliging dart be sent!  
 Nay, at me only let ten thousand fly,  
 Whoe'er shall wretchedly survive, that I  
 May, happily, be sure to die.      155  
 Yet still we live, live in excess of pain;  
 Our friends and relatives are slain;  
 Nothing but ruins round us see,  
 Nothing but desolation, woe, and misery!  
 Nay, while we thus with bleeding hearts complain,  
 Our enemies without prepare      161  
 Their direful engines to pursue the war,  
 And you may slavishly preserve your breath,  
 Or seek for freedom in the arms of Death.

## VII.

Thus then resolve, nor tremble at the thought; 165  
 Can glory be too dearly bought?  
 Since the Almighty wisdom has decreed  
 That we and all our progeny should bleed,  
 It shall be after such a noble way,  
 Succeeding ages will with wonder view 170  
 What brave despair compell'd us to :  
 No, we will ne'er survive another day.  
 Bring then your wives, your children, all  
 That's valuable, good, or dear,  
 With ready hands, and place 'em here ; 175  
 They shall unite in one vast funeral.  
 I know your courages are truly brave,  
 And dare do any thing but ill :  
 Who would an aged father save,  
 That he may live in chains, and be a slave, 180  
 Or for remorseless enemies to kill?  
 Let your bold hands then give the fatal blow ;  
 For what at any other time would be  
 The dire effect of rage and cruelty,  
 Is mercy, tenderness, and pity, now. 185  
 This, then, perform'd, we'll to the battle fly,  
 And there, amidst our slaughter'd foes, expire.  
 If 'tis revenge and glory you desire,  
 Now you may have them if you dare but die ;  
 Nay, more, ev'n freedom and eternity. 190

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## REASON.

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UNHAPPY man! who, thro' successive years,  
From early youth to life's last childhood errs;  
No sooner born but proves a foe to truth,  
For infant Reason is o'erpow'r'd in youth.  
'The cheats of sense will half our learning share, 5  
And preconceptions all our knowledge are.  
Reason, 'tis true, should over sense preside,  
Correct our notions, and our judgments guide;  
But false opinions, rooted in the mind,  
Hoodwink the soul, and keep our reason blind. 10  
Reason's a taper which but faintly burns;  
A languid flame, that glows and dies by turns:  
We see't a little while, and but a little way;  
We travel by its light, as men by day;  
But quickly dying, it forsakes us soon. 15  
Like morning-stars, that never stay till noon.  
'The soul can scarce above the body rise,  
And all we see is with corporeal eyes.  
Life now does scarce one glimpse of light display;  
We mourn in darkness, and despair of day: 20  
'That nat'ral light, once dress'd with orient beams,  
Is now diminish'd, and a twilight seems;  
A miscellaneous composition, made  
Of night and day, of sunshine and of shade.

Thro' an uncertain medium now we look, 25  
 And find that falsehood which for truth we took :  
 So rays projected from the eastern skies  
 Shew the false day before the sun can rise.

That little knowledge now which man obtains,  
 From outward objects and from sense he gains : 30  
 He, like a wretched slave, must plod and sweat,  
 By day must toil, by night that toil repeat ;  
 And yet at last what little fruit he gains !  
 A beggar's harvest, glean'd with mighty pains.

The passions still predominant will rule, 35  
 Ungovern'd, rude, not bred in Reason's school ;  
 Our understanding they with darkness fill,  
 Cause strong corruptions, and pervert the will :  
 On these the soul, as on some flowing tide,  
 Must sit, and on the raging billows ride, 40  
 Hurry'd away ; for how can be withstood  
 Th' impetuous torrent of the boiling blood ?  
 Be gone, false hopes ! for all our learning's vain ;  
 Can we be free where these the rule maintain ?  
 These are the tools of knowledge which we use ; 45  
 The spirits heated will strange things produce.  
 Tell me who e'er the passions could control,  
 Or from the body disengage the soul :  
 Till this is done our best pursuits are vain  
 To conquer truth, and unmix'd knowledge gain. 50  
 Thro' all the bulky volumes of the dead,  
 And thro' those books that modern times have bred,

With pain we travel, as thro' moorish ground,  
 Where scarce one useful plant is ever found;  
 O'er-run with errors, which so thick appear, 55  
 Our search proves vain, no spark of truth is there.

What's all the noisy jargon of the schools  
 But idle nonsense of laborious fools, }  
 Who fetter Reason with perplexing rules? }  
 What in Aquinas' bulky works are found 60  
 Does not enlighten Reason, but confound.  
 Who travels Scotus' swelling tomes shall find  
 A cloud of darkness rising on the mind.  
 In controverted points can Reason sway,  
 When passion or conceit still hurries us away? 65  
 Thus his new notions Sherlock would instill,  
 And clear the greatest mysteries at will,  
 But by unlucky wit perplex'd them more,  
 And made them darker than they were before.  
 South soon oppos'd him, out of Christian zeal, 70  
 Shewing how well he could dispute and rail.  
 How shall we e'er discover which is right,  
 When both so eagerly maintain the fight?  
 Each does the other's arguments deride;  
 Each has the church and Scripture on his side: 75  
 The sharp ill-natur'd combat's but a jest:  
 Both may be wrong; one, perhaps, errs the least.  
 How shall we know which Articles are true,  
 The Old one's of the church, or Burnet's New?

In paths uncertain and unsafe he treads, 80  
 Who blindly follows others' fertile heads.

What sure, what certain, mark have we to know  
 The right or wrong 'twixt Burges, Wake, and Howe!

Should untun'd Nature crave the medic art,  
 What health can that contentious tribe impart? 85

Ev'ry physician writes a diff'rent bill,  
 And gives no other reason but his will.

No longer boast your art, ye impious race!

Let wars 'twixt alcalies and acids cease,  
 And proud G—ll with Colbatch be at peace. 90

Gibbons and Radcliffe do but rarely guess;  
 To-day they've good, to-morrow no success.

Ev'n Garth and Maurus \* sometimes shall prevail,  
 When Gibson, learned Hannes, and Tyfon, fail. 94

And, more than once, we've seen that blund'ring  
 Missing the gout, by chance has hit the stone; [S—ne,

The patient does the lucky error find;

A cure he works, tho' not the cure design'd.

Custom, the world's great idol, we adore,  
 And knowing this we seek to know no more. 100

What education did at first receive,  
 Our ripen'd age confirms us to believe:

The careful nurse and priest are all we need,

To learn opinions and our country's creed:

The parents' precepts early are instill'd, 105

And spoil the man, while they instruct the child.

\* Sir Richard Blackmore.



To what hard fate is human-kind betray'd,  
 When thus implicit faith's a virtue made,  
 When education more than truth prevails,  
 And nought is current but what custom seals? 110  
 Thus from the time we first began to know  
 We live and learn, but not the wiser grow.

We seldom use our liberty aright,  
 Nor judge of things by universal light;  
 Our prepossessions and affections bind 115  
 The soul in chains, and lord it o'er the mind;  
 And if self-int'rest be but in the case,  
 Our unexamin'd principles may pass.  
 Good Heav'ns! that man should thus himself deceive,  
 To learn on credit, and on trust believe! 120  
 Better the mind no notions had retain'd,  
 But still a fair unwritten blank remain'd:  
 For now, who truth from falsehood would discern,  
 Must first disrobe the mind, and all unlearn.  
 Errors, contracted in unmindful youth, 125  
 When once remov'd, will smoothe the way to truth.  
 To dispossess the child the mortal lives,  
 But death approaches ere the man arrives.

Those who would learning's glorious kingdom find,  
 The dear-bought purchase of the trading mind, 130  
 From many dangers must themselves acquit,  
 And more than Scylla and Charybdis meet.  
 Oh! what an ocean must be voyag'd o'er  
 To gain a prospect of the shining shore?

Resisting rocks oppose th' inquiring soul, 135  
 And adverse waves retard it as they roll.

Does not that foolish deference we pay  
 To men that liv'd long since our passage stay?  
 What odd prepost'rous paths at first we tread,  
 And learn to walk by stumbling on the dead? 140

First we a blessing from the grave implore,  
 Worship old urns, and monuments adore;  
 The rev'rend sage, with vast esteem, we prize;  
 He liv'd long since, and must be wondrous wise.  
 'Thus are we debtors to the famous dead 145

For all those errors which their fancies bred:  
 Errors indeed! for real knowledge stay'd  
 With those first times, not farther was convey'd,  
 While light opinions are much lower brought,  
 For on the waves of ignorance they float; 150  
 But solid truth scarce ever gains the shore,  
 So soon it sinks, and ne'er emerges more.

Suppose those many dreadful dangers past,  
 Will knowledge dawn, and bless the mind at last?  
 Ah! no; 'tis now environ'd from our eyes, 155  
 Hides all its charms, and undiscover'd lies.  
 Truth, like a single point, escapes the sight,  
 And claims attention to perceive it right:  
 But what resembles truth is soon descry'd,  
 Spread like a surface and expanded wide. 160  
 The first man rarely, very rarely, finds  
 The tedious search of long inquiring minds:

But yet what 's worfe, we know not when we err ;  
What mark does truth, what bright diftinction, bear ?  
How do we know that what we know is true ? 165  
How fhall we falfehood fly, and truth purfue ?  
Let none then here his certain knowledge boast,  
'Tis all but probability at moft :  
This is the eafy purchafe of the mind,  
The vulgar's treasure, which we foon may find : 170  
But truth lies hid, and ere we can explore  
The glitt'ring gem, our fleeting life is o'er. 172

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# PINDARIC ESSAYS.

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## A PROSPECT OF DEATH.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

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----- Sed omnes una manet nox,  
Et calcanda femel via lethi.

HOR.

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### I.

SINCE we can die but once, and after death  
Our state no alteration knows,  
But when we have resign'd our breath  
Th' immortal spirit goes  
To endless joys or everlasting woes, 5  
Wife is the man who labours to secure  
That mighty and important stake,  
And by all methods strives to make  
His passage safe and his reception sure.  
Merely to die no man of reason fears, 10  
For certainly we must,  
As we are born, return to dust ;  
'Tis the last point of many ling'ring years :  
But whither then we go,  
Whither we fain would know ; 15  
But human understanding cannot show :

This makes us tremble, and creates  
 Strange apprehensions in the mind,  
 Fills it with restless doubts and wild debates  
 Concerning what we living cannot find. 20  
 None know what death is but the dead,  
 Therefore we all, by nature, dying dread,  
 As a strange doubtful way we know not how to tread.

## II.

When to the margin of the grave we come,  
 And scarce have one black painful hour to live, 25  
 No hopes, no prospect, of a kind reprieve  
 To stop our speedy passage to the tomb,  
 How moving and how mournful is the sight!  
 How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous sad!  
 Where then is refuge, where is comfort, to be had 30  
 In the dark minutes of the dreadful night  
 To cheer our drooping souls for their amazing flight?  
 Feeble and languishing in bed we lie,  
 Despairing to recover, void of rest,  
 Wishing for death, and yet afraid to die; 35  
 Terrors and doubts distract our breast,  
 With mighty agonies and mighty pains oppress.

## III.

Our face is moisten'd with a clammy sweat,  
 Faint and irregular the pulses beat;  
 The blood unactive grows, 40  
 And thickens as it flows,  
 Depriv'd of all its vigour, all its vital heat:

Our dying eyes roll heavily about,  
 Their light just going out,  
 And for some kind assistance call; 45  
 But pity, useles pity, 's all  
 Our weeping friends can give  
 Or we receive;  
 Tho' their desires are great their pow'rs are small.  
 The tongue 's unable to declare 50  
 The pains and griefs, the miseries, we bear,  
 How insupportable our torments are.  
 Music no more delights our deaf'ning ears,  
 Restores our joys, or dissipates our fears,  
 But all is melancoiy, all is sad, 55  
 In robes of deepest mourning clad;  
 For ev'ry faculty and ev'ry sense  
 Partakes the woe of this dire exigence.

## IV.

Then we are sensible, too late,  
 'Tis no advantage to be rich or great; 60  
 For all the fulsome pride and pageantry of state  
 No consolation brings;  
 Riches and honours then are useles things,  
 Tasteles or bitter all,  
 And like the book which the Apostle ate, 65  
 To the ill-judging palate sweet,  
 But turn at last to nauseousness and gall.  
 Nothing will then our drooping spirits cheer  
 But the remembrance of good actions past :  
 Virtue 's a joy that will for ever last, 70

And makes pale Death less terrible appear,  
 Takes out his baneful sting, and palliates our fear.  
 In the dark antichamber of the grave  
 What would we give (ev'n all we have,  
 All that our care and industry hath gain'd, 75  
 All that our policy, our fraud, our art, obtain'd)  
 Could we recall those fatal hours again  
 Which we consum'd in senseless vanities,  
 Ambitious follies, or luxurious ease;  
 For then they urge our terrors and increase our pain. 80

## V.

Our friends and relatives stand weeping by,  
 Dissolv'd in tears, to see us die,  
 And plunge into the deep abyss of wide eternity.  
 In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve,  
 Their sorrows cannot ours relieve: 85  
 They pity our deplorable estate;  
 But what, alas! can pity do  
 To soften the decrees of Fate?  
 Besides, the sentence is irrevocable too.  
 All their endeavours to preserve our breath, 90  
 Tho' they do unsuccessful prove,  
 Shew us how much, how tenderly, they love,  
 But cannot cut off the entail of death.  
 Mournful they look, and crowd about our bed;  
 One, with officious haste, 95  
 Brings us a cordial we want sense to taste;  
 Another softly raises up our head;

This wipes away the sweat; that, sighing, cries,  
 " See what convulsions, what strong agonies,  
 " Both soul and body undergo! 100  
 " His pains no intermission know;  
 " For ev'ry gasp of air he draws returns in sighs."  
 Each would his kind assistance lend  
 To save his dear relation or his dearer friend,  
 But still in vain with Destiny they all contend. 105

## VI.

Our father, pale with grief and watching grown,  
 Takes our cold hand in his, and cries, " Adieu!  
 " Adieu, my child! now I must follow you;"  
 Then weeps, and gently lays it down.  
 Our sons, who in their tender years 110  
 Were objects of our cares and of our fears,  
 Come trembling to our bed, and, kneeling, cry,  
 " Bless us, O Father! now before you die;  
 " Bless us, and be you bless'd to all eternity."  
 Our friend, whom equal to ourselves we love, 115  
 Compassionate and kind,  
 Cries, " Will you leave me here behind?  
 " Without me fly to the bless'd seats above?  
 " Without me, did I say? ah! no;  
 " Without thy friend thou canst not go; 120  
 " For tho' thou leav'st me grov'ling here below,  
 " My soul with thee shall upward fly,  
 " And bear thy spirit company  
 " Thro' the bright passage of the yielding sky.



" Ev'n death, that parts thee from thyself, shall be  
 " Incapable to separate 126  
 " (For 'tis not in the pow'r of Fate)  
 " My friend, my best, my dearest, friend and me ;  
 " But since it must be so, farewell,  
 " For ever ! No ; for we shall meet again, 130  
 " And live like gods, tho' now we die like men,  
 " In the eternal regions where just spirits dwell.

## VII.

The soul, unable longer to maintain  
 'The fruitless and unequal strife,  
 Finding her weak endeavours vain 135  
 'To keep the counterscarpe of life,  
 By slow degrees retires towards the heart,  
 And fortifies that little fort  
 With all the kind artilleries of art,  
 Botanic legions guarding ev'ry port ; 140  
 But Death, whose arms no mortal can repel,  
 A formal siege disdains to lay,  
 Summons his fierce battalions to the fray,  
 And in a minute storms the feeble citadel.  
 Sometimes we may capitulate, and he 145  
 Pretends to make a solid peace ;  
 But 'tis all sham, all artifice,  
 'That we may negligent and careless be ;  
 For if his armies are withdrawn to-day,  
 And we believe no danger near, 150  
 But all is peaceable and all is clear,  
 His troops return some unsuspected way ;

While in the soft embrace of Sleep we lie,  
The secret murd'ers stab us and we die.

## VIII.

Since our first parents' fall 155  
Inevitable death descends on all,  
A portion none of human race can miss;  
But that which makes it sweet or bitter is  
The fears of misery or certain hopes of bliss:  
For when th' impenitent and wicked die, 160  
Loaded with crimes and infamy,  
If any sense at that sad time remains,  
They feel amazing terrors, mighty pains,  
The earnest of that vast stupendous woe  
Which they to all eternity must undergo, 165  
Confin'd in hell with everlasting chains.  
Infernal spirits hover in the air,  
Like ravenous wolves, to seize upon the prey,  
And hurry the departed souls away  
To the dark receptacles of despair, 170  
Where they must dwell till that tremendous day  
When the loud trump shall call them to appear  
Before a Judge most terrible and most severe,  
By whose just sentence they must go  
To everlasting pains and endless woe. 175

## IX.

But the good man, whose soul is pure,  
Unspotted, regular, and free

From all the ugly stains of lust and villany,  
 Of mercy and of pardon sure,  
 Looks thro' the darkness of the gloomy night, 180  
 And sees the dawning of a glorious day ;  
 Sees crowds of angels ready to convey  
 His soul whene'er she takes her flight  
 To the surprizing mansions of immortal light :  
 'Then the celestial guards around him stand, 185  
 Nor suffer the black demons of the air  
 T' oppose his passage to the promis'd land,  
 Or terrify his thoughts with wild despair,  
 But all is calm within, and all without is fair.  
 His pray'rs, his charity, his virtues, press 190  
 To plead for mercy when he wants it most ;  
 Not one of all the happy number's lost,  
 And those bright advocates ne'er want success :  
 But when the soul's releas'd from dull mortality,  
 She passes up in triumph thro' the sky, 195  
 Where she's united to a glorious throng  
 Of angels, who, with a celestial song,  
 Congratulate her conquest as she flies along.

## X.

If, therefore, all must quit the stage,  
 When or how soon we cannot know, 200  
 But late or early we are sure to go,  
 In the fresh bloom of youth or wither'd age,  
 We cannot take too sedulous a care  
 In this important grand affair,

For as we die we must remain; 205  
 Hereafter all our hopes are vain,  
 To make our peace with Heav'n, or to return again.  
 'The Heathen, who no better understood  
 Than what the light of Nature taught, declar'd  
 No future misery could be prepar'd 210  
 For the sincere, the merciful, the good;  
 But if there was a state of rest,  
 They should with the same happiness be blest  
 As the immortal gods, if gods there were, possess.  
 We have the promise of eternal Truth, 215  
 Those who live well, and pious paths pursue,  
 To man and to their Maker true,  
 Let 'em expire in age or youth,  
 Can never miss  
 Their way to everlasting bliss; 220  
 But from a world of misery and care  
 To mansions of eternal ease repair,  
 Where joy in full perfection flows,  
 And in an endless circle moves  
 Thro' the vast round of beatific love,  
 Which no cessation knows. 226

ON THE  
GENERAL CONFLAGRATION,  
AND  
ENSUING JUDGMENT.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

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Esse quoque in fatis, reminiscitur, affore tempus  
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli  
Ardeat, et mundi imbles operosa laboret. OVID. MET.

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I.

Now the black days of universal doom,  
Which wondrous prophecies foretold, are come :  
What strong convulsions, what stupendous woe,  
Must sinking Nature undergo,  
Amidst the dreadful wreck and final overthrow! 5  
Methinks I hear her, conscious of her fate,  
With fearful groans and hideous cries  
Fill the presaging skies,  
Unable to support the weight  
Or of the present or approaching miseries. 10  
Methinks I hear her summon all  
Her guilty offspring, raving with despair,  
And trembling, cry aloud, " Prepare,  
" Ye sublunary Pow'rs! t' attend my funeral."

II.

See! see the tragical portents, 15  
Those dismal harbingers of dire events,

H ij

Loud thunders roar, and darting lightnings fly  
 Thro' the dark-concave of the troubled sky;  
 The fiery ravage is begun, the end is nigh.  
 See how the glaring meteors blaze! 20  
 Like baleful torches, O, they come,  
 To light dissolving Nature to her tomb!  
 And, scatt'ring round their pestilential rays,  
 Strike the affrighted nations with a wild amaze.  
 Vast sheets of flame and globes of fire, 25  
 By an impetuous wind, are driven  
 Thro' all the regions of th' inferior heav'n,  
 Till hid in sulph'rous smoke they seemingly expire.

## III.

Sad and amazing 'tis to see  
 What mad confusion rages over all 30  
 This scorching ball!  
 No country is exempt, no nation free,  
 But each partakes the epidemic misery.  
 What dismal havoc of mankind is made  
 By wars, and pestilence, and dearth, 35  
 Thro' the whole mournful earth,  
 Which with a murd'ring fury they invade,  
 Forfook by Providence and all propitious aid!  
 Whilst fiends let loose their utmost rage employ  
 To ruin all things here below; 40  
 Their malice and revenge no limits know,  
 But in the universal tumult all destroy.

## IV.

Distracted mortals from their cities fly  
 For safety to their champaign ground;  
 But there no safety can be found; 45  
 The vengeance of an angry Deity,  
 With unrelenting fury, does inclose them round:  
 And whilst for mercy some aloud implore  
 The God they ridicul'd before;  
 And others, raving with their woe, 50  
 (For hunger, thirst, despair, they undergo)  
 Blaspheme and curse the pow'r they should adore:  
 The earth, parch'd up with drought, her jaws extends,  
 And op'ning wide a dreadful tomb,  
 The howling multitude at once descends 55  
 Together all into her burning womb.

## V.

The trembling Alps abscond their aged heads  
 In mighty pillars of infernal smoke,  
 Which from their bellowing caverns broke,  
 And suffocates whole nations where it spreads. 60  
 Sometimes the fire within divides  
 The massy rivers of those secret chains  
 Which hold together their prodigious sides,  
 And hurls the shatter'd rocks o'er all the plains,  
 While towns and cities, ev'ry thing below, 65  
 Is overwhelm'd with the same burst of woe.

## VI.

No show'rs descend from the malignant sky  
 To cool the burning of the thirsty field;  
 The trees no leaves, no grafs the meadows, yield,  
 But all is barren, all is dry. 70  
 The little rivulets no more  
 To larger streams their tribute pay,  
 Nor to the ebbing ocean they,  
 Which, with a strange unusual roar, 74  
 Forsakes those ancient bounds it would have pass'd be-  
 And to the monstrous deep in vain retires: [fore,  
 For ev'n the deep itself is not secure,  
 But, belching subterraneous fires,  
 Increases still the scalding calenture,  
 Which neither earth, nor air, nor water, can endure.

## VII.

The sun, by sympathy, concern'd 81  
 At those convulsions, pangs, and agonies,  
 Which on the whole creation seize,  
 As to substantial darkness turn'd.  
 The neighb'ring moon, as if a purple flood 85  
 O'erflow'd her tott'ring orb, appears  
 Like a huge mass of black corrupting blood,  
 For she herself a dissolution fears.  
 The larger planets, which once shone so bright  
 With the reflected rays of borrow'd light, 90  
 Shook from their centre, without motion lie  
 Unwieldy globes of solid night,  
 And ruinous lumber of the sky.



## VIII.

Amidst this dreadful hurricane of woes  
 (For fire, confusion, horror, and despair, 95  
 Fill ev'ry region of the tortur'd earth and air)  
 The great archangel his loud trumpet blows;  
 At whose amazing sound fresh agonies  
 Upon expiring Nature seize:  
 For now she'll in few minutes know 100  
 'Th' ultimate event and fate of all below.  
 Awake, ye dead! awake! he cries;  
 (For all must come)  
 All that had human breath, arise,  
 To hear your last unalterable doom! 105

## IX.

At this the ghastly tyrant, who had sway'd  
 So many thousand ages uncontroll'd,  
 No longer could his sceptre hold,  
 But gave up all, and was himself a captive made.  
 The scatter'd particles of human clay, 110  
 Which in the silent grave's dark chambers lay,  
 Resume their pristine forms again,  
 And now from mortal grow immortal men.  
 Stupendous energy of sacred pow'r!  
 Which can collect, wherever cast, 115  
 The smallest atoms, and that shape restore  
 Which they had worn so many years before,  
 That thro' strange accidents and num'rous changes  
 past.

## X.

See how the joyful angels fly  
 From ev'ry quarter of the sky, 120  
 To gather and to convöy all  
 The pious sons of human race  
 To one capacious place,  
 Above the confines of this flaming ball.  
 See with what tenderness and love they bear 125  
 Those righteous souls thro' the tumultuous air,  
 Whilst the ungodly stand below,  
 Raging with shame, confusion, and despair,  
 Amidst the burning overthrow,  
 Expecting fiercer torments and acuter woe. 130  
 Round them infernal spirits howling fly;  
 "O horror! curses! tortüres! chains!" they cry,  
 And roar aloud with execrable blasphemy.

## XI.

Hark! how the daring sons of Infamy,  
 Who once dissolv'd in pleasures lay, 135  
 And laugh'd at this tremendous day,  
 To rocks and mountains now to hide 'em cry;  
 But rocks and mountains all in ashes lie.  
 Their shame's so mighty, and so strong their fear,  
 That, rather than appear 140  
 Before a God incens'd, they would be hurl'd  
 Amongst the burning ruins of the world,  
 And lie conceal'd, if possible, for ever there.  
 Time was they would not own a Deity,

Nor after death a future state; 145  
 But now, by sad experience, find too late,  
 There is, and terrible to that degree,  
 That rather than behold his face they'd cease to be.  
 And sure 'tis better, if Heav'n would give consent,  
 To have no being; but they must remain 150  
 For ever, and for ever be in pain:  
 O inexpressible, stupendous punishment,  
 Which cannot be endur'd, yet must be underwent!

## XII.

But now the eastern skies expanding wide,  
 The glorious Judge omnipotent descends, 155  
 And to the sublunary world his passage bends,  
 Where, cloath'd with human nature, he did once reside.  
 Round him the bright ethereal armies fly,  
 And loud triumphant hallelujahs sing,  
 With songs of praise, and hymns of victory, 160  
 To their celestial King;  
 " All glory, pow'r, dominion, majesty,  
 " Now, and for everlasting ages, be  
 " To the essential One and co-eternal Three.  
 " Perish that world, as 'tis decreed, 165  
 " Which saw the God incarnate bleed!  
 " Perish, by thy almighty vengeance, those  
 " Who durst thy person or thy laws expose;  
 " The cursed refuse of mankind, and hell's proud seed.  
 " Now to the unbelieving nations show 170  
 " Thou art a God from all eternity;  
 " Not titular, or but by office so;

“ And let ’em the mysterious union see

“ Of human nature with the Deity.”

## XIII.

With mighty transports, yet with awful fears, 175

The good behold this glorious fight;

Their God in all his majesty appears,

Ineffable, amazing bright,

And seated on a throne of everlasting light.

Round the tribunal, next to the most High, 180

In sacred discipline and order, stand

The peers and princes of the sky,

As they excel in glory or command.

Upon the right hand that illustrious crowd,

In the white bosom of a shining cloud, 185

Whose souls, abhorring all ignoble crimes,

Did, with a steady course, pursue

His holy precepts in the worst of times,

Maugre what earth or hell, what men or devils,  
could do.

And now that God they did to death adore, 190

For whom such torments and such pains they bore,

Returns to place them on those thrones above,

Where, undisturb’d, uncloy’d, they will possess

Divine substantial happiness,

Unbounded as his pow’r, and lasting as his love. 195

## XIV.

“ Go, bring,” the Judge impartial, frowning, cries,

“ Those rebel sons who did my laws despise;

" Whom neither threats nor promises could move,  
 " Not all my sufferings, nor all my love,  
 " To save themselves from everlasting miseries." 200  
 At this ten millions of archangels flew  
 Swifter than lightning, or the swiftest thought,  
 And less than in an instant brought  
 The wretched, curs'd, infernal, crew;  
 Who, with distorted aspects, come 205  
 To hear their sad intolerable doom.  
 " Alas!" they cry, " one beam of mercy show,  
 " Thou all-forgiving Deity!  
 " To pardon crimes is natural to thee;  
 " Crush us to nothing, or suspend our woe: 210  
 " But if it cannot, cannot be,  
 " And we must go into a gulf of fire,  
 " (For who can with Omnipotence contend?)  
 " Grant, for thou art a God, it may at last expire,  
 " And all our tortures have an end. 215  
 " Eternal burnings, O! we cannot bear,  
 " 'Tho' now our bodies too immortal are.  
 " Let 'em be pungent to the last degree;  
 " And let our pains innumerable be;  
 " But let 'em not extend to all eternity!" 220

## XV.

Lo! now there does no place remain  
 For penitence and tears, but all  
 Must by their actions stand or fall:  
 'To hope for pity is in vain;  
 'The die is cast, and not to be recall'd again. 225

'Two mighty books are by two angels brought :  
 In this, impartially recorded, stands  
 'The law of Nature, and divine commands;  
 In that, each action, word, and thought,  
 Whate'er was said in secret, or in secret wrought. 230  
 Then first the virtuous and the good,  
 Who all the fury of temptation stood,  
 And bravely pass'd thro' ignominy, chains, and blood,  
 Attended by their guardian angels, come  
 To the tremendous bar of final doom. 235  
 In vain the grand Accuser, railing, brings  
 A long indictment of enormous things,  
 Whose guilt wip'd off by penitential tears,  
 And their Redeemer's blood and agonies,  
 No more to their astonishment appears, 240  
 But in the secret womb of dark Oblivion lies.

## XVI.

"Come now, my Friends!" he cries; "ye sons of Grace,  
 "Partakers once of all my wrongs and shame,  
 "Despis'd and hated for my name;  
 "Come to your Saviour's and your God's embrace!  
 "Ascend, and those bright diadems possess, 246  
 "For you by my eternal Father made  
 "Ere the foundation of the world was laid;  
 "And that surprising happiness,  
 "Immense as my own Godhead, and will ne'er be less.  
 "For when I languishing in prison lay, 251  
 "Naked, and starv'd almost for want of bread,

- " You did your kindly visits pay,  
 " Both cloath'd my body, and my hunger fed.  
 " Weary'd with sickness, or oppress'd with grief,  
 " Your hand was always ready to supply;           256  
 " Whene'er I wanted, you were always by  
 " 'To share my sorrows or to give relief.  
 " In all distress so tender was your love,  
 " I could no anxious trouble bear;           260  
 " No black misfortune or vexatious care,  
 " But you were still impatient to remove,  
 " And mov'd your charitable hand should unsuccess-  
 " All this you did, tho' not to me   [successful prove.  
 " In person, yet to mine in misery;           265  
 " And shall for ever live  
 " In all the glories that a God can give,  
 " Or a created being's able to receive."

## XVII.

- At this the architects divine on high  
 Innumerable thrones of glory raise,           270  
 On which they, in appointed order, place  
 The human coheirs of eternity,  
 And with united hymns the God incarnate praise:  
 " O holy, holy, holy Lord,  
 " Eternal God, almighty One,           275  
 " Be thou for ever, and be thou alone,  
 " By all thy creatures constantly ador'd!  
 " Ineffable coequal 'Three,  
 " Who from nonentity gave birth

" To angels and to men, to heav'n and to earth, 280  
 " Yet always wast thyself, and wilt for ever be.  
 " But for thy mercy we had ne'er possess'd  
 " These thrones, and this immense felicity  
 " Could ne'er have been so infinitely blest :  
 " Therefore all glory, pow'r, dominion, majesty,  
 " To thee, O Lamb of God! to thee 286  
 " For ever, longer than for ever, be."

XVIII.

Then the incarnate Godhead turns his face  
 'To those upon the left, and cries,  
 (Almighty vengeance flashing in his eyes) 290  
 " Ye impious, unbelieving race!  
 " To those eternal torments go,  
 " Prepar'd for those rebellious sons of light,  
 " In burning darkness and in flaming night,  
 " Which shall no limit or cessation know, 295  
 " But always are extreme, and always will be so."  
 The final sentence pass'd, a dreadful cloud  
 Inclosing all the miserable crowd,  
 A mighty hurricane of thunder rose,  
 And hurl'd 'em all into a lake of fire, 300  
 Which never, never, never, can expire,  
 The vast abyss of endless woes;  
 Whilst with their God the righteous mount on high,  
 In glorious triumph passing thro' the sky,  
 'To joys immense, and everlasting ecstacy. . . 305

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# DIES NOVISSIMA:

OR,

## THE LAST EPIPHANY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

*On Christ's second appearance to judge the world.*

I.

ADIEU, ye toyish reeds! that once could please  
My softer lips, and lull my cares to ease:  
Be gone; I'll waste no more vain hours with you;  
And smiling Sylvia too, adieu;  
A brighter pow'r invokes my Muse, 5  
And loftier thoughts and raptures does infuse.  
See! beck'ning from yon' cloud, he stands,  
And promises assistance with his hands.  
I feel the heavy rolling God,  
Incumbent, revel in his frail abode. 10  
How my breast heaves and pulses beat!  
I sink, I sink, beneath the furious heat;  
The weighty bliss o'erwhelms my breast,  
And overflowing joys profusely waste.  
Some nobler bard, O sacred Pow'r! inspire, 15  
Or soul more large, th' elapses to receive;  
And, brighter yet, to catch the fire,  
And each gay following charm from death to save!  
—In vain the suit—the God inflames my breast;  
I rave, with ecstasies oppress'd; 20



" Already, stupid with their crimes,  
 " Blind mortals prostrate to their idols lie :  
 " Such were the boding times,  
 " Ere ruin blasted from the sluicy sky ; 50  
 " Dissolv'd they lay in fulsome ease,  
 " And revell'd in luxuriant peace ;  
 " In Bacchanals they did their hours consume,  
 " And Bacchanals led on their swift advancing doom.

## IV.

" Adult'rate christs already rise, 55  
 " And dare t' asswage the angry skies ;  
 " Erratic throngs their Saviour's blood deny,  
 " And from the cross, alas ! he does neglected sigh ;  
 " The antichristian pow'r has rais'd his hydra head,  
 " And ruin, only less than Jesus' health, does spread.  
 " So long the gore thro' poison'd veins has flow'd, 61  
 " That scarcely ranker is a Fury's blood ;  
 " Yet specious artifice and fair disguise  
 " The monster's shape and curs'd design belies :  
 " A fiend's black venom in an angel's mien 65  
 " He quaffs, and scatters the contagious spleen ;  
 " Straight, when he finishes his lawless reign,  
 " Nature shall paint the shining scene,  
 " Quick as the lightning which inspires the train.

## V.

" Forward Confusion shall provoke the fray, 70  
 " And Nature from her ancient order stray ;

" Black tempests, gath'ring from the seas around,  
 " In horrid ranges shall advance;  
 " And as they march, in thickest fables drown'd,  
 " The rival thunder from the clouds shall found, 75  
 " And lightnings join the fearful dance:  
 " The blust'ring armies o'er the skies shall spread,  
 " And universal terror shed;  
 " Loud issuing peals and rising sheets of smoke  
 " Th' encumber'd region of the air shall choke; 80  
 " The noisy main shall lash the suff'ring shore,  
 " And from the rocks the breaking billows roar;  
 " Black thunder bursts, blue lightning burns,  
 " And melting worlds to heaps of ashes turns;  
 " The forests shall beneath the tempest bend, 85  
 " And rugged winds the nodding cedars rend.

## VI.

" Reverse all Nature's web shall run,  
 " And spotless misrule all around  
 " Order, its flying foe, confound, 89  
 " Whilst backward all the threads shall haste to be un-  
 " Triumphant Chaos, with his oblique wand [spun.  
 " (The wand with which, ere time begun,  
 " His wand'ring slaves he did command,  
 " And made 'em scamper right, and in rude ranges  
 " The hostile harmony shall chace, [run)  
 " And as the nymph resigns her place, 96  
 " And, panting, to the neighb'ring refuge flies,  
 " The formless ruffian slaughters with his eyes,

“ And following, forms the perching dame’s retreat,  
 “ Adding the terror of his threat; 100  
 “ The globe shall faintly tremble round,  
 “ And backward jolt, distorted with the wound.

## VII.

“ Swath’d in substantial shrouds of night,  
 “ The sick’ning sun shall from the world retire,  
 “ Stripp’d of his dazzling robes of fire, 105  
 “ Which, dangling, once shed round a lavish flood of  
 “ No frail eclipse, but all essential shade, [light;  
 “ Not yielding to primeval gloom,  
 “ Whilst day was yet an embryo in the womb; 109  
 “ Nor glimm’ring in its source with silver streamers  
 “ A jetty mixture of the darkness spread [play’d,  
 “ O’er murm’ring Egypt’s head;  
 “ And that which angels drew  
 “ O’er Nature’s face when Jesus dy’d,  
 “ Which sleeping ghosts for this mistook, 115  
 “ And rising, off their hanging fun’rals shook,  
 “ And fleeting pass’d, expos’d their bloodless breasts  
     to view,  
 “ Yet find it not so dark, and to their dormitories glide.

## VIII.

“ Now bolder fires appear,  
 “ And o’er the palpable obscurement sport, 120  
 “ Glaring and gay as falling Lucifer,  
 “ Yet mark’d with fate, as when he fled th’ ethereal  
     court,

- " And plung'd into the op'ning gulf of night :  
 " A fabre of immortal flame I bore, 124  
 " And with this arm his flour' shing plume I tore,  
 " And straight the fiend retreated from the fight.

## IX.

- " Mean-time the lambent prodigies on high  
 " Take gamefome meafures in the fky ;  
 " Joy'd with his future feaft the thunder roars  
 " In chorus to th' enormous-harmony, 130  
 " And halloos to his offspring from fulphureous ftore,  
 " Applauding how they tilt and how they fly,  
 " And their each nimble turn and radiant enabaffy.

## X.

- " The moon turns paler at the fight,  
 " And all the blazing orbs deny their light ; 135  
 " The lightning with its livid tail,  
 " A train of glitt'ring terrors draws behind,  
 " Which o'er the trembling world prevail ;  
 " Wing'd and blown on by ftorms of wind,  
 " They flew the hideous leaps on either hand 140  
 " Of Night, that fpreads her ebon curtains-round,  
 " And there erects her royal ftand,  
 " In fev'n-fold winding jet her confcious temples

## XI.

[bound.

- " The ftars next, ftarting from their fphere,  
 " In giddy revolutions leap and bound ; 145  
 " Whilst this with double fury glares,  
 " And meditates new wars,  
 " And wheels in fportive gyres around,

" Its neighbour shall advance to fight,  
 " And while each offers to enlarge its right, 150  
 " The gen'ral ruin shall increase,  
 " And banish all the votaries of peace.  
 " No more the stars, with paler beams,  
 " Shall tremble o'er the midnight streams,  
 " But travel downward to behold 155  
 " What mimics 'em so twinkling there,  
 " And, like Narcissus, as they gain more near,  
 " For the lov'd image straight expire,  
 " And agonize in warm desire,  
 " Or flake their lust as in the stream they roll. 160

## XII.

" Whilst the world burns, and all the orbs below  
 " In their viperous ruins glow,  
 " They sink, and, unsupported, leave the skies, [noise :  
 " Which fall abrupt, and tell their torment in the  
 " Then seeth' almighty Judge, sedate and bright, 165  
 " Cloath'd in imperial robes of light!  
 " His wings the wind; rough storms the chariot bear,  
 " And nimbler harbingers before him fly,  
 " And with officious rudeness brush the air;  
 " Halt as he halts, then doubling in their flight, 170  
 " In horrid sport with one another vie,  
 " And leave behind quick-winding tracks of light;  
 " Then urging, to their ranks they close,  
 " And shiv'ring, lest they start, a falling caravan  
 compose.

## XIII.

- " The mighty Judge rides in tempestuous state,  
 " Whilst mighty guards his orders wait : 176  
 " His waving vestments shine  
 " Bright as the sun, which lately did its beams resign,  
 " And burnish'd wreaths of light shall make his form  
     divine.  
 " Strong beams of majesty around his temples play,  
 " And the transcendent gaiety of his face allay : 181  
 " His Father's rev'rend characters he'll wear,  
 " And both o'erwhelm with light and overawe with  
 " Myriads of angels shall be there, [fear.  
 " And I, perhaps, close the tremendous rear : 185  
 " Angels, the first and fairest sons of day,  
 " Clad with eternal youth, and as their vestments gay,

## XIV.

- " Nor for magnificence alone,  
 " To brighten and enlarge the pageant scene,  
 " Shall we encircle his more dazzling throne, 90  
 " And swell the lustre of his pompous train :  
 " The nimble ministers of bliss or woe  
 " We shall attend, and save or deal the blow,  
 " As he admits to joy or bids to pain.

## XV.

- " The welcome news 195  
 " Thro' ev'ry angel's breast fresh raptures shall diffuse.  
 " The day is come [doom :  
 " When Satan, with his pow'rs, shall sink to endless



“ No more shall we his hostile troops pursue  
 “ From cloud to cloud, nor the long fight renew. 200

## XVI.

“ Then Raphael, big with life, the trump shall sound;  
 “ From falling spheres the joyful music shall rebound,  
 “ And seas and shores shall catch and propagate it  
 round:

“ Louder he'll blow, and it shall speak more shrill,  
 “ Than when, from Sinai's hill, 205  
 “ In thunder, thro' the horrid redd'ning smoke  
 “ Th' Almighty spoke.

“ We'll shout around with martial joy,  
 “ And thrice the vaulted skies shall rend, and thrice our  
 “ Then first th' archangel's voice aloud [shouts reply.  
 “ Shall cheerfully salute the day and throng, 211  
 “ And hallelujahs fill the crowd,  
 “ And I, perhaps, shall close the song.

## XVII.

“ From its long sleep all human race shall rise, 214  
 “ And see the morn and Judge advancing in the skies;  
 “ To their old tenements the souls return, [scends.  
 “ Whilst down the steep of heav'n as swift the Judge de-  
 “ These look illustrious bright, no more to mourn;  
 “ Whilst, see! distracted looks yon' stalking shades  
 “ The faints no more shall conflict on the deep, [attend.  
 “ Nor rugged waves insult the lab'ring ship, 221  
 “ But from the wreck in triumph they arise,  
 “ And borne to bliss shall tread empyreal skies.” 223

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# UPON THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

"Εἷς ἔστιν Θεὸς

"Ὁς ἔργαρον τέτυχε καὶ γαίαν μακρὰν. SOPHOC.

## I. UNITY. ETERNITY.

WHENCE sprung this glorious frame? or when began  
Things to exist? they could not always be :

To what stupendous energy

Shall we ascribe the origin of man?

That cause from whence all beings else arose 5

Must self-existent be alone,

Entirely perfect, and but one ;

Nor equal nor superior knows :

Two Firsts, in reason, we can ne'er suppose :

If that, in false opinion, we allow 10

That once there absolutely nothing was,

Then nothing could be now ;

For by what instrument, or how,

Shall nonexistence to existence pass?

Thus something must from everlasting be, 15

Or matter or a deity.

If matter only uncreate we grant,

We shall volition, wit, and reason, want,

An agent infinite, and action free.

Whence does volition, whence does reason, flow? 20

How came we to reflect, design, and know?

This from a nobler nature springs,  
 Distinct in essence from material things,  
 For thoughtless matter cannot thought bestow :  
 But if we own a God supreme, 25  
 And all perfection's possible in him,  
 In him does boundless excellence reside,  
 Pow'r to create, and providence to guide ;  
 Unmade himself, could no beginning have,  
 But to all substance prime existence gave ; 30  
 Can what he will destroy, and what he pleases save.

## II. POWER.

The undesigning hand of giddy Chance  
 Could never fill with globes of light,  
 So beautiful and so amazing bright,  
 The lofty concave of the vast expanse : 35  
 These could proceed from no less pow'r than infinite.  
 There's not one atom of this wondrous frame,  
 Nor essence intellectual, but took  
 Existence when the great Creator spoke,  
 And from the common womb of empty nothing came.  
 " Let substance be," he cry'd, and straight arose 41  
 Angelic and corporeal too ;  
 All that material nature shows,  
 And what does things invisible compose,  
 At the same instant sprung, and into being flew. 45  
 Mount to the convex of the highest sphere,  
 Which draws a mighty circle round,  
 Th' interior orbs, as their capacious bound,

There millions of new miracles appear ;  
 There dwell the eldest sons of Pow'r immense, 50  
 Who first were to perfection wrought,  
 First to complete existence brought,  
 'To whom their Maker did dispense  
 The largest portions of created excellence :  
 Eternal now, not of necessity, 55  
 As if they could not cease to be,  
 Or were from possible destruction free,  
 But on the will of God depend ;  
 For that which could begin can end :  
 Who when the lower worlds were made, 60  
 Without the least miscarriage or defect,  
 By the almighty Architect,  
 United adoration paid,  
 And with ecstatic gratitude his laws obey'd.

## III.

Philosophy of old in vain essay'd 65  
 To tell us how this mighty frame  
 Into such beauteous order came,  
 But by false reasonings false foundations laid :  
 She labour'd hard, but still the more she wrought  
 The more was wilder'd in the maze of thought. 70  
 Sometimes she fancy'd things to be  
 Coeval with the Deity,  
 And in the form which now they are  
 From everlasting ages were.

Sometimes the casual event 75  
 Of atoms floating in a space immense,  
 Void of all wisdom, rule, and sense,  
 But by a lucky accident  
 Jumbled into this scheme of wondrous excellence.  
 'Twas an establish'd article of old, 80  
 Chief of the philosophic creed,  
 And does in natural productions hold,  
 'That from mere nothing nothing could proceed.  
 Material substance never could have rose  
 If some existence had not been before, 85  
 In wisdom infinite, immense in pow'r.  
 Whate'er is made a maker must suppose,  
 As an effect a cause that could produce it shows.  
 Nature and art, indeed, have bounds assign'd,  
 And only forms to things, not being, give; 90  
 That from Omnipotence they must receive :  
 But the eternal self-existent Mind  
 Can, with a single fiat, cause to be  
 All that the wondrous eye surveys,  
 And all it cannot see. 95  
 Nature may shape a beauteous tree,  
 And art a noble palace raise,  
 But must not to creative pow'r aspire ;  
 That their God alone can claim,  
 pre-existing substance doth require; 100  
 So where they nothing find can nothing frame.

## IV. WISDOM.

Matter produc'd had still a chaos been,  
 For jarring elements engag'd  
 Eternal battles would have wag'd,  
 And fill'd with endless horror the tumultuous scene,  
 If Wisdom infinite, for less 106  
 Could not the vast prodigious embryo wield,  
 Or strength complete to lab'ring Nature yield,  
 Had not, with actual address,  
 Compos'd the bellowing hurry and establish'd peace.  
 Whate'er this visible creation shows 111  
 That's lovely, uniform, and bright,  
 That gilds the morning or adorns the night,  
 To her its eminence and beauty owes.  
 By her all creatures have their ends assign'd, 115  
 Proportion'd to their nature and their kind,  
 To which they steadily advance,  
 Mov'd by right Reason's high command,  
 Or guided by the secret hand  
 Of real instinct or imaginary chance. 120  
 Nothing but men reject her sacred rules,  
 Who from the end of their creation fly,  
 And deviate into misery;  
 As if the liberty to act like fools  
 Were the chief cause that Heav'n made 'em free. 125

## V. PROVIDENCE.

Bold is the wretch, and blasphemous the man,  
 Who, finite, will attempt to scan

The works of Him that's infinitely wise,  
 And those he cannot comprehend denies;  
 As if a space immense were measurable by a span.  
 Thus the proud sceptic will not own 131  
 That Providence the world directs,  
 Or its affairs inspects,  
 But leaves it to itself alone.  
 How does it with almighty grandeur sit, 135  
 To be concern'd with our impertinence,  
 Or interpose his pow'r for the defence  
 Of a poor mortal or a senseless brute?  
 Villains could never so successful prove,  
 And unmolested in those pleasures live, 140  
 Which honour, ease, and affluence, give,  
 While such as Heav'n adore, and virtue love,  
 And most the care of Providence deserve,  
 Oppress'd with pain and ignominy starve.  
 What reason can the wisest show 145  
 Why murder does unpunish'd go,  
 If the Most High, that's just and good,  
 Intends and governs all below,  
 And yet regards not the loud cries of guiltless blood?  
 But shall we things unsearchable deny, 150  
 Because our reason cannot tell us why  
 They are allow'd or acted by the Deity?  
 'Tis equally above the reach of thought  
 To comprehend how matter should be brought

From nothing, as existent be 155  
 From all eternity,  
 And yet that matter is we feel and see;  
 Nor is it easier to define  
 What ligatures the soul and body join,  
 Or how the mem'ry does th' impression take 160  
 Of things, and to the mind restores 'em back.

## VI.

Did not th' Almighty, with immediate care,  
 Direct and govern this capacious all,  
 How soon would things into confusion fall!  
 Earthquakes the trembling ground would tear, 165  
 And blazing comets rule the troubled air;  
 Wide inundations, with resistless force,  
 The lower provinces o'erflow,  
 In spite of all that human strength could do,  
 To stop the raging sea's impetuous course: 170  
 Murder and rapine ev'ry place would fill,  
 And sinking Virtue stoop to prosp'rous Ill;  
 Devouring pestilence rave,  
 And all that part of nature which has breath  
 Deliver to the tyranny of death, 175  
 And hurry to the dungeons of the grave,  
 If watchful Providence were not concern'd to save.  
 Let the brave soldier speak, who oft' has been  
 In dreadful sieges, and fierce battles seen,  
 How he's preserv'd, when bombs and bullets fly 180  
 So thick, that scarce one inch of air is free;



And tho' he does ten thousand see  
 Fall at his feet, and in a moment die,  
 Unhurt retreats, or gains unhurt the victory.  
 Let the poor shipwreck'd sailor show 185  
 To what invisible protecting pow'r  
 He did his life and safety owe  
 When the loud storm his well-built vessel tore,  
 And half a shatter'd plank convey'd him to the shore.  
 Nay; let th' ungrateful sceptic tell us how 190  
 His tender infancy protection found,  
 And helpless childhood was with safety crown'd,  
 If he 'll no Providence allow;  
 When he had nothing but his nurse's arms  
 To guard him from innumerable fatal harms; 195  
 From childhood how to youth he ran  
 Securely, and from thence to man;  
 How in the strength and vigour of his years  
 The feeble bark of life he saves,  
 Amidst the fury of tempestuous waves, 200  
 From all the dangers he foresees or fears,  
 Yet ev'ry hour 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis steers,  
 If Providence, which can the seas command,  
 Held not the rudder with a steady hand.

## VII. OMNIPRESENCE.

'Tis happy for the sons of men that He 205  
 Who all existence out of nothing made  
 Supports his creatures by immediate aid;

But then this all-intending Deity  
 Must omnipresent be :  
 For how shall we, by demonstration, show      210  
 The Godhead is this moment here,  
 If he's not present ev'rywhere,  
 And always so ?  
 What's not perceptible by sense may be  
 'Ten thousand miles remote from me,      215  
 Unless his nature is from limitation free.  
 In vain we for protection pray,  
 For benefits receiv'd high altars raise,  
 And offer up our hymns and praise,  
 In vain his anger dread or laws obey ;      220  
 An absent God from ruin can defend  
 No more than can an absent friend ;  
 No more is capable to know  
 How gratefully we make returns,  
 When the loud music sounds or victim burns,      225  
 Than a poor Indian slave of Mexico.  
 If so, 'tis equally in vain  
 The prosp'rous sings and wretched mourns ;  
 He cannot hear the praise or mitigate the pain.  
 But by what being is confin'd      230  
 The Godhead we adore ?  
 He must have equal or superior pow'r :  
 If equal only, they each other bind ;  
 So neither's God, if we define him right,  
 For neither's infinite :      235  
 But if the other have superior might,

Then he we worship can't pretend to be  
 Omnipotent, and free  
 From all restraint, and so no deity.  
 If God is limited in space, his view, 240  
 His knowledge, pow'r, and wisdom, is so too;  
 Unless we'll own that these perfections are  
 At all times present ev'ry where,  
 Yet he himself not actually there;  
 Which to suppose, that strange conclusion brings, 245  
 His essence and his attributes are diff'rent things.

## VIII. IMMUTABILITY.

As the supreme omniscient Mind  
 Is by no boundaries confin'd,  
 So reason must acknowledge him to be  
 From possible mutation free; 250  
 For what he is he was from all eternity.  
 Change, whether the effect of force or will,  
 Must argue imperfection still;  
 But imperfection in a deity,  
 That's absolutely perfect, cannot be. 255  
 Who can compel, without his own consent,  
 A God to change that is omnipotent?  
 And ev'ry alteration without force  
 Is for the better or the worse.  
 He that is infinitely wise 260  
 To alter for the worse will never chuse;  
 That a depravity of nature shews:  
 And he, in whom all true perfection lies,  
 Cannot, by change, to greater excellencies rise.

If God be mutable, which way, or how, 265  
 Shall we demonstrate that will please him now  
 Which did a thousand years ago?

And 'tis impossible to know

What he forbids or what he will allow.

Murder, enchantment, lust, and perjury, 270

Did in the foremost rank of vices stand,

Prohibited by an express command;

But whether such they still remain to be

No argument will positively prove,

Without immediate notice from above, 275

If the almighty Legislator can

Be chang'd, like his inconstant subject man,

Uncertain thus what to perform or shun,

We all intolerable hazards run,

When an eternal stake is to be lost or won. 280

#### IX. JUSTICE.

Rejoice, ye sons of Piety! and sing

Loud hallelujahs to his glorious name,

Who was, and will for ever be the same:

Your grateful incense to his temples bring,

That from the smoaking altars may arise 285

Clouds of perfumes to the imperial skies.

His promises stand firm to you,

And endless joy will be bestow'd,

As sure as that there is a God,

On all who virtue chuse, and righteous paths pursue.

Nor should we more his menaces distrust, 291

For while he is a deity he must  
 (As infinitely good) be infinitely just.  
 But does it with a gracious Godhead suit,  
 Whose mercy is his darling attribute, 295  
 To punish crimes that temporary be,  
 And those but trivial offences too,  
 Mere slips of human nature, small and few,  
 With everlasting misery? 299  
 This shocks the mind, with deep reflections fraught,  
 And reason bends beneath the pond'rous thought.  
 Crimes take their estimate from guilt, and grow  
 More heinous still, the more they do incense  
 That God to whom all creatures owe  
 Profoundest reverence; 305  
 Tho', as to that degree they raise  
 The anger of the merciful most High,  
 We have no standard to discern it by  
 But the infliction he on the offender lays :  
 So that, if endless punishment on all 310  
 Our unrepented sins must fall,  
 None, not the least, can be accounted small.  
 That God is in perfection just, must be  
 Allow'd by all that own a deity :  
 If so, from equity he cannot swerve, 315  
 Nor punish sinners more than they deserve.  
 His will reveal'd is both express and clear :  
 " Ye cursed of my Father ! go  
 " To everlasting woe."  
 If everlasting means eternal here, 320

Duration absolutely without end,  
 Against which sense some zealously contend,  
 That, when apply'd to pains, it only means  
 They shall ten thousand ages last,  
 Ten thousand more, perhaps, when they are past,  
 But not eternal, in a lit'ral sense : 326  
 Yet own the pleasures of the just remain  
 So long as there's a God exists to reign :  
 Tho' none can give a solid reason why  
 The word Eternity, 330  
 To heav'n and hell indifferently join'd,  
 Should carry sense of a different kind ;  
 And 'tis a sad experiment to try.

## X. GOODNESS.

But if there be one attribute divine  
 With greater lustre than the rest can shine 335  
 'Tis goodness, which we ev'ry moment see  
 The Godhead exercise with such delight,  
 It seems, it only seems, to be  
 The best-belov'd perfection of the Deity,  
 And more than infinite : 340  
 Without that he could never prove  
 The proper object of our praise or love.  
 Were he not good, he'd be no more concern'd  
 To hear the wretched in affliction cry,  
 Or see the guiltless for the guilty die, 345  
 Than Nero, when the flaming city burn'd,  
 And weeping Romans o'er its ruins mourn'd.

Eternal justice then would be  
 But everlasting cruelty ;  
 Pow'r unrestrain'd almighty violence, 350  
 And wisdom unconfin'd but craft immense.  
 'Tis goodness constitutes him that he is,  
 And those  
 Who will deny him this  
 A God without a Deity suppose. 355  
 When the lewd Atheist blasphemously swears,  
 By his tremendous name,  
 There is no God, but all's a sham,  
 Insipid tattle praise and pray'rs,  
 Virtue, pretence ; and all the sacred rules 360  
 Religion teaches tricks to cully fools ;  
 Justice would strike th' audacious villain dead,  
 But mercy boundless saves his guilty head ;  
 Gives him protection, and allows him bread.  
 Does not the sinner, whom no danger awes, 365  
 Without restraint his infamy pursue,  
 Rejoice and glory in it too,  
 Laugh at the pow'r divine, and ridicule his laws,  
 Labour in vice his rivals to excel,  
 That when he's dead they may their pupils tell 370  
 How wittily the fool was damn'd, how hard he fell ?  
 Yet this vile wretch in safety lives,  
 Blessings in common with the best receives,  
 Tho' he is proud t' affront the God those blessings gives.

The cheerful sun his influence sheds on all,      375  
 Has no respect to good or ill ;  
 And fruitful show'rs without distinction fall,  
 Which fields with corn, with grafs the pastures, fill.  
 The bounteous hand of Heav'n bestows  
 Success and honour many times on those      380  
 Who scorn his fav'rites and carefs his foes.

## XI.

To this good God, whom my advent'rous pen  
 Has dar'd to celebrate  
 In lofty Pindar's strain,  
 Tho' with unequal strength to bear the weight      385  
 Of such a pond'rous theme, so infinitely great ;  
 To this good God celestial spirits pay,  
 With ecstacy divine, incessant praise,  
 While on the glories of his face they gaze,  
 In the bright regions of eternal day :      390  
 To him each rational existence here,  
 Whose breast one spark of gratitude contains,  
 In whom there are the least remains  
 Of piety or fear,  
 His tribute brings of joyful sacrifice,      395  
 For pardon prays, and for protection flies :  
 Nay, the inanimate creation give,  
 By prompt obedience to his word,  
 Instinctive honour to their Lord,  
 And shame the thinking world who in rebellion live.



With heav'n and earth, then, O my Soul! unite, 401  
And the great God of both adore and blefs,  
Who gives thee competence, content, and peace,  
The only fountains of sincere delight;  
That from the tranfitory joys below 405  
Thou, by a happy exit, may'ft remove  
To thofe ineffable above  
Which from the vifion of the Godhead flow,  
And neither end, decrease, nor interruption, know.

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# EPISTLES.

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## CRUELTY AND LUST.

AN EPISTOLARY ESSAY \*.

WHERE can the wretched'st of all creatures fly,  
To tell the story of her misery?  
Where but to faithful Celia, in whose mind  
A manly brav'ry's with soft pity join'd?  
I fear these lines will scarce be understood,                   5  
Blurr'd with incessant tears, and writ in blood:  
But if you can the mournful pages read,  
The sad relation shews you such a deed  
As all the annals of th' infernal reign  
Shall strive to equal or exceed in vain.                   10

Neronior's fame, no doubt, has reach'd your ears,  
Whose cruelty has caus'd a sea of tears,  
Fill'd each lamenting town with fun'ral sighs,  
Deploring widows' shrieks and orphans' cries.  
At ev'ry health the horrid monster quass'd                   15  
Ten wretches dy'd, and as they dy'd he laugh'd,  
Till tir'd with acting devil, he was led,  
Drunk with excess of blood and wine, to bed.

\* This piece was occasioned by the barbarity of Kirke, a commander in the Western rebellion, 1685, who debauched a young lady, with a promise to save her husband's life, but hanged him the next morning.

Oh! cursed place!—I can no more command  
 My pen; shame and confusion shake my hand: 20  
 But I must on, and let my Celia know  
 How barb'rous are my wrongs, how vast my woe!

Amongst the crowd of Western youths, who ran  
 To meet the brave betray'd unhappy man\*,  
 My husband, fatally uniting, went, 25  
 Unus'd to arms, and thoughtless of th' event:  
 But when the battle was by treach'ry won,  
 The chief and all but his false friend undone,  
 Tho' in the tumult of that desp'rate night  
 He 'scap'd the dreadful slaughter of the fight, 30  
 Yet the sagacious blood-hounds, skill'd too well  
 In all the murd'ring qualities of hell,  
 Each secret place so regularly beat,  
 They soon discover'd his unsafe retreat.  
 As hungry wolves triumphing o'er their prey, 35  
 To sure destruction hurry them away;  
 So the purveyors of fierce Meloc's son  
 With Charion to the common butch'ry run,  
 Where proud Neronior by his gibbet stood,  
 To glut himself with fresh supplies of blood. 40  
 Our friends, by pow'rful intercession, gain'd  
 A short reprieve, but for three days obtain'd,  
 To try all ways might to compassion move  
 The savage gen'ral; but in vain they strove.

\* The Duke of Monmouth.

When I perceiv'd that all addressees fail'd, 45  
 And nothing o'er his stubborn soul prevail'd,  
 Distracted almost, to his tent I flew,  
 To make the last effort what tears could do.  
 Low on my knees I fell, then thus began :  
 " Great genius of success! thou more than man! 50  
 " Whose arms to ev'ry clime have terror hurl'd,  
 " And carry'd conquest round the trembling world;  
 " Still may the brightest glories Fame can lend,  
 " Your sword, your conduct, and your cause, attend.  
 " Here now the arbiter of Fate you sit, 55  
 " While suppliant slaves their rebel heads submit.  
 " Oh! pity the unfortunate, and give  
 " But this one thing; oh! let but Charion live!  
 " And take the little all that we possess;  
 " I'll bear the meagre anguish of distress; 60  
 " Content, nay, pleas'd, to beg or earn my bread,  
 " Let Charion live, no matter how I'm fed :  
 " The fall of such a youth no lustre brings [things,  
 " To him whose sword performs such wondrous }  
 " As saving kingdoms and supporting kings. 65 }  
 " That triumph only with true grandeur shines  
 " Where godlike courage godlike pity joins.  
 " Cæsar, the eldest favourite of War,  
 " Took not more pleasure to subdue than spare;  
 " And since in battle you can greater be, 70  
 " That over, ben't less merciful than he.  
 " Ignoble spirits by revenge are known,  
 " And cruel actions spoil the conqueror's crown,

" In future hist'ries fill each mournful page  
 " With tales of blood and monuments of rage; 75  
 " And while his annals are with horror read,  
 " Men curse him living, and detest him dead.  
 " Oh! do not fully, with a sanguine dye,  
 " (The foulest stain) so fair a memory!  
 " Then, as you'll live the glory of our Isle, 80  
 " And Fate on all your expeditions smile;  
 " So, when a noble course you've bravely ran,  
 " Die the best soldier and the happiest man.  
 " None can the turns of Providence foresee,  
 " Or what their own catastrophe may be; 85  
 " Therefore to persons lab'ring under woe,  
 " That mercy they may want should always show:  
 " For in the chance of war the flightest thing  
 " May lose the battle or the vict'ry bring:  
 " And how would you that gen'ral's honour prize,  
 " Should in cool blood his captive sacrifice? 91  
 " He that with rebel arms to fight is led,  
 " To justice forfeits his opprobrious head.  
 " But 'tis unhappy Charion's first offence,  
 " Seduc'd by some too plausible pretence, 95  
 " To take th' inj'ring side by error brought;  
 " He had no malice, tho' he has the fault.  
 " Let the old tempters find a shameful grave,  
 " But the half-innocent, the tempted, save.  
 " Vengeance divine, tho' for the greatest crime, 100  
 " But rarely strikes the first or second time;

" And he best follows the Almighty's will  
 " Who spares the guilty he has pow'r to kill.  
 " When proud rebellions would unhinge a state,  
 " And wild disorders in a land create, 105  
 " 'Tis requisite the first promoters shou'd  
 " Put out the flames they kindled with their blood;  
 " But sure 'tis a degree of murder all  
 " That draw their swords should undistinguish'd fall :  
 " And since a mercy must to some be shown, 110  
 " Let Charion 'mongst the happy few be one;  
 " For as none guilty has less guilt than he,  
 " So none for pardon has a fairer plea.

" When David's general had won the field,  
 " And Absalom, the lov'd ungrateful, kill'd, 115  
 " The trumpets founding made all slaughter cease,  
 " And mis'd Ifr'eltics return'd in peace.  
 " The action past, where so much blood was spilt,  
 " We hear of none arraign'd for that day's guilt,  
 " But all concludes with the desir'd event, 120  
 " The monarch pardons, and the Jews repent.

" As great example your high courage warms,  
 " And to illustrious deeds excites your arms,  
 " So when you instances of mercy view,  
 " They should inspire you with compassion too; 125  
 " For he that emulates the truly brave  
 " Would always conquer, and should always save."

Here, interrupting, stern Neronior cry'd,  
 (Swell'd with success, and blubber'd up with pride)

“ Madam, his life depends upon my will, 130

“ For ev’ry rebel I can spare or kill.

“ I’ll think of what you’ve said : this night return

“ At ten ; perhaps you’ll have no cause to mourn.

“ Go, see your husband ; bid him not despair ;

“ His crime is great ; but you are wondrous fair.” 135

When anxious miseries the soul amaze,

And dire confusion in the spirits raise,

Upon the least appearance of relief

Our hopes revive, and mitigate our grief ;

Impatience makes our wishes earnest grow, 140

Which thro’ false optics our deliv’rance show ;

For while we fancy danger does appear

Most at a distance, it is oft’ too near ;

And many times, secure from obvious foes,

We fall into an ambuscade of woes. 145

Pleas’d with the false Neronier’s dark reply,

I thought the end of all my sorrows nigh,

And to the main-guard hasten’d, where the prey

Of this blood-thirsty fiend in durance lay.

When Charion saw me, from his turf bed 150

With eagerness he rais’d his drooping head :

“ Oh ! fly, my Dear ! this guilty place,” he cry’d,

“ And in some distant clime thy virtue hide :

“ Here nothing but the foulest demons dwell,

“ The refuse of the damn’d, and mob of hell : 155

“ The air they breathe is ev’ry atom curst ;

“ There’s no degree of ills, for all are worst ;

- “ In rapes and murders they alone delight,  
 “ And villanies of less importance flight;  
 “ Act ’em indeed, but scorn they should be nam’d,  
 “ For all their glory’s to be more than damn’d. 161  
 “ Neronior’s chief of this infernal crew  
 “ And seems to merit that high station too;  
 “ Nothing but rage and lust inspire his breast,  
 “ By Asmodai and Moloc both possess’d. 165  
 “ When told you went to intercede for me,  
 “ It threw my soul into an agony:  
 “ Not that I would not for my freedom give  
 “ What’s requisite, or do not wish to live;  
 “ But for my safety I can ne’er be base, 170  
 “ Or buy a few short years with long disgrace:  
 “ Nor would I have your yet unspotted fame  
 “ For me expos’d to an eternal shame.  
 “ With ignominy to preserve my breath  
 “ Is worse, by infinite degrees, than death. 175  
 “ But if I can’t my life with honour save,  
 “ With honour I’ll descend into the grave:  
 “ For tho’ Revenge and Malice both combine,  
 “ (As both to fix my ruin seem to join)  
 “ Yet, maugre all their violence and skill, 180  
 “ I can die just, and I’m resolv’d I will.  
 “ But what is death we so unwisely fear?  
 “ An end of all our busy tumults here;  
 “ The equal lot of Poverty and State,  
 “ Which all partake of by a certain fate. 185



" Whoe'er the prospect of mankind surveys  
 " At diverse ages, and by diverse ways,  
 " Will find them from this noisy scene retire;  
 " Some the first minute that they breathe expire;  
 " Others, perhaps, survive to talk and go,           190  
 " But die before they good or evil know.  
 " Here one to puberty arrives, and then  
 " Returns lamented to the dust again;  
 " Another there maintains a longer strife  
 " With all the pow'rful enemies of life,           195  
 " Till, with vexation tir'd, and threescore years,  
 " He drops into the dark, and disappears.  
 " I'm young, indeed, and might expect to see  
 " Times future long, and late posterity;  
 " 'Tis what with reason I could wish to do,           200  
 " If to be old were to be happy too:  
 " But since substantial grief so soon destroys  
 " The gust of all imaginary joys,  
 " Who would be too importunate to live,  
 " Or more for life than it can merit give?           205  
 " Beyond the grave stupendous regions lie,  
 " The boundless realms of vast eternity!  
 " Where minds, remov'd from earthly bodies, dwell,  
 " But who their government or laws can tell?  
 " What's their employment till the final doom,   210  
 " And time's eternal period shall come?  
 " Thus much the sacred Oracles declare,  
 " That all are blest'd or miserable there;

" Tho' if there 's such variety of fate,  
 " None good expire too soon, nor bad too late. 215  
 " For my own part, with resignation still  
 " I can submit to my Creator's will;  
 " Let him recall the breath from him I drew  
 " When he thinks fit, and when he pleases too.  
 " The way of dying is my least concern; 220  
 " That will give no disturbance to my urn.  
 " If to the seats of happiness I go,  
 " There end all possible returns of woe;  
 " And when to those bless'd mansions I arrive,  
 " With pity I'll behold those that survive. 225  
 " Once more I beg you 'd from these tents retreat,  
 " And leave me to my innocence and fate."  
 " Charion," said I, " oh! do not urge my flight!  
 " I'll see th' event of this important night;  
 " Some strange presages in my soul forebode 230  
 " The worst of mis'ries or the greatest good.  
 " Few hours will shew the utmost of my doom,  
 " A joyful safety, or a peaceful tomb.  
 " If you miscarry I'm resolv'd to try  
 " If gracious Heav'n will suffer me to die; 235  
 " For when you are to endless raptures gone,  
 " If I survive 'tis but to be undone.  
 " Who will support an injur'd widow's right,  
 " From fly Injustice or oppressive Might?  
 " Protect her person, or her cause defend? 240  
 " She rarely wants a foe or finds a friend.

" I've no distrust of Providence ; but still  
 " 'Tis best to go beyond the reach of ill ;  
 " And those can have no reason to repent,  
 " Who, tho' they die betimes, die innocent.      245  
 " But to a world of everlasting bliss  
 " Why would you go and leave me here in this ?  
 " 'Tis a dark passage ; but our foes shall view  
 " I'll die as calm, tho' not so brave, as you,  
 " That my behaviour to the last may prove      250  
 " Your courage is not greater than my love."

The hour approach'd : as to Neronior's tent,  
 With trembling but impatient steps I went,  
 A thousand horrors throng'd into my breast,  
 By sad ideas and strong fears possess'd :      255  
 Where'er I pass'd the glaring lights would show  
 Fresh objects of despair, and scenes of woe.

Here, in a crowd of drunken soldiers, stood  
 A wretched, poor, old man, besmear'd with blood,  
 And at his feet, just thro' the body run,      260  
 Struggling for life, was laid his only son,  
 By whose hard labour he was daily fed,  
 Dividing still, with pious care, his bread ;  
 And while he mourn'd, with floods of aged tears,  
 The sole support of his decrepit years,      265  
 The barb'rous mob, whose rage no limit knows,  
 With blasphemous derision mock'd his woes.

There, under a wide oak, disconsolate,  
 And drown'd in tears, a mournful widow fate ;

High in the boughs the murder'd father hung; 270  
 Beneath the children round the mother clung:  
 They cry'd for food, but 'twas without relief,  
 For all they had to live upon was grief.

A sorrow so intense, such deep despair,  
 No creature merely human long could bear. 275

First in her arms her weeping babes she took,  
 And with a groan did to her husband look,  
 Then lean'd her head on theirs, and, sighing, cry'd,  
 "Pity me, Saviour of the world!" and dy'd.

From this sad spectacle my eyes I turn'd, 280

Where sons their fathers, maids their lovers, mourn'd;  
 Friends for their friends, sisters for brothers, wept;

Pris'ners of war in chains for slaughter kept:  
 Each ev'ry hour did the black message dread  
 Which should declare the person lov'd was dead. 285

Then I beheld, with brutal shouts of mirth,  
 A comely youth, and of no common birth,  
 To execution led, who hardly bore

The wounds in battle he receiv'd before;  
 And as he pass'd I heard him bravely cry, 290  
 "I neither wish to live nor fear to die."

' At the curs'd tent arriv'd, without delay  
 They did me to the general convey,  
 Who thus began —————

"Madam, by fresh intelligence I find 295

"That Charion's treason's of the blackest kind,

“ And my commiffion is exprefs, to fpare  
 “ None that fo deeply in rebellion are.  
 “ New meafures therefore ’tis in vain to try;  
 “ No pardon can be granted; he muft die: 300  
 “ Muft, or I hazard all; which yet I’d do  
 “ To be oblig’d in one request by you;  
 “ And, maugre all the dangers I forefee,  
 “ Be mine this night, I’ll fet your husband free.  
 “ Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope fuccefs 305  
 “ By fupple flatt’ry and by foft addrefs:  
 “ The pert gay coxcomb by thefe little arts  
 “ Gains an afcendant o’er the ladies’ hearts;  
 “ But I can no fuch whining methods ufe:  
 “ Confent he lives; he dies if you refufe.” 310  
 Amaz’d at this demand; faid I, “ The brave  
 “ Upon ignoble terms difdain to fave;  
 “ They let their captives ftill with honour live,  
 “ No more require than what themfelves would give:  
 “ For gen’rous victors, as they fcorn to do 315  
 “ Difhoneft things, fcorn to propofe ’em too.  
 “ Mercy, the brighteft virtue of the mind,  
 “ Should with no devious appetite be join’d;  
 “ For if, when exercis’d, a crime it coft,  
 “ Th’ intrinsic luftre of the deed is loft. 320  
 “ Great men their actions of a piece fhould have,  
 “ Heroic all, and each entirely brave:  
 “ From the nice rules of honour none fhould fwerve,  
 “ Done becaufe good, without a mean referve.

"The crimes new charg'd upon th' unhappy youth  
 "May have revenge and malice, but no truth. 326  
 "Suppose the accusation justly brought,  
 "And clearly prov'd to the minutest thought,  
 "Yet mercies next to infinite abate  
 "Offences next to infinitely great; 330  
 "And 'tis the glory of a noble mind  
 "In full forgiveness not to be confin'd.  
 "Your prince's frowns if you have cause to fear,  
 "This act will more illustrious appear,  
 "Tho' his excuse can never be withstood, 335  
 "Who disobey but only to be good.  
 "Perhaps the hazard's more than you express;  
 "The glory would be were the danger less:  
 "For he that, to his prejudice, will do  
 "A noble action and a gen'rous too, 340  
 "Deserves to wear a more resplendent crown  
 "Than he that has a thousand battles won.  
 "Do not invert divine compassion so  
 "As to be cruel, and no mercy show.  
 "Of what renown can such an action be, 345  
 "Which saves my husband's life but ruins me?  
 "Tho', if you finally resolve to stand  
 "Upon so vile, inglorious a demand,  
 "He must submit: if 'tis my fate to mourn 349  
 "His death, I'll bathe with virt'ous tears his urn."  
 "Well, Madam," haughtily, Neronior cry'd,  
 "Your courage and your virtue shall be try'd:

" But to prevent all prospect of a flight,  
 " Some of my Lambs\* shall be your guard to-night :  
 " By them, no doubt, you'll tenderly be us'd; 355  
 " They seldom ask a favour that's refus'd :  
 " Perhaps you'll find them so genteelly bred,  
 " They'll leave you but few virt'ous tears to shed.  
 " Surrounded with so innocent a throng,  
 " The night must pass delightfully along; 360  
 " And in the morning, since you will not give  
 " What I require, to let your husband live,  
 " You shall behold him sigh his latest breath,  
 " And gently swing into the arms of Death.  
 " His fate he merits, as to rebels due, 365  
 " And your's will be as much deserv'd by you."

Oh! Celia, think, so far as thought can show  
 What pangs of grief, what agonies of woe,  
 At this dire resolution, seiz'd my breast,  
 By all things sad and terrible possess! 370  
 In vain I wept, and 'twas in vain I pray'd,  
 For all my pray'rs were to a tiger made;  
 A tiger! worse; for 'tis beyond dispute  
 No fiend's so cruel as a reas'ning brute.  
 Encompass'd thus, and hopeless of relief, 375  
 With all the squadrons of despair and grief,  
 Ruin ——— it was not possible to shun :  
 What could I do? oh! what would you have done?

\* Kirke used to call the most inhuman of his soldiers his Lambs.

The hours that pass'd till the black morn return'd  
 With tears of blood should be for ever mourn'd; 380  
 When, to involve me with consummate grief,  
 Beyond expression, and above belief,

“Madam,” the monster cry'd, “that you may find

“I can be grateful to the fair that's kind,

“Step to the door, I'll shew you such a sight 385

“Shall overwhelm your spirits with delight.

“Does not that wretch, who would dethrone his king,

“Become the gibbet, and adorn the string?

“You need not now an injur'd husband dread;

“Living he might, he'll not upbraid you dead. 390

“'Twas for your sake I seiz'd upon his life;

“He would, perhaps, have scorn'd so chaste a wife.

“And, Madam, you'll excuse the zeal I show

“To keep that secret none alive should know.”

“Curs'd of all creatures! for, compar'd with thee,

“The devils,” said I, “are dull in cruelty. 395

“Oh! may that tongue eternal vipers breed,

“And, wastrels, their eternal hunger feed;

“In fires too hot for salamanders dwell,

“The burning earnest of a hotter hell! 400

“May that vile lump of execrable lust

“Corrupt alive, and rot into the dust!

“May'st thou, despairing, at the point of death,

“With oaths and blasphemies resign thy breath; 404

“And the worst torments that the damn'd should

“In thine own person all united bear!” [share



Oh! Celia! oh! my Friend! what age can show  
Sorrows like mine, so exquisite a woe?

Indeed it does not infinite appear,

Because it can't be everlasting here;

410

But 'tis so vast that it can ne'er increase,

And so confirm'd it never can be less.

412

# STREPHON'S LOVE FOR DELIA JUSTIFIED.

IN AN EPISTLE TO CELADON.

ALL men have follies, which they blindly trace  
Thro' the dark turnings of a dubious maze;  
But happy those who, by a prudent care,  
Retreat betimes from the fallacious snare.

The eldest sons of Wisdom were not free 5  
From the same failure you condemn in me;  
They lov'd, and, by that glorious passion led,  
Forgot what Plato and themselves had said:  
Love triumph'd o'er those dull pedantic rules  
They had collected from the wrangling schools, 10  
And made 'em to his noble sway submit,  
In spite of all their learning, art, and wit;  
Their grave starch'd morals then unuseful prov'd;  
These dusty characters he soon remov'd;  
For when his shining squadrons came in view, 15  
Their boasted reason murmur'd and withdrew,  
Unable to oppose their mighty force  
With flegmatic resolves and dry discourse.

If, as the wisest of the wise have err'd,  
I go astray, and am condemn'd unheard, 20  
My faults you too severely reprehend,  
More like a rigid censor than a friend.  
Love is the monarch passion of the mind,  
Knows no superior, by no laws confin'd,

But triumphs still, impatient of control, 25  
O'er all the proud endowments of the soul.

You own'd my Delia, Friend! divinely fair,  
When in the bud her native beauties were;  
Your praise did then her early charms confess;  
Yet you'd persuade me to adore her less. 30

You but the nonage of her beauty saw,  
But might from thence sublime ideas draw,  
And what she is by what she was conclude,  
For now she governs those she then subdu'd.

Her aspect noble and mature is grown, 35  
And ev'ry charm in its full vigour known;  
There we may wond'ring view, distinctly writ,  
'The lines of goodness and the marks of wit;  
Each feature, emulous of pleasing most,  
Does justly some peculiar sweetness boast; 40  
And her composition's of so fine a frame,  
Pride cannot hope to mend nor Envy blame.

When the immortal beauties of the skies  
Contended naked for the golden prize,  
The apple had not fall'n to Venus' share 45  
Had I been Paris, and my Delia there,  
In whom alone we all their graces find.

The moving gaiety of Venus join'd  
With Juno's aspect and Minerva's mind.

View but those nymphs whom other swains adore,  
You'll value charming Delia still the more. 51

Dorinda's mien's majestic, but her mind  
 Is to revenge and peevishness inclin'd;  
 Myrtylla's fair, and yet Myrtylla's proud;  
 Chioe has wit, but noisy, vain, and loud; 55  
 Melania dotes upon the silliest things,  
 And yet Melania like an angel sings:  
 But in my Delia all endowments meet,  
 All that is just, agreeable, or sweet;  
 All that can praise and admiration move; 60  
 All that the wisest and the bravest love.

In all discourse she's opposite and gay,  
 And ne'er wants something pertinent to say;  
 For if the subject's of a serious kind,  
 Her thoughts are manly, and her sense refin'd; 65  
 But if divertive, her expressions fit,  
 Good language join'd with inoffensive wit;  
 So cautious always, that she ne'er affords  
 An idle thought the charity of words.

The vices common to her sex can find 70  
 No room ev'n in the suburbs of her mind;  
 Concluding wisely she's in danger still  
 From the mere neighb'rhood of industrious Ill;  
 Therefore at distance keeps the subtle foe,  
 Whose near approach would formidable grow; 75  
 While the unwary virgin is undone,  
 And meets the mis'ry which she ought to shun.  
 Her wit is penetrating, clear, and gay,  
 But lets true judgment and right reason sway;

Modestly bold, and quick to apprehend, 80  
 Prompt in replies, but cautious to offend.

Her darts are keen, but levell'd with such care,  
 They ne'er fall short, and seldom fly too far ;  
 For when she rallies 'tis with so much art,  
 We blush with pleasure, and with rapture smart. 85

O, Celadon ! you would my flame approve,  
 Did you but hear her talk, and talk of love ;  
 That tender passion to her fancy brings  
 The prettiest notions and the softest things,  
 Which are by her so movingly express'd, 90

They fill with ecstasy my throbbing breast :  
 'Tis then the charms of eloquence impart  
 Their native glories, unimprov'd by art :  
 By what she says I measure things above,  
 And guess the language of seraphic love. 95

To the cool bosom of a peaceful shade,  
 By some wild beech or lofty poplar made,  
 When ev'ning comes, we secretly repair  
 To breathe in private, and unbend our care ;  
 And while our flocks in fruitful pastures feed, 100  
 Some well-design'd instructive poem read,  
 Where useful morals, with soft numbers join'd,  
 At once delight and cultivate the mind,  
 Which are by her to more perfection brought,  
 By wise remarks upon the poet's thought. 105  
 So well she knows the stamp of eloquence,  
 The empty sound of words from solid sense,

The florid fustian of a rhyming spark,  
 Whose random arrow ne'er comes near the mark,  
 Can't on her judgment be impos'd, and pass 110  
 For standard gold, when 'tis but gilded brass.  
 Oft' in the walks of an adjacent grove,  
 Where first we mutually engag'd to love,  
 She, smiling, ask'd me, " Whether I'd prefer  
 " An humble cottage on the plains with her, 115  
 " Before the pompous buildings of the great,  
 " And find content in that inferior state?"  
 Said I, " The question you propose to me  
 " Perhaps a matter of debate might be,  
 " Were the degrees of my affection less 120  
 " Than burning martyrs to the gods express.  
 " In you I've all I can desire below,  
 " That earth can give me, or the gods bestow;  
 " And, bless'd with you, I know not where to find  
 " A second choice; you take up all my mind. 125  
 " I'd not forsake that dear delightful plain,  
 " Where charming Delia! Love and Delia reign,  
 " For all the splendour that a court can give,  
 " Where gaudy fools and busy statesmen live.  
 " Tho' youthful Paris, when his birth was known,  
 " ('Too fatally related to a throne) 131  
 " Forsook Oenone and his rural sports,  
 " For dang'rous greatness and tumult'ous courts,  
 " Yet Fate should still offer its power in vain,  
 " For what is pow'r to such an humble swain? 135

“ I would not leave my Delia, leave my fair,  
 “ Tho' half the globe should be assign'd my share.”

And would you have me, Friend! reflect again,  
 Become the basest and the worst of men?

O, do not urge me, Celadon! forbear; 140

I cannot leave her; she's too charming fair!

Should I your counsel in this case pursue,

You might suspect me for a villain too;

For sure that perjur'd wretch can never prove

Just to his friend who's faithless to his love. 145

## AN EPISTLE TO DELIA.

As those who hope hereafter heav'n to share,  
A rig'rous exile here can calmly bear,  
And with collected spirits undergo  
The sad variety of pain below,  
Yet with intense reflections antedate 5  
'The mighty raptures of a future state,  
While the bright prospect of approaching joy  
Creates a bliss no trouble can destroy;  
So tho' I'm tofs'd by giddy Fortune's hand  
Ev'n to the confines of my native land, 10  
Where I can hear the stormy ocean roar,  
And break its waves upon the foaming shore;  
Tho' from my Delia banish'd, all that's dear,  
That's good, or beautiful, or charming, here,  
Yet flatt'ring hopes encourage me to live, 15  
And tell me Fate will kinder minutes give;  
'That the dark treasury of time contains  
A glorious day will finish all my pains;  
And while I contemplate on joys to come,  
My griefs are silent and my sorrows dumb. 20  
Believe me, Nymph! believe me, charming Fair!  
(When truth's conspicuous we need not swear;  
Oaths would suppose a diffidence in you  
That I am false, my flame fictitious too)  
Were I condemn'd, by Fate's imperial pow'r, 25  
Ne'er to return to your embraces more,



I'd scorn whate'er the busy world could give;  
 'Twould be the worst of miseries to live;  
 For all my wishes and desires pursue,  
 All I admire or covet here, is you. 30

Were I possess'd of your surprizing charms,  
 And lodg'd again within my Delia's arms,  
 Then would my joys ascend to that degree,  
 Could angels envy, they would envy me.

Oft', as I wander in a silent shade, 35  
 When bold vexations would my soul invade,  
 I banish the rough thought, and none pursue  
 But what inclines my willing mind to you:  
 The soft reflections on your sacred love,  
 Like sov'reign antidotes, all cares remove; 40  
 Composing ev'ry faculty to rest,  
 They leave a grateful flavour in my breast.

Retir'd sometimes into a lonely grove,  
 I think o'er all the stories of our love.  
 What mighty pleasure have I oft' possess'd, 45  
 When, in a masculine embrace, I prest  
 The lovely Delia to my heaving breast!  
 Then I remember, and with vast delight,  
 The kind expressions of the parting night:  
 Methought the sun too quick return'd again, 50  
 And day seem'd ne'er impertinent till then.  
 Strong and contracted was our eager bliss;  
 An age of pleasure in each gen'rous kiss:

Years of delight in moments we compriz'd,  
 And heav'n itself was there epitomiz'd. 55

But when the glories of the eastern light  
 O'erflow'd the twinkling tapers of the night,  
 "Farewell, my Delia! O, farewell!" said I,  
 "The utmost period of my time is nigh;  
 "Too cruel Fate forbids my longer stay, 60  
 "And wretched Strephon is compell'd away.  
 "But tho' I must my native plains forego,  
 "Forfake these fields, forsake my Delia too,  
 "No change of fortune shall for ever move  
 "The settled base of my immortal love." 65

"And must my Strephon, must my faithful swain,  
 "Be forc'd," you cry'd, "to a remoter plain!  
 "The darling of my soul so soon remov'd!  
 "The only valu'd, and the best belov'd!  
 "Tho' other swains to me themselves address, 70  
 "Strephon was still distinguish'd from the rest;  
 "Flat and insipid all their courtship seem'd;  
 "Little themselves, their passions less, esteem'd;  
 "For my aversion with their flames increas'd,  
 "And none but Strephon partial Delia pleas'd. 75  
 "Tho' I'm depriv'd of my kind shepherd's sight,  
 "Joy of the day, and blessing of the night,  
 "Yet will you, Strephon! will you love me still?  
 "However flatter me, and say you will;  
 "For should you entertain a rival love, 80  
 "Should you unkind to me or faithless prove,

“ No mortal e’er could half so wretched be,  
 “ For sure no mortal ever lov’d like me.”  
 “ Your beauty, Nymph!” said I, “ my faith secures;  
 “ Those you once conquer must be always your’s;  
 “ For hearts subdu’d by your victorious eyes 86  
 “ No force can storm, no stratagem surprize:  
 “ Nor can I of captivity complain,  
 “ While lovely Delia holds the glorious chain.  
 “ The Cyprian queen, in young Adonis’ arms, 90  
 “ Might fear, at least, he would despise her charms,  
 “ But I can never such a monster prove,  
 “ To flight the blessings of my Delia’s love.  
 “ Would those who at celestial tables sit,  
 “ Bless’d with immortal wine, immortal wit, 95  
 “ Chuse to descend to some inferior board,  
 “ Which nought but stum and nonsense can afford?  
 “ Nor can I e’er to those gay nymphs address,  
 “ Whose pride is greater and whose charms are less;  
 “ Their tinsel beauty may, perhaps, subdue 100  
 “ A gaudy coxcomb or a fulsome beau,  
 “ But seem at best indifferent to me,  
 “ Who none but you with admiration see.  
 “ Now would the rolling orbs obey my will,  
 “ I’d make the sun a second time stand still, 105  
 “ And to the lower world their light repay,  
 “ When conqu’ring Joshua robb’d ’em of a day;  
 “ Tho’ our two souls would diff’rent passions prove,  
 “ His was a thirst of glory, mine of love.

“ It will not be; the sun makes haste to rise,      110

“ And take possession of the eastern skies;

“ Yet one more kiss, tho’ millions are too few,

“ And, Delia! since we must, must part, adieu.”

As Adam, by an injur’d Maker driv’n

From Eden’s groves the vicinage of heav’n,      115

Compell’d to wander, and oblig’d to bear

The harsh impressions of a ruder air,

With mighty sorrow and with weeping eyes

Look’d back, and mourn’d the loss of Paradise;

With a concern like his did I review      120

My native plains, my charming Delia too;

For I left Paradise in leaving you.      }

If, as I walk, a pleasant shade I find,

It brings your fair idea to my mind:

Such was the happy place, I, sighing, say,      125

Where I and Delia, lovely Delia! lay,

When first I did my tender thoughts impart,

And made a grateful present of my heart:

Or if my friend in his apartment shows

Some piece of Vandyke’s or of Angelo’s,      130

In which the artist has, with wondrous care,

Describ’d the face of one exceeding fair,

Tho’ at first sight it may my passion raise,

And ev’ry feature I admire and praise,

Yet still methinks, upon a second view,      135

’Tis not so beautiful, so fair, as you.

If I converse with those whom most admit  
 To have a ready, gay, vivacious, wit,  
 They want some amiable moving grace,  
 Some turn of fancy, that my Delia has; 140  
 For ten good thoughts amongst the crowd they vent,  
 Methinks ten thousand are impertinent.

Let other shepherds that are prone to range,  
 With each caprice their giddy humours change;  
 They from variety less joys receive 145  
 Than you alone are capable to give :  
 Nor will I envy those ill-judging swains  
 (What they enjoy's the refuse of the plains)  
 If, for my share of happiness below,  
 Kind Heav'n upon me Delia would bestow; 150  
 Whatever blessings it can give beside  
 Let all mankind among themselves divide. 152

# TO HIS FRIEND

## UNDER AFFLICTION.

NONE lives in this tumultuous state of things,  
Where ev'ry morning some new trouble brings,  
But bold inquietudes will break his rest,  
And gloomy thoughts disturb his anxious breast.  
Angelic forms and happy spirits are 5  
Above the malice of perplexing care;  
But that's a blessing too sublime, too high  
For those who bend beneath mortality.  
If in the body there was but one part  
Subject to pain and sensible of smart, 10  
And but one passion could torment the mind,  
That part, that passion, busy Fate would find:  
But since infirmities in both abound,  
Since sorrow both so many ways can wound,  
'Tis not so great a wonder that we grieve 15  
Sometimes, as 'tis a miracle we live.

The happiest man that ever breath'd on earth,  
With all the glories of estate and birth,  
Had yet some anxious care, to make him know  
No grandeur was above the reach of woe. 20  
To be from all things that disquiet free  
Is not consistent with humanity.  
Youth, wit, and beauty, are such charming things,  
O'er which if Affluence spreads her gaudy wings,

We think the person who enjoys so much 25  
 No care can move, and no affliction touch:  
 Yet could we but some secret method find  
 To view the dark recesses of the mind,  
 We there might see the hidden seed of strife,  
 And woes in embryo rip'ning into life; 30  
 How some fierce lust or boist'rous passion fills  
 The lab'ring spirit with prolific ills;  
 Pride, envy, or revenge, distract the soul,  
 And all right reason's godlike pow'rs control:  
 But if she must not be allow'd to sway, 35  
 Tho' all without appears serene and gay,  
 A cank'rous venom on the vitals preys,  
 And poisons all the comforts of his days.  
 External pomp and visible success  
 Sometimes contribute to our happiness; 40  
 But that which makes it genuine, refin'd,  
 Is a good conscience and a soul resign'd:  
 Then to whatever end affliction's sent,  
 To try our virtues, or for punishment,  
 We bear it calmly, tho' a pond'rous woe, 45  
 And still adore the hand that gives the blow;  
 For in misfortune this advantage lies,  
 They make us humble and they make us wise;  
 And he that can acquire such virtues, gains  
 An ample recompense for all his pains. 50  
 Too soft caresses of a prosp'rous fate  
 The pious fervours of the soul abate,

Tempt to luxurious ease our careless days,  
 And gloomy vapours round the spirits raise :  
 Thus lull'd into a sleep, we dozing lie, 55  
 And find our ruin in security,  
 Unless some sorrow comes to our relief,  
 And breaks th' enchantment by a timely grief.  
 But as we are allow'd, to cheer our sight,  
 In blackest days some glimmerings of light, 60  
 So in the most dejected hours we may  
 The secret pleasure have to weep and pray ;  
 And those requests the speediest passage find  
 To Heav'n which flow from an afflicted mind ;  
 And while to him we open our distress, 65  
 Our pains grow lighter and our sorrows less.  
 The finest music of the grove we owe  
 To mourning Philomel's harmonious woe,  
 And while her grief's in charming notes express'd,  
 A thorny bramble pricks her tender breast ; 70  
 In warbling melody she spends the night,  
 And moves at once compassion and delight.  
 No choice had e'er so happy an event  
 But he that made it did that choice repent.  
 So weak's our judgment, and so short's our sight, 75  
 We cannot level our own wishes right ;  
 And if sometimes we make a wise advance,  
 T'ourselves we little owe, but much to chance :  
 So that when Providence, for secret ends,  
 Corroding cares or sharp affliction sends, 80



We must conclude it best it should be so,  
 And not desponding or impatient grow :  
 For he that will his confidence remove  
 From boundless wisdom and eternal love,  
 To place it on himself or human aid, 85  
 Will meet those woes he labours to evade :  
 But in the keenest agonies of grief  
 Content's a cordial that still gives relief.  
 Heav'n is not always angry when he strikes,  
 But most chastises those whom most he likes, 90  
 And if with humble spirits they complain,  
 Relieves the anguish, or rewards the pain. 92

## TO ANOTHER FRIEND

### UNDER AFFLICTION.

SINCE the first man by disobedience fell  
 An easy conquest to the pow'rs of hell,  
 There's none in ev'ry stage of life can be  
 From the insults of bold Affliction free.  
 If a short respite gives us some relief, 3  
 And interrupts the series of our grief,  
 So quick the pangs of misery return,  
 We joy by minutes, but by years we mourn.  
 Reason refin'd, and to perfection brought,  
 By wise philosophy and serious thought, 10

Supports the soul beneath the pond'rous weight  
Of angry stars and unpropitious Fate.

Then is the time she should exert her pow'r,  
And make us practice what she taught before ;  
For why are such volum'nous authors read,           15  
The learned labours of the famous dead,  
But to prepare the mind for its defence,  
By sage results and well-digested sense,  
That when the storm of misery appears,  
With all its real or fantastick fears,           20  
We either may the rolling danger fly,  
Or stem the tide before it swells too high ?

But tho' the theory of wisdom's known  
With ease, what should and what should not be done,  
Yet all the labour in the practice lies,           25  
To be in more than words and notion wise.  
The sacred truth of sound philosophy  
We study early, but we late apply.  
When stubborn anguish seizes on the soul,  
Right reason would its haughty rage control ;           30  
But if it may n't be suffer'd, to endure  
The pain is just when we reject the cure :  
For many men, close observation finds,  
Of copious learning and exalted minds,  
Who tremble at the sight of daring woes,           35  
And stoop ignobly to the vilest foes,  
As if they understood not how to be  
Or wise or brave but in felicity ;

And by some action fervile or unjust,  
 Lay all their former glories in the dust. 40  
 For wisdom first the wretched mortal flies,  
 And leaves him naked to his enemies;  
 So that, when most his prudence should be shown,  
 The most imprudent giddy things are done :  
 For when the mind's surrounded with distress, 45  
 Fear or inconstancy the judgment press,  
 And render it incapable to make  
 Wise resolutions, or good counsels take.  
 Yet there's a steadiness of soul and thought,  
 By Reason bred, and by Religion taught, 50  
 Which, like a rock amidst the stormy waves,  
 Unmov'd remains, and all affliction braves.  
 In sharp misfortunes some will search too deep  
 What Heav'n prohibits and would secret keep ;  
 But those events 'tis better not to know 55  
 Which, known, serve only to increase our woe.  
 Knowledge forbid ('tis dang'rous to pursue)  
 With guilt begins, and ends with ruin too :  
 For had our earliest parents been content  
 Not to know more than to be innocent, 60  
 Their ignorance of evil had preserv'd  
 Their joys entire, for then they had not swerv'd ;  
 But they imagin'd (their desires were such)  
 They knew too little, till they knew too much.  
 E'er since by folly most to wisdom rise, 65  
 And few are but by sad experience wise.

Consider, Friend! who all your blessings gave,  
 What are recall'd again, and what you have,  
 And do not murmur when you are bereft  
 Of little, if you have abundance left. 70

Consider, too, how many thousands are  
 Under the worst of miseries, despair,  
 And don't repine at what you now endure;  
 Custom will give you ease, or time will cure.

Once more; consider that the present ill, 75  
 'Tho' it be great, may yet be greater still;  
 And be not anxious; for to undergo

One grief is nothing to a num'rous woe.  
 But since it is impossible to be  
 Human and not expos'd to misery, 80

Bear it, my Friend! as bravely as you can;  
 You are not more and be not less than man!

Afflictions past can no existence find  
 But in the wild ideas of the mind;  
 And why should we for those misfortunes mourn 85

Which have been suffer'd, and can ne'er return?  
 Those that have weather'd a tempestuous night,  
 And find a calm approaching with the light,  
 Will not, unless their reason they disown,  
 Still make those dangers present that are gone. 90

What is behind the curtain none can see;  
 It may be joy; suppose it misery:

'Tis future still; and that which is not here  
 May never come, or we may never bear:

Therefore the present ill alone we ought 95  
 To view, in reason, with a troubled thought;  
 But if we may the sacred pages trust,  
 He's always happy that is always just. 98

## TO HIS FRIEND

INCLINED TO MARRY.

I would not have you, Strephon, chuse a mate  
 From too exalted or too mean a state,  
 For in both these we may expect to find  
 A creeping spirit or a haughty mind.  
 Who moves within the middle region shares 5  
 The least disquiets and the smallest cares.  
 Let her extraction with true lustre shine;  
 If something brighter, not too bright for thine:  
 Her education liberal, not great;  
 Neither inferior nor above her state. 10  
 Let her have wit, but let that wit be free  
 From affectation, pride, and pedantry;  
 For the effect of woman's wit is such,  
 Too little is as dang'rous as too much.  
 But, chiefly, let her humour close with thine, 15  
 Unless where your's does to a fault incline;  
 The least disparity in this destroys,  
 Like sulph'rous blasts, the very buds of joys.

Her person amiable, straight, and free  
 From natural or chance deformity. 20  
 Let not her years exceed, if equal, thine,  
 For women past their vigour soon decline.  
 Her fortune competent; and if thy sight  
 Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd right.  
 If thine's enough, then her's may be the less: 25  
 Do not aspire to riches in excess;  
 For that which makes our lives delightful prove  
 Is a genteel sufficiency and love. 28

## TO A PAINTER

### DRAWING DORINDA'S PICTURE.

**P**AINTER! the utmost of thy judgment show;  
 Exceed ev'n Titian and great Angelo;  
 With all the liveliness of thought express:  
 The moving features of Dorinda's face:  
 Thou canst not flatter where such beauty dwells; 5  
 Her charms thy colours and thy art excels.  
 Others, less fair, may from thy pencil have  
 Graces which sparing Nature never gave;  
 But in Dorinda's aspect thou wilt see  
 Such as will pose thy famous art and thee: 10  
 So great, so many, in her face unite,  
 So well proportion'd, and so wondrous bright,

No human skill can ere exprefs 'em all,  
But must do wrong to th' fair original.

An angel's hand alone the pencil fits;  
To mix the colours when an angel fits. 15

Thy picture may as like Dorinda be  
As art of man can paint a deity,

And justly may; perhaps, when she withdraws,  
Excite our wonder, and deserve applause; 20

But when compar'd, you'll be oblig'd to own  
No art can equal what's by Nature donē.

Great Lely's noble hand, excell'd by few,  
The picture fairer than the person drew: 25

He took the best that Nature could impart,  
And made it better by his pow'ful art:

But had he seen that bright surprizing grace  
Which spreads itself o'er all Dorinda's face,

Vain had been all the essays of his skill;  
She must have been confess'd the fairest still. 30

Heav'n in a landscape may be wondrous fine,  
And look as bright as painted light can shine,

But still the real glories of that place  
All art by infinite degrees surpass. 34

## TO THE PAINTER

AFTER HE HAD FINISHED DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAINTER! thou hast perform'd what man can do;  
Only Dorinda's self more charms can show.  
Bold are thy strokes, and delicate each touch;  
But still the beauties of her face are such  
As cannot justly be describ'd, tho' all  
Confess 'tis like the bright original. 5  
In her, and in thy picture, we may view  
The utmost Nature or that Art can do;  
Each is a masterpiece, design'd so well,  
That future times may strive to parallel,  
But neither Art nor Nature's able to excel. 11 }



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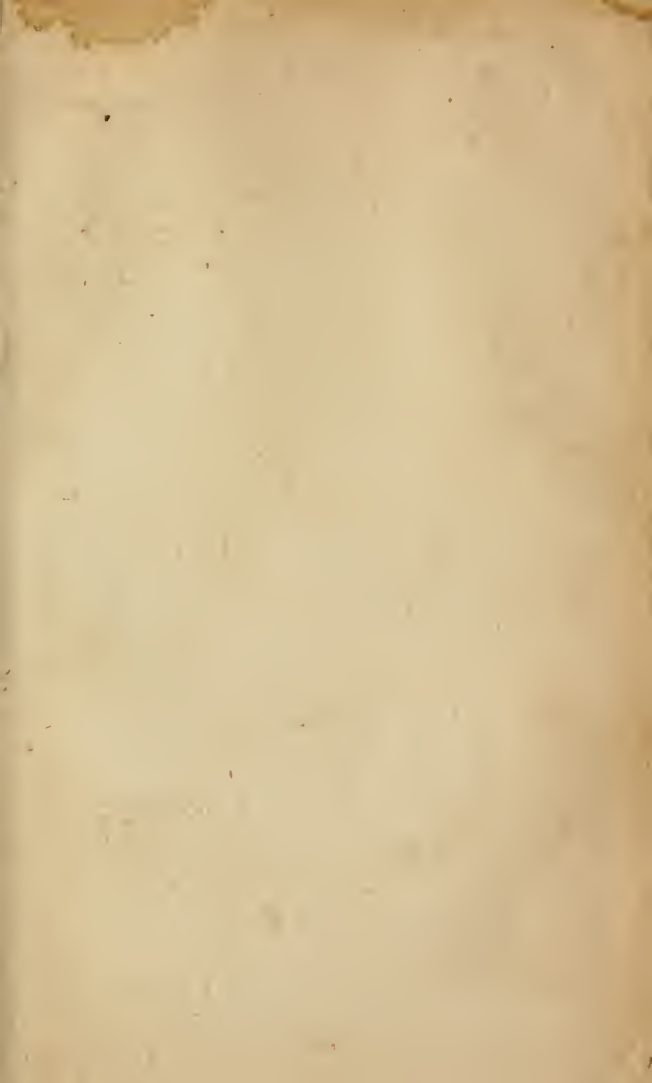
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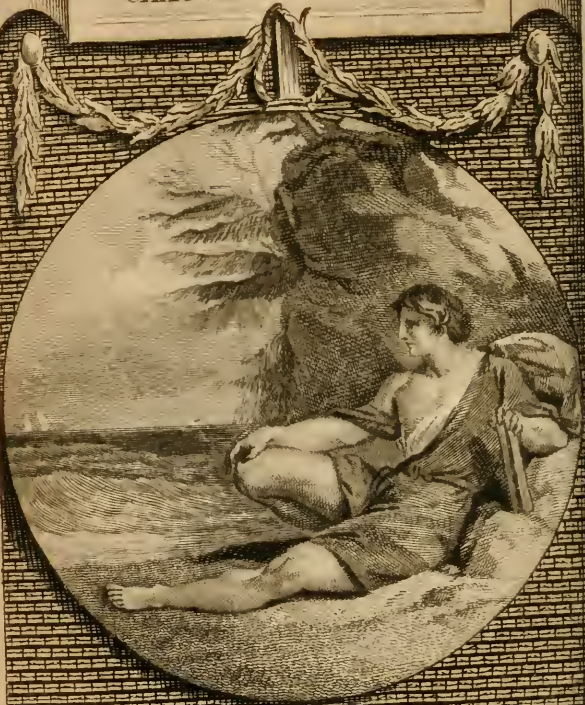
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From the APOLLO PRESS,  
by the MARTINS,  
July 22. 1779.

THE END.



BELL'S EDITION.  
 The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN  
 COMPLETE, FROM  
 CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



ROSCOMMON  
 Hail sacred Solitude! from this calm Bay  
 I view the World's tempestuous Sea  
*Uids upon Solitude*

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
WENT. DILLON,  
EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

---

The Grecians added verse; their tuneful tongue  
Made Nature first, and Nature's God, their song.----  
-----Conqu'ring Rome,  
With Grecian spoils, brought Grecian numbers home,  
Enrich'd by these Athenian Muses more  
Than all the vanquish'd world could yield before.----  
-----Britain, last,  
In manly sweetness all the rest surpass.  
The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,  
Appear exalted in the British loom:  
The Muses' empire is restor'd agen  
In Charles's reign, and by ROSCOMMON's pen.      DRYDEN.

---

EDINBURG:  
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.  
*Anno 1780.*



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
WENTWORTH DILLON,  
EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,                   ||                   TRANSLATIONS,  
PROLOGUES,                   ||                   IMITATIONS,

*&c. &c. &c.*

---

---

Nor must ROSCOMMON pass neglected by,  
That makes ev'n Rules a noble poetry;  
Rules whose deep sense and heav'nly numbers show  
The best of critics and of poets too.                   ADDISON.

-----In all Charles's days  
ROSCOMMON only boasts unspotted lays.-----  
ROSCOMMON! not more learn'd than good,  
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;  
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,  
And ev'ry author's merit but his own.                   POPE.

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EDINBURG:  
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

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THE LIFE OF  
WENTWORTH DILLON,  
EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

THIS nobleman was son of James Dillon Earl of Roscommon, and was born in Ireland during the Lieutenancy of the Earl of Strafford, in the reign of King Charles I. Lord Strafford was his godfather, and named him by his own surname. He passed some of his first years in his native country, till the Earl of Strafford imagining, when the rebellion first broke out, that his father, who had been converted by Archbishop Usher to the Protestant religion, would be exposed to great danger, and be unable to protect his family, sent for his godson, and placed him at his own seat in Yorkshire under the tuition of Dr. Hall, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, by whom he was instructed in Latin; and without learning the common rules of grammar, which he could never retain in his memory, he attained to write in that language with classical elegance and propriety, and with so much ease, that he chose it to correspond with those friends who had learning sufficient to support the commerce. When the Earl of Strafford was prosecuted, Lord Roscommon went to Caen in Normandy by the advice of Bishop Usher, to continue his studies under Bochart, where he is said to have had an extraordinary impulse of his father's death, which is related by

Mr. Aubrey in his Miscellany; “ Our Author, then a  
 “ boy of about ten years of age, one day was as it were  
 “ madly extravagant in playing, getting over the ta-  
 “ bles, boards, &c. He was wont to be sober enough.  
 “ They who observed him said, God grant this proves  
 “ no ill luck to him. In the heat of this extravagant  
 “ fit he cries out, My father is dead. A fortnight af-  
 “ ter news came from Ireland that his father was  
 “ dead. This account I had from Mr. Knowles who  
 “ was his governor, and then with him, since Secre-  
 “ tary to the Earl of Strafford, and I have heard his  
 “ Lordship’s relations confirm the same.”

The ingenious author of Lord Roscommon’s Life, published in The Gentleman’s Magazine for the month of May 1748, has the following remarks on the above relation of Aubrey’s.

“ The present age is very little inclined to favour  
 “ any accounts of this sort, nor will the name of Au-  
 “ brey much recommend it to credit; it ought not,  
 “ however, to be omitted, because better evidence of  
 “ a fact is not easily to be found than is here offered,  
 “ and it must be by preserving such relations that we  
 “ may at least judge how much they are to be regard-  
 “ ed. If we stay to examine this account we shall find  
 “ difficulties on both sides; here is a relation of a fact  
 “ given by a man who had no interest to deceive him-  
 “ self; and here is, on the other hand, a miracle which  
 “ produces no effect; the order of Nature is inter-

“ rupted to discover not a future but only a distant  
“ event, the knowledge of which is of no use to him  
“ to whom it is revealed. Betwæen these difficulties  
“ what way shall be found? Is reason or testimony to  
“ be rejected? I believe what Osborne says of an ap-  
“ pearance of sanctity may be applied to such impul-  
“ ses or anticipations; “ Do not wholly slight them,  
“ because they may be true; but do not easily trust  
“ them, because they may be false.”

Some years after he travelled to Rome, where he grew familiar with the most valuable remains of Antiquity, applying himself particularly to the knowledge of medals, which he gained in great perfection, and spoke Italian with so much grace and fluency that he was frequently mistaken there for a native. He returned to England upon the restoration of King Charles II. and was made Captain of the Band of Pensioners, an honour which tempted him to some extravagancies. “ In the gaieties of that age,” says Fenton, “ he was tempted to indulge a violent passion for gaming, by which he frequently hazarded his life in  
“ duels, and exceeded the bounds of a moderate for-  
“ tune.” This was the fate of many other men whose genius was of no other advantage to them than that it recommended them to employments, or to distinction, by which the temptations to vice were multiplied, and their parts became soon of no other use than that of enabling them to succeed in debauchery.

A dispute about part of his estate obliging him to return to Ireland, he resigned his post, and upon his arrival at Dublin was made Captain of the guards to the Duke of Ormond.

When he was at Dublin he was as much as ever distempered with the same fatal affection for play, which engaged him in one adventure which well deserves to be related : “ As he returned to his lodgings  
 “ from a gaming-table, he was attacked in the dark  
 “ by three ruffians who were employed to assassinate  
 “ him. The Earl defended himself with so much resolution that he dispatched one of the aggressors,  
 “ while a gentleman accidentally passing that way interposed and disarmed another; the third secured himself by flight. This generous assistant was a disbanded officer of a good family and fair reputation,  
 “ who by what we call Partiality of Fortune, to avoid censuring the iniquities of the times, wanted even a plain suit of clothes to make a decent appearance  
 “ at the Castle ; but his Lordship on this occasion presenting him to the Duke of Ormond, with great importunity prevailed with his Grace that he might resign his post of Captain of the guards to his friend,  
 “ which for about three years the gentleman enjoyed,  
 “ and upon his death the Duke returned the commission to his generous benefactor \*.

His Lordship having finished his affairs in Ireland he returned to London, was made Master of the Horse

\* Fenton,

to the Duchefs of York, and married the Lady Frances, eldeft daughter of the Earl of Burlington, and widow of Colonel Courtney.

About this time, in imitation of thofe learned and polite affemblies with which he had been acquainted abroad, particularly one at Caen, (in which his tutor Bochartus died fuddenly while he was delivering an oration) he began to form a fociety for refining and fixing the ftandard of our language. In this defign his great friend Mr. Dryden was a particular affiftant; “A defign,” fays Fenton, “of which it is “much more eafy to conceive an agreeable idea than “any rational hope ever to fee it brought to perfec- “tion.” This excellent defign was again fet on foot under the miniftry of the Earl of Oxford, and was again defeated by a conflict of parties, and the neceffity of attending only to political difquifitions for defending the conduct of the adminiftration, and forming parties in the parliament. Since that time it has never been mentioned, either becaufe it has been hitherto a fufficient objection that it was one of the defigns of the Earl of Oxford, by whom Godolphin was defeated, or becaufe the ftatesmen who fucceeded him have not more leifure, and perhaps leftaft, for literary improvements. Lord Roscommon’s attempts were fruflrated by the commotions which were produced by King James’s endeavours to introduce alterations in religion. He refolved to retire to Rome,

alleging "it was best to sit next the chimney when  
"the chamber smoked."

It will no doubt surprize many of the present age, and be a just cause of triumph to them, if they find what Roscommon and Oxford attempted in vain carried into execution, in the most masterly manner, by a private gentleman, unassisted and unpensioned. The world has seen this from the publication of an English Dictionary by Mr. Johnson; a lasting monument of the nation's honour and that writer's merit.

Lord Roscommon's intended retreat into Italy, already mentioned, on account of the troubles in James II.'s reign, was prevented by the gout, of which he was so impatient that he admitted a repellent application from a French empyric; by which his distemper was driven up into his bowels, and put an end to his life in 1684.

Mr. Fenton has told us that the moment in which he expired he cried out, with a voice that expressed the most intense fervour of devotion,

My God! my Father, and my Friend!  
Do not forsake me at my end.

two lines of his own version of the Hymn, *Dies iræ,*  
*Dies illa.*

The same Mr. Fenton, in his notes upon Waller, has given Roscommon a character too general to be critically just. "In his Writings," says he, "we view  
"the image of a mind which was naturally serious

“ and solid, richly furnished and adorned with all the  
 “ ornaments of art and science, and those ornaments  
 “ unaffectedly disposed in the most regular and ele-  
 “ gant order. His imagination might have probably  
 “ been fruitful and sprightly if his judgment had  
 “ been less severe; but that severity (delivered in a  
 “ masculine, clear, succinct style) contributed to make  
 “ him so eminent in the didactical manner, that no  
 “ man with justice can affirm he was ever equalled  
 “ by any of our nation, without confessing at the same  
 “ time that he is inferior to none. In some other  
 “ kinds of writing his genius seems to have wanted  
 “ fire to attain the point of perfection: but who can  
 “ attain it?”

From this account of the riches of his mind, who  
 would not imagine that they had been displayed in  
 large volumes and numerous performances? who  
 would not, after the perusal of this character, be sur-  
 prised to find that all the proofs of this genius, and  
 knowledge and judgment, are hardly sufficient to form  
 a small volume? But thus it is that characters are ge-  
 nerally written; we know somewhat, and we ima-  
 gine the rest. The observation that his imagination  
 would have probably been more fruitful and sprightly  
 if his judgment had been less severe, might, if we  
 were inclined to cavil, be answered by a contrary sup-  
 position, that his judgment would have been less se-  
 vere if his imagination had been more fruitful: it is

ridiculous to oppose judgment and imagination to each other, for it does not appear that men have necessarily less of the one as they have more of the other.

We must allow in favour of Lord Roscommon what Fenton has not mentioned so distinctly as he ought, and what is yet very much to his honour, that he is perhaps the only correct writer in verse before Addison; and that if there are not so many beauties in his compositions as in those of some of his contemporaries, there are at least fewer faults. Nor is this his highest praise; for Mr. Pope has celebrated him as the only moral writer in Charles II.'s reign.

Unhappy Dryden-----In all Charles's days  
Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays.

Mr. Dryden, speaking of Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse, has the following observation; "It was that," says he, "that made me uneasy till I tried whether or no I was capable of following his rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice: for many a fair precept in poetry is like a seeming demonstration in mathematics, very specious in the diagram, but failing in mechanic operation. I think I have, generally, observed his instructions: I am sure my reason is sufficiently convinced both of their truth and usefulness, which, in other words, is to confess no less a vanity than to pretend that I have at least in some places made examples to his rules."



This declaration of Dryden will be found no more than one of those cursory civilities which one author pays to another, and that kind of compliment for which Dryden was remarkable: for when the sum of Lord Roscommon's precepts is collected, it will not be easy to discover how they can qualify their reader for a better performance of translation than might have been attained by his own reflections.

He that can abstract his mind from the elegance of the poetry, and confine it to the sense of the precepts, will find no other direction than that the author should be suitable to the translator's genius; that he should be such as may deserve a translation; that he who intends to translate him should endeavour to understand him; that perspicuity should be studied, and unusual and uncouth names sparingly inserted; and that the style of the original should be copied in its elevation and depression. These are the rules that are celebrated as so definite and important, and for the delivery of which to mankind so much honour has been paid. Roscommon has indeed deserved his praises had they been given with discernment, and bestowed not on the rules themselves, but the art with which they are introduced, and the decorations with which they are adorned.

The Essay, though generally excellent, is not without its faults. The story of the Quack, borrowed from

Boileau, was not worth the importation : he has confounded the British and Saxon mythology :

I grant that from some mossy idol oak,  
In double rhymes, our Thor and Woden spoke.

The oak, as Gildon has observed, belonged to the British druids, and Thor and Woden were Saxon deities. Of the double rhymes, which he so liberally supposes, he certainly had no knowledge.

His interposition of a long paragraph of blank verses is unwarrantably licentious. Latin poets might as well have introduced a series of iambics among their heroics.

His next work is the translation of *The Art of Poetry*, which has perhaps received not less praise than it deserves. Blank verse, left merely to its numbers, has little operation either on the ear or mind : it can hardly support itself without bold figures and striking images. A poem frigidly didactic, without rhyme, is so near to prose, that the reader only scorns it for pretending to be verse.

Having disentangled himself from the difficulties of rhyme, he may justly be expected to give the sense of Horace with great exactness, and to suppress no subtilty of sentiment for the difficulty of expressing it : this demand, however, his translation will not satisfy : what he found obscure it is not obvious that he has ever cleared.

Among his smaller works the Eclogue of Virgil and the *Dies Iræ* are well translated; though the best line in the *Dies Iræ* is borrowed from Dryden. In return, succeeding poets have borrowed from Roscommon.

In the verses on the Lap-dog, the pronouns *thou* and *you* are offensively confounded; and the turn at the end is from Waller.

His versions of the two odes of Horace are made with great liberty, which is not recompensed by much elegance or vigour.

His political verses are sprightly, and when they were written must have been very popular.

Of the scene of Guarini, and the prologue to Pompey, Mrs. Philips, in her letters to Sir Charles Cotterel, has given the history.

“ Lord Roscommon,” says she, “ is certainly one of the most promising young noblemen in Ireland. He has paraphrased a psalm admirably, and a scene of *Pastor Fido* very finely, in some places much better than Sir Richard Fanshawe. This was undertaken merely in compliment to me, who happened to say that it was the best scene in Italian, and the worst in English. He was only two hours about it. It begins thus:

“ Dear happy groves! and you, the dark retreat  
“ Of silent Horror, Rest’s eternal seat.”

From these lines, which are since somewhat mended, it appears that he did not think a work of two hours fit to endure the eye of criticism without revival.

When Mrs. Philips was in Ireland, some ladies that had seen her translation of Pompey resolved to bring it on the stage at Dublin; and, to promote their design, Lord Roscommon gave them a prologue, and Sir Edward Dering an epilogue; "which," says she, "are the best performances of those kinds I ever saw." If this is not criticism it is at least gratitude. The thought of bringing Cæsar and Pompey into Ireland, the only country over which Cæsar never had any power, is lucky.

Of Roscommon's Works the judgment of the public seems to be right. He is elegant, but not great; he never labours after exquisite beauties, and he seldom falls into gross faults. His versification is smooth, but rarely vigorous, and his rhymes are remarkably exact. He improved taste if he did not enlarge knowledge, and may be numbered among the benefactors to English literature.

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POEMS TO THE AUTHOR.

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TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON,

ON HIS EXCELLENT

ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

W HETHER the fruitful Nile or Tyrian shore  
The seeds of arts and infant science bore,  
'Tis sure the noble plant translated first  
Advanc'd its head in Grecian gardens nurs'd.  
The Grecians added verse; their tuneful tongue 5  
Made Nature first, and Nature's God, their song.  
Nor stopp'd Translation here; for conqu'ring Rome,  
With Grecian spoils, brought Grecian numbers home,  
Enrich'd by those Athenian Muses more  
Than all the vanquish'd world could yield before, 10  
'Till barb'rous nations and more barb'rous times  
Debas'd the majesty of verse to rhymes,  
Those rude at first, a kind of hobbling prose,  
That limp'd along, and tinkled in the close;  
But Italy reviving from the trance 15  
Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkish, ignorance,  
With pauses, cadence, and well-vowell'd words,  
And all the graces a good ear affords,

Made rhyme an art, and Dante's polish'd page  
 Restor'd a Silver not a Golden Age: 20  
 Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we see  
 What rhyme improv'd in all its hight can be; }  
 At best a pleasing sound and fair barbarity.  
 The French pursu'd their steps, and Britain, last,  
 In manly sweetness all the rest surpass. 25  
 The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,  
 Appear exalted in the British loom:  
 The Muses' empire is restor'd agen  
 In Charles's reign, and by Roscommon's pen.  
 Yet modestly he does his work' survey, 30  
 And calls a finish'd poem An Essay:  
 For all the needful rules are scatter'd here,  
 Truth smoothly told and pleasantly severe; }  
 (So well is Art disguis'd for Nature to appear.)  
 Nor need those rules to give Translation light, 35  
 His own example is a flame so bright,  
 That he who but arrives to copy well  
 Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel:  
 Scarce his own Horace could such rules ordain,  
 Or his own Virgil sing a nobler strain. 40  
 How much in him may rising Ireland boast!  
 How much in gaining him has Britain lost!  
 Their island in revenge has our's reclaim'd;  
 The more instructed we, the more we still are sham'd.  
 'Tis well for us his gen'rous blood did flow 45  
 Deriv'd from British channels long ago;

'That here his conqu'ring ancestors were nurst,  
 And Ireland but translated England first.  
 By this reprisal we regain our right,  
 Else must the two contending nations fight; 50  
 A nobler quarrel for his native earth  
 Than what divided Greece for Homer's birth.  
 To what perfection will our tongue arrive,  
 How will Invention and Translation thrive,  
 When authors nobly born will bear their part, 55  
 And not disdain th' inglorious praise of art!  
 Great gen'ral thus descending from command,  
 With their own toil provoke the soldier's hand.  
 How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleas'd to hear  
 His fame augmented by an English peer \*, 60  
 How he embellishes his Helen's loves,  
 Out-does his softness, and his sense improves?  
 When these translate, and teach translators too,  
 Nor firstling kid nor any vulgar vow  
 Should at Apollo's grateful altar stand; 65 }  
 Roscommon writes! to that auspicious hand,  
 Muse! feed the bull that spurns the yellow sand. }  
 Roscommon! whom both court and camps commend,  
 True to his prince, and faithful to his friend;  
 Roscommon! first in fields of honour known, 70 }  
 First in the peaceful triumphs of the gown,  
 Who both Minervas justly makes his own. }

\* The Earl of Mulgrave.

Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they  
 Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay,  
 On equal terms with ancient Wit engage,  
 Nor mighty Homer fear, nor sacred Virgil's page;  
 Our English palace opens wide in state,  
 And without stooping they may pass the gate.

JOHN DRYDEN.

AD ILLUSTRISSIMUM VIRUM,

DOM. COMIT. DE ROSCOMMON,

*In tentamen suum sive specimen de Poetis Transferendis.**Carmen encomiasticum*

ANGLIA si clavis pollet fœcunda poetis  
 Mundo præreptos jactans in pace triumphos;  
 Pallada nutrit si non minus ubere glebâ;  
 Augusto quam magna tulit sub Cæsare Roma;  
 Hoc tibi debet comes illustrissime seculi:  
 Nam postquam per te patuit, populoque refulsit  
 Ars flacci, vatum surrexit vivida proles,  
 Divinus instructa modis et carmine puro.  
 Jam non sola sequi vestigia sacra Maronis  
 Sed transferre datur: vos O gaudete superbi  
 Angligenæ, meritisque virum redimite corollis  
 Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.  
 Nam duce te vatum series æterna sequetur,  
 Qui tentare modos ausi immortalis Homeri,



Heroasque, deosque canent, plausuque secundo 15  
 Non male ceratis tendent super æthera pennis.  
 Et tua, docte Maro (ni fallor) carmina reddent  
 Majestate pari; dum læta vagaberis umbra  
 Per sacrum spatiosa nemus: versuque Britanno  
 Æneasdas mirata cani, bellumque, ducesque, 20  
 Et pastoris oves, his vocibus ora resolves.  
 Quam bene te poteram patulis amplectier ulnis,  
 Magne comes, nostræ O famæ defensor et hæres;  
 Nunc licet infulsi vertant mea scripta poetæ,  
 Mollior ac elegis Ovidi sonet Ilias, ausit 25  
 Mævius infælix calamo disperdere versus,  
 Cuncta piat Silenus, et haud imitabile carmen  
 Prima quod infantis cecinit cunabula mundi,  
 Durabit, famamque per omne tuebitur ævum.  
 Grandibus ille modis et mirâ pingitur arte: 30  
 Per te, dulce decus, nostri viget ille laboris  
 Reliquiæ, multum celebrandus in orbe Britanno.  
 Tu genio da fræna tuo, nec voce beatam  
 Hâc tristere animam—cape dona extrema tuorum.  
 Carmina adhuc cineri exequias persolve Maronis. 35  
 Pulchrior in tantâ splendet mea gloria Musâ.  
 Plurimus Angligenum manibus versabere, plebi  
 Sordebunt excusa ducum simulacra tabellis;  
 Te melius vivo pingentem carmine cernent.  
 Dum Translatorum sudant ignobile vulgus, 40  
 Ut captent oculos phaleris, et imagine falsâ

Lactent lectorem, et vanâ dulcedine pascant;  
 Me mihi restituis versu, sensusque latentes  
 Eruis, et duplicem reddit tua charte Maronem. 44

E. Collegiò S. S. et in-  
 dividuæ Trin. Cant.

CAROLUS DRYDEN.

## TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON,

ON HIS EXCELLENT POEM.

As when by lab'ring stars new kingdoms rise,  
 The mighty mass in rude confusion lies,  
 A court unform'd, disorder'd at the bar,  
 And ev'n in peace the rugged mien of war,  
 'Till some wise statesman into method draws 5  
 The parts, and animates the frame with laws;  
 Such was the case when Chaucer's early toil  
 Founded the Muses' empire in our soil.  
 Spenser improv'd it with his painful hand,  
 But lost a noble Muse in Fairy-land. 10  
 Shakespeare said all that Nature could impart,  
 And Johnson added industry and art.  
 Cowley and Denham gain'd immortal praise;  
 And some who merit as they wear the bays,  
 Search'd all the treasuries of Greece and Rome, 15  
 And brought the precious spoils in triumph home.  
 But still our language had some ancient rust,  
 Our flights were often high, but seldom just;  
 There wanted one who license could restrain,  
 Make civil laws o'er barb'rous usage reign; 20

One worthy in Apollo's chair to sit,  
 To hold the scales, and give the stamp of wit;  
 In whom ripe judgment and young fancy meet,  
 And force the poet's rage to be discreet;  
 Who grows not nauseous whilst he strives to please,  
 But marks the shelves in the poetic seas; 26  
 Who knows and teaches what our clime can bear,  
 And makes the barren ground obey the lab'rer's care.  
 Few could conceive, none the great work could do;  
 'Tis a fresh province, and reserv'd for you. 30  
 Those talents all are your's, of which but one  
 Were a fair fortune for a Muse's son;  
 Wit, reading, judgment, conversation, art,  
 A head well balanc'd, and a gen'rous heart.  
 While insect rhymes cloud the polluted sky, 35  
 Created to molest the world and die,  
 Your file does polish what your fancy cast;  
 Works are long forming which must always last.  
 Rough iron sense, and stubborn to the mould,  
 Touch'd by your chymic hand is turn'd to gold; 40  
 A secret grace fashions the flowing lines,  
 And inspiration thro' the labour shines.  
 Writers in spite of all their paint and art  
 Betray the darling passion of their heart:  
 No fame you wound, give no chaste ears offence; 45  
 Still true to friendship, modesty, and sense.  
 So faints from heav'n, for our example sent,  
 Live to their rules, having nothing to repent.

Horace, if living, by exchange of fate,  
Would give no laws, but only your's translate. 50

Hoist sail, bold Writers! search, discover far,  
You have a compass for a polar star:  
Tune Orpheus' harp, and with enchanting rhymes  
Soften the savage humour of the times.

Tell all those untouch'd wonders which appear'd  
When Fate itself for our great monarch fear'd, 56  
Securely thro' the dang'rous forest led  
By guards of angels when his own were fled:  
Heav'n kindly exercis'd his youth with cares,  
To crown with unmix'd joys his riper years. 60

Make warlike James's peaceful virtues known,  
The second hope and genius of the throne:  
Heav'n in compassion brought him on our stage  
To tame the fury of a monstrous age.

But what bless'd voice shall your Maria sing, 65  
Or a fit off'ring to her altars bring?

In joys, in grief, in triumphs, in retreat,  
Great always, without aiming to be great.  
Beauty and Love sit awful in her face,  
And ev'ry gesture form'd by ev'ry Grace. 70  
Her glories are too heav'nly and refin'd  
For the gross senses of a vulgar mind.

It is your part (you poets can divine)  
To prophesy how she by Heav'n's design  
Shall give an heir to the great British line, 75

Who over all the Western isles shall reign,  
 Both awe the continent and rule the main;  
 It is your place to wait upon her name  
 Thro' the vast regions of eternal fame.

True poets' souls to princes are ally'd, 80  
 And the world's empire with its kings divide.  
 Heav'n trusts the present time to monarchs' care,  
 Eternity is the good writer's share. 83

KNIGHTLY CHETWOOD.

## TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON,

ON HIS EXCELLENT

ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

WHILE satire pleas'd, and nothing else was writ,  
 But pure ill-nature pass'd for noblest wit,  
 Some priv'leg'd climes the pois'nous weeds refuse;  
 But when a gen'rous understanding Muse  
 Does richer fruits from happier soils translate, 5  
 We're sent to Ireland by reverse of fate;  
 Yet you, I know, with Plato would disdain  
 To write and equal the Mæonian strain,  
 If 't would debauch your humour so far forth  
 To think so mean a thing enhanc'd your worth: 10  
 For were that praise, and only that, your due,  
 Which Virgil too might claim no less than you,

Tho' that had merited my bare esteem,  
 I'd leave to other pens the single theme:  
 But when I saw the candour of your mind, 15  
 A Muse inur'd to camps in courts refin'd,  
 A soul ev'n capable of being a friend,  
 Free from those follies which the great attend,  
 I grant such excellence my soul did fire;  
 Unable to commend I will admire. 20

"Happy the man when no concern is nigh  
 "But Nature's wanton and his blood runs high,  
 "Who free from cares enjoys without control  
 "His Muse, the darling mistress of his soul!  
 "No tedious court his appetite destroys, 25  
 "Nor thoughts of gain pollute the rapt'rous joys;  
 "The dear Minerva's form'd without a pain,  
 "And nothing less could spring from such a brain;  
 "And yet his godlike pity he imparts  
 "To those that drudge at duty 'gainst their hearts,  
 "And to illib'ral uses wrecst the lib'ral arts"— 31 }

When I observe the wonders you explain,  
 Too much the Ancients you commend—in vain;  
 In vain you would endeavour to persuade  
 'That all our laws were in those archieues laid;— 35  
 'That poetry must ever stand unmov'd,  
 The only art experience han't improv'd.  
 But grant their rites were to religion grown,  
 Sure they concern no countries but their own;

For let Æneid pass thro' others' hands, 40  
 The Æneid's self a third-rate poet stands;  
 Unfit to reach the heights that he has flown,  
 We wisely to our level bring him down:  
 Himself had writ less sweet and less sublime  
 In any other tongue or other time. 45

And now, my Lord, on this account I grieve,  
 To think how diff'rent from yourself you'll live.  
 When this inimitable Piece is shown  
 In languages and empires yet unknown,  
 It will be learning then to know and hear  
 Not only what you wrote but what you were. 51

J. AMHERST.

UPON THE

## EARL OF ROSCOMMON'S

TRANSLATION OF HORACE DE ARTE POETICA,

*And of the Use of Poetry.*

ROME was not better by her Horace taught,  
 Than we are here to comprehend his thought:  
 The poet writ to noble Piso there;  
 A noble Piso does instruct us here;  
 Gives us a pattern in his flowing style, 5  
 And with rich precepts does oblige our isle:  
 Britain! whose genius is in verse express'd  
 Bold and sublime, but negligently dress'd.

Horace will our superfluous branches prune,  
 Give us new rules, and set our harp in tune;      10  
 Direct us how to back the winged horse,  
 Favour his flight, and moderate his force.

Tho' poets may of inspiration boast,  
 Their rage, ill-govern'd, in the clouds is lost.  
 He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,      15  
 At once his fancy and his judgment shows.  
 Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence,  
 Neglect of which no wit can recompense.  
 The fountain which from Helicon proceeds,  
 That sacred stream! should never water weeds,      20  
 Nor make the crop of thorns and thistles grow,  
 Which envy or perverted nature sow.

Well-sounding verses are the charm we use,  
 Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse:  
 Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold,      25  
 But they move more in lofty numbers told.  
 By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,  
 We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.

The Muse's friend, unto himself severe,  
 With silent pity looks on all that err;      30  
 But where a brave, a public, action shines,  
 That he rewards with his immortal lines.  
 Whether it be in council or in fight,  
 His country's honour is his chief delight;  
 Praise of great acts he scatters as a seed      35  
 Which may the like in coming ages breed.



Here taught the fate of verses, (always priz'd  
 With admiration, or as much despis'd)  
 Men will be less indulgent to their faults,  
 And patience have to cultivate their thoughts. 40  
 Poets lose half the praise they should have got,  
 Could it be known what they discreetly blot,  
 Finding new words, that to the ravish'd ear  
 May like the language of the gods appear,  
 Such as, of old, wise bards employ'd, to make 45  
 Unpolis'd men their wild retreats forsake :  
 Law-giving heroes fam'd for taming brutes,  
 And raising cities with their charming lutes :  
 For rudest minds with harmony were caught,  
 And civil life was by the Muses taught. 50  
 So wand'ring bees would perish in the air,  
 Did not a sound, proportion'd to their ear,  
 Appease their rage, invite them to the hive,  
 Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive :  
 To rob the flow'rs, and to forbear the spoil, 55  
 Preserv'd in winter by their summer's toil,  
 They give us food which may with nectar vie,  
 And wax that does the absent sun supply. 58

EDMUND WALLER.

*Cum Opus suum Manuscriptum, unà cum eleganti carmine Latino sibi mitteret illustrissimus Author, ita respondit devotissimus suus, K. G.*

AULÆ dulce decus, quem culta Britannia vellet,  
 Scotia seque sibi vix peperisse putat;  
 Quid, mihi dum nunquam peritura volumina mittis,  
 Me, nisi mirari, dulcis amice, velis?  
 Scripta tua in melius qui fingere possit, Apellis 5  
 Is venerem, Phidiæ possit et ille Jovem:  
 Consilio ille juvet miscentem elementa tonantem,  
 Rectius et foli scribere possit iter.  
 Res sancta est, surgens vestra ad fastigia, vates,  
 Cui præsens semper pectora numen habet. 10  
 Quantum est victuris victuras condere leges,  
 In litem lauros et revocare novam!  
 Extinctis vitam dare res est quanta! sed ipse  
 Quantus! pars minima est Musa diserta tui. 14

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# MISCELLANIES.

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## AN ESSAY

ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

HAPPY that author whose correct Essay \*  
Repairs so well our old Horatian way ;  
And happy you who, by propitious fate,  
On great Apollo's sacred standard wait,  
And with strict discipline instructed right, 5  
Have learn'd to use your arms before you fight.

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## TENTAMEN, SIVE SPECIMEN

DE POETIS TRANSFERENDIS LATINE REDDITUM †.

FELIX ille operis, digno qui carmine leges  
Restituit, sacrae quas fixit Horatius arti.  
Vos quoque felices, quibus indulgentia fati  
Militiam tanto primam tolerare magistro,  
Vexillumque dedit sacratum attollere Phœbi. 5  
Egregiè instructi miris ducis artibus, arma

\* John Sheffield Duke of Buckinghamshire.

† This Latin version of Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse is by the late Mr. Eusden of Cambridge.

But since the press, the pulpit, and the stage,  
 Conspire to censure and expose our age,  
 Provok'd too far, we resolutely must  
 To the few virtues that we have be just; 10  
 For who have long'd or who have labour'd more  
 To search the treasures of the Roman store,  
 Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore?  
 The noblest fruits transplanted in our isle  
 With early hope and fragrant blossoms smile. 15  
 Familiar Ovid tender thoughts inspires,  
 And Nature seconds all his soft desires.  
 Theocritus does now to us belong,  
 And Albion's rocks repeat his rural song.

Exercere prius nôstis, quàm ad prælia ventum est.  
 At nunc cùm prælium, cùm pulpita, cumq; theatra  
 Stultitiam sæ'li rident, et stultiùs augment,  
 Sæpe laceffitis sumenda audacia; nobis 10  
 Virtutes paucæ; fas sit defendere paucas.  
 Qui nostris cupidi magis, aut qui plura ferendo  
 Certârunt vastas Romæ perquirere gazas,  
 Purius aut Graiis aurum exhaurire fodinis?  
 Translatus nostris fructus pulcherrimus oris 15  
 Spes det maturas, et amænis floribus halat.  
 Dulcè fluens Naso teneros inspirat amores,  
 Et quodcunque petit, sequitur natura petentem.  
 Nostra Syracosium referunt jam carmina vatem,  
 Illius agrestem rupes sonat Anglica Musam. 20

Who has not heard how Italy was blest 20

Above the Medes, above the wealthy East?

Or Gallus' song, so tender and so true,

As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view.

When mourning nymphs attend their Daphne's sheaf,

Who does not weep that reads the moving verse! 25

But hear, oh! hear, in what exalted strains

Sicilian Muses thro' these happy plains

Proclaim Saturnian times--our own Apollo reigns! }

When France had breath'd, after intestine broils,

And peace and conquest crown'd her foreign toils, 30

There, cultivated by a royal hand,

Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest'd the land;

Quis nescit, quanto felicior Itala tellus

Medorum sylvis, gemmisque Oriente superbo?

Aut quæ cantavit Gallus mollissima, cantus

Redditur en! qualem immoto nec corde Lycoris

Ipsa legat: vel cùm lugent tua funera, Daphni, 25

Nymphæ, quis siccis lugentes cernat ocellis?

En! verò numeris en! quàm sublimibus arva

Fortunata per hæc siculæ Saturnia Musæ

Tempora jam resonant; noster jam regnat Apollo.

Libera civili requiescere Gallia bello 30

Ut cæpit, pacemque domi palmasque labores

Externi peperere, illic doctrina vigebat

Regali nutrita manu, latèque beabat

The choicest books that Rome or Greece have known  
 Her excellent translators made her own ;  
 And Europe still considerably gains 35  
 Both by their good example and their pains.  
 From hence our gen'rous emulation came,  
 We undertook, and we perform'd, the same.  
 But now we shew the world a nobler way,  
 And in Translated Verse do more than they ; 40  
 Serene and clear harmonious Horace flows,  
 With sweetness not to be express'd in prose ;  
 Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,  
 And shews the stuff, but not the workman's skill :

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*Omnia diffundens sese : tum Græcia quicquid,  
 Aut quicquid Latium jactaret amabile, solers, 35  
 Dum dignè vertit, proprium sibi Gallia fecit.  
 Et quòd adhuc nostro, tu jure fateberis, orbi  
 Multùm operæ illius, multùm exemplaria profint.  
 Hinc ille illustris nobis, hinc æmulus ardor ;  
 Rem libuit tentare, et quæ tentata placebat, 40  
 Sortita eventum votis successit amicè.  
 At nunc nobilior monstratur semita, verso  
 Carmine præstamus nos, quod nec Gallia præstet.  
 Hic, numerose, nites sine nube serenus, Horati,  
 Nil perit hinc, numeris et iisdem redderis idem. 45  
 Vim nemo hanc dulcem speret sermone soluto.  
 Vulgaris sermo vatis nudè edere sensum  
 Iste valet ; tibi materiam, non explicat ingens*

I, who have serv'd him more than twenty years, 45  
 Scarce know my master as he there appears.  
 Vain are our neighbours' hopes, and vain their cares;  
 The fault is more their language's than theirs:  
 'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words  
 Of softer sound than ours perhaps affords; 50  
 But who did ever in French authors see  
 The comprehensive English energy?  
 The weighty bullion of one sterling line,  
 Drawn to French-wire, would thro' whole pages  
 I speak my private but impartial sense [shine.  
 With freedom, and, I hope, without offence; 56  
 For I'll recant when France can shew me wit  
 As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.

Artis opus : colui multos quem sedulus annos  
 Ipse ego, qualis ibi legitur mutatus in ora 50  
 Planè aliena, meum jam vix agnosco magistrum.  
 Frustrà finitimi tendunt, frustràque laborant,  
 Des linguæ vitio, haud illis : hæc culta videtur,  
 Florida, verborumque ferax, quæ fortè tenellas  
 Titillent levioire sono, quàm possumus, aures. 55  
 Esto; at quis nobis ostendat Gallicus autor  
 Angliacæ nervos simul, et compendia linguæ?  
 Carminis unius nitidus cum pondere sensus  
 Deductus tenui per tota pœmata filo  
 Ornaret Gallos : quæ sit sententia nobis 60

'Tis true compoling is the nobler part,  
 But good Translation is no easy art; 60  
 For tho' materials have long since been found,  
 Yet both your fancy and your hands are bound;  
 And by improving what was writ before  
 Invention labours less, but judgment more.

The soil intended for Picrian seeds 65  
 Must be well purg'd from rank pedantic weeds.  
 Apollo starts, and all Parnassus shakes  
 At the rude rumbling Baralipton makes:

---

(Æqua licet privata) libet veram edere apertè,  
 Nec cuiquam nocuisse velim, nam dicta retracto,  
 Si brevitate pari sensus includere nôrint

Tam crebros, acresque, et molli stringere nodo.

Pulchrior illa quidem est sæcundo pectore primùm  
 Rem tibi vis promens, felicitique ubere vena, 66  
 Sed genio haud caret et bene vertere; nam tibi quamvis  
 Tradita materies aliunde hæc suppetat, extrà  
 Libera non ponis vestigia, cogaris arcto  
 Limite, dum circa patulum versaberis orbem; 70  
 Dumque studes augere, tibi quæ tradita res est,  
 Quò minùs ingenium hæc sudat, sæcundaque vena,  
 Tantò iudicii magis exercetur acumen.

Exoffarè solum, cui semen credere tendis  
 Pierium, faxis primùm salebrisque decebit, 75  
 Vellere et urticas criticorum turpiter hirtas.  
 Avertit Phœbus, trepidat Parnassia rupes,



For none have been with admiration read  
But who beside their learning were well bred. 70

The first great work (a task perform'd by few)  
Is, that yourself may to yourself be true:  
No mask, no tricks, no favour, no reserve;  
Diseect your mind, examine ev'ry nerve.  
Whoever vainly on his strength depends 75  
Begins like Virgil, but like Mævius ends.  
That wretch, in spite of his forgotten rhymes,  
Condemn'd to live to all succeeding times,  
With pompous nonsense and a bellowing sound  
Sung lofty Ilium tumbling to the ground. 80

Cùm strepitu horrifono Baralipton vulnerat aures.  
Dignus nemo legi, atque diu retinere legentes,  
Ni bene moratas doctus qui possidet artes. 80

Difficilis labor, et paucis superabilis hic est;  
Fallere te ut nolis ipsum: procul absit iniqua  
Gratia, sperne dolos, probitas spectetur, et imas  
Pande animi latebras, atque omnes excute nervos.  
Qui vanè propriis confidere viribus audet, 85  
Prodeat ille Maro forsan, sed Mævius exit;  
Infelix! cujus, postquam data carmina scombris,  
Damnatur vitâ post scripta superstitite nomen,  
Pænam immortalem mortali ex carmine pendens:  
Is tumidis ruptus buccis, vacuoque bœatu 90  
Torva Mimalloneis implevit cornua bombis.

And (if my Muse can thro' past ages see)  
 That noisy, nauseous, gaping, fool was he,  
 Exploded when with universal scorn  
 'The mountains labour'd and a mouse was born.

“Learn, learn,” Crotona's brawny wrestler cries,  
 “Audacious Mortals! and be timely wise;           86  
 “'Tis I that call; remember Milo's end,  
 “Wedg'd in that timber which he strove to rend.”

Each poet with a diff'rent talent writes;  
 One praises, one instructs, another bites.           90  
 Horace did ne'er aspire to epic bays,  
 Nor lofty Maro stoop to lyric lays.

---

Si bene lapsa memor repetat mihi sæcula Musa,  
 Mævius ille fuit vanæ promissor hiatus  
 Contemptus meritò, cùm parturientibus altis   94  
 Montibus, (horrendum!)--mox prodit exiguus mus.

Discite, jam magnâ conclamans voce per umbras  
 Ille lacertosus, clarus pugil ille Crotonis,  
 Milo jubet sua fata docens, temerarius olim  
 Viribus ipse suis nodosum in robur adactus,  
 Findere quod primò nimis est feliciter ausus.   100

Diversi scribunt diverso nomine vates,  
 Laudibus hic pollet, salibus tu, moribus alter.  
 Non epicus ausus Flaccus sibi poscere lauros,  
 Ipse nec ad lyricum celsus descendere carmen   104  
 Dignatus Maro. Tu, quà mens iter ipsa frequentat,

Examine how your humour is inclin'd,  
 And which the ruling passion of your mind;  
 Then seek a poet who your way does bend, 95  
 And chuse an author as you chuse a friend;  
 United by this sympathetic bond,  
 You grow familiar, intimate, and fond;  
 Your thoughts, your words, your styles, your souls,  
 No longer his interpreter, but he. [agree,

With how much ease is a young Muse betray'd!  
 How nice the reputation of the maid! 102  
 Your early, kind, paternal, care appears  
 By chaste instruction of her tender years:  
 The first impression in her infant breast 105  
 Will be the deepest, and should be the best.

*Quæ primùm, explores, rapit ultrò pectora flamma.  
 Tum tibi cognatum, qui tramite vergit eodem,  
 Autoremque legas, tanquam legeretur amicus.  
 Dumque pari stringunt vos vincula mutua nexu,  
 Mirus erit consensus, amabis, amaberis idem; 110  
 Mens eadem, similis sententia, vox, et utrique,  
 Interpres jam tu non illius, alter at ille.*

Circumstant cunas quàm prona pericula Musæ  
 Virginis! intactæ quàm lubrica fama puellæ!  
 Commendat sese patris indulgentia primùm, 115  
 Molle lutum casto si fingas pollice: forma  
 Vultûs prima manet, fingatur et optima prima.

Let not austeriety breed servile fear,  
 No wanton sound offend her virgin ear :  
 Secure from foolish pride's affected state,  
 And specious flatt'ry's more pernicious bait, 111  
 Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts,  
 But your neglect must answer for her faults.

Immodest words admit of no defence,  
 For want of decency is want of sense. 114  
 What mod'rate top would rake the Park or stews  
 Who among troops of faultless nymphs may chuse ?

---

Ne premat ingenium, libertatemque decoram  
 Austeri servus timor, imperiumque magistri;  
 Nec verba intereà violent lasciva pudicam : 120  
 Non illa ætatis ventoso turgida fastu  
 Addicat pronas assentatoribus aures,  
 Nec nimis illa procis pateat laudantibus ultrò ;  
 Sic decor ingenuus mentem huic sine fraudibus ornet,  
 Sed culpa arguitur tua siquid nescia peccat. 125

Fas nunquam obscænis veniam concedere dictis,  
 Communi sensu planè caret horridus ille,  
 Quid deceat, quid non, pravè, aut securus ineptè.  
 Equis enim sapiens mediocriter, usque profusus  
 Æris, et usque adeò nugator splendidus, inter . 130  
 Libera cui nymphas commercia dentur honestas,  
 Solicitare velit plebem et de sæce lupanar ?  
 Ergò tuum eligere est dignè, cùm suppetat ingens,

Variety of such is to be found;  
 Take then a subject proper to expound,  
 But moral great, and worth a poet's voice;  
 For men of sense despise a trivial choice; 120  
 And such applause it must expect to meet  
 As would some painter busy in a street  
 To copy bulls and bears, and ev'ry sign  
 That calls the staring fots to nasty wine.

Yet 't is not all to have a subject good; 125  
 It must delight us when 't is understood.  
 He that brings fulsome objects to my view,  
 (As many old have done, and many new)  
 With nauseous images my fancy fills,  
 And all goes down like oxymel of squills. 130

Dignaque materies, et rerum copia prægnans,  
 Quam veritas etiam dignè quæ viribus apta est; 135  
 Sit grandis, magnùmque sonans, morataque rectè.  
 Materiem sapiens sectantes spernit inanem;  
 Hi sperent plausus, quales per compita pictor  
 Excipit ille, artis qui stultæ prodigus urfos,  
 Exprimit, et tauros, et siquod pensile signum 140  
 Attonito ad vappæ sæces trahit ore popellum.

Nec tamen hoc satis est sic elegisse potenter  
 Materiem, nisi et hæc demum intellecta placebit.  
 Objicit ante oculos mihi qui deformia visu,  
 (Quod multi e priscis, multi fecere recentes) 145  
 Averfandâ animum malè torquet imaginè, qualis

Instruct the list'ning world how Maro sings  
 Of useful subjects and of lofty things ;  
 These will such true, such bright, ideas raise  
 As merit gratitude as well as praise :  
 But foul descriptions are offensive still, 135  
 Either for being like, or being ill :  
 For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd  
 On holy garbage tho' by Homer cook'd ?  
 Whose railing heroes and whose wounded gods  
 Makes some suspect he snorts as well as nods. 140  
 But I offend—Virgil begins to frown,  
 And Horace looks with indignation down ;

---

Pharmaca gustantùm gravis oscula torquet amaror.  
 Te duce, Virgilium attonitus latè audiat orbis,  
 Ut cecinit sublime ! ut miscuit utile dolci !  
 Omnibus hinc verè formosa orietur imago, 150  
 Devinctosque habeas, non tantùm laudibus æquos :  
 Te laudasse parum est, meritis ni præmia donent.  
 At non aridet describens turpia, vitam,  
 Si bene pingat, idem est, si pravè : nam quis iniquæ  
 Tam patiens cænæ, ut fastidia ferre culinæ 155  
 Mæonixæ immotus sibi temperet ? hinc sua divi  
 Vulnera dum plorant, et dum rixatur Achilles,  
 Non modò dormitat, vereor, sed stertit Homerus,  
 Parcius ista :—Maro cælo indignatus ab alto  
 Avertit, Flaccusque oculos : mea Musa recedit 160

My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires,  
And whom they like implicitly admire.

On sure foundations let your fabric rise, 145  
And with attractive majesty surprize,  
Not by affected meretricious arts,  
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts,  
Which thro' the whole insensibly must pass,  
With vital heat to animate the mass : 150  
A pure, an active, an auspicious, flame,  
And bright as heav'n, from whence the blessing came ;  
But few, oh ! few souls, preordain'd by Fate,  
'The race of gods, have reach'd that envy'd height.

Tincta rubore genas, et quem par' nobile fratrum  
Vindicat, obsequio probat; et miratur in illis.

Manfurâ fundata basi se fabrica tollat,  
Ut videam plenum gratæ, stupeamque videndo  
Majestatis opus : miserâ non splendeat arte 165  
Fucatum, sed sit simplex duntaxat, et unum,  
Corpore compacto robustum, et partibus aptis.  
Hinc pura, hinc velex; hinc felicissima flamma  
Lumine divino (donum est divinitus ortum)  
Per varias tacitè partes labatur, et intus 170  
'Totam animet molem, foveatque caloribus almis,  
Heu tamen, heu ! pauci, (quos Jupiter æquus amavit)  
Pulchra Deûm soboles, mirum tetigère cacumen.  
Non novus huç Titan accedere crimine possit

No rebel, 'Titan's sacrilegious crime, 135  
 By heaping hills on hills, can hither climb;  
 'The grizly ferryman of hell deny'd  
 Æneas entrance till he knew his guide:  
 How justly then will impious mortals fall,  
 Whose pride would soar to heav'n without a call!

Pride (of all others the most dang'rous fault) 161  
 Proceeds from want of sense or want of thought.  
 'The men who labour and digest things most  
 Will be much apter to despond than boast;  
 For if your author be profoundly good 165  
 'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.

Sacrilego, montes iterum si montibus addat. 175  
 Squallidus, haud visâ primùm duce, portitor orci  
 Dardanio Heröi cymbamque, aditumque negavit,  
 Nec nisi monstratâ potuit mitescere virgâ.  
 Quo non jure ruent nostrorum crimina, fastu  
 Qui vetito cælum arripiunt, et non sua captant? 180  
 Fastus, quo vitium non perniciosius ullum,  
 Arguit aut celeres animos, curâque carentes,  
 Aut turpis parit hunc inscitia, crassus et error.  
 Nam siqui sudant impensius, atque laborant,  
 Desperare magis, quàm sunt jaçtare parati. 185  
 Sic si contineat sensus tuus ille profundos,  
 Sæpe stylum vertis, limæque incumbere totus  
 Cogaris, exprimere ut valeas, et reddere purum.



How many ages since has Virgil writ!  
 How few are they who understand him yet!  
 Approach his altars with religious fear,  
 No vulgar deity inhabits there: 170  
 Heav'n shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod  
 Than poets should before their Mantuan god.  
 Hail, mighty Maro! may that sacred name  
 Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame,  
 Sublime ideas and apt words infuse, 175  
 The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the  
     What I have instanc'd only in the best [Muse!  
 Is, in proportion, true of all the rest.

---

Sæc'lorum en! retrò quàm fluxit plurimus ordo,  
 Ex quo Virgilius legitur! sed pars quota vatem 190  
 Lectorum affequitur vulgò! tu pronus ad aras  
 Relligione pavens procumbe, habitat Deus intùs,  
 Neq' de plebe deus: nutu Jovis altus Olympus.  
 Si quatitur, trepidare Andina ad numina turbam  
 Fas pariter vatum, atque suum placare Tonantem. 195  
 Salve magno Maro! sanctum, et venerabile nomen,  
 Nostra tuâ accendas cœlesti pectora flammâ.  
 Hinc O! res liceat, vivas hinc ducere voces,  
 Musa mihi inspiret cantus, sed tu rege Musam.  
 Jamque ego de summo dixi quodcunque poetâ, 200  
 Id quoque de reliquis poteras dixisse gradatim.  
 Sit primò proprium tibi curæ exquirere sensum,

'Take pains the genuine meaning to explore,  
 'There sweat, there strain, tug the laborious oar; 180  
 Search ev'ry comment that your care can find,  
 Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind;  
 Yet be not blindly guided by the throng;  
 'The multitude is always in the wrong.  
 When things appear unnatural or hard, 185  
 Consult your author, with himself compar'd;  
 Who knows what blessing Phæbus may bestow,  
 And future ages to your labour owe?  
 Such secrets are not easily found out,  
 But once discover'd leave no room for doubt: 190  
 'Truth stamps conviction in your ravish'd breast,  
 And peace and joy attend the glorious guest.

---

Fortiter hoc contende, et totas exere vires.  
 Omnès ne pigeat criticorum evolvere chartas,  
 Forsitan hic ille, et rectè alter judicet illic. 205  
 At cavè, ne turbam male suada libido sequendi  
 Te teneat; semper præceps it vulgus, et errat.  
 Si quædam dura, et nimium detorta putabis,  
 Autorem sibi componens modò consule; quis scit,  
 Felici annuerit dexter si Cynthius auso, 210  
 Quantum fera tui ditârint sæc'la labores?  
 Hæc arcana quidem non cuilibet obvia curæ,  
 Sed simul ut patuère, error fugit antè, metusque:  
 Intima pertentât solidum tibi pectora verum,  
 Et pace æternâ cumulat te candidus hospes. 215

Truth still is one; Truth is divinely bright,  
 No cloudy doubts obscure her native light;  
 While in your thoughts you find the least debate,  
 You may confound but never can translate: 196  
 Your style will this thro' all disguises show,  
 For none explain more clearly than they know.  
 He only proves he understands a text  
 Whose exposition leaves it unperplex'd. 200  
 They who too faithfully on names insist,  
 Rather create than dissipate the mist,  
 And grow unjust by being over-nice,  
 (For superstitious virtue turns to vice.)

---

Simplex est Verum, et divinâ luce coruscum,  
 Nec premit ingenuos vultus dubitabilis error.  
 Hoc certum est, tibi in ambiguo dum sensus adhæret,  
 Perplexum turbare magis, sed vertere nunquam  
 Sincerum dabitur: falsos per mille colores 220  
 Te prodet stylus ipse cavâ sub imagine ludens.  
 Nemo etenim verbis rem clariùs explicat, antè  
 Pectore quàm concepit; et is concepit acutè,  
 Qui nil obscurum verborum in nube relinquit.  
 Interpres fidus, nimiùm qui nomina curat, 225  
 Inducit potiùs tenebras, quàm dissipat; et fit  
 Jure adeò ex summo summè idem injurius: odit  
 Cæca superstitio, stultè quem diligit: ipsa  
 Sponte suâ in vitium virtus delabitur, ultrâ

Let Crassus' \* ghost and Labienus tell 205  
 How twice in Parthian plains their legions fell;  
 Since Rome hath been so jealous of her fame,  
 That few know Pacorus' or Monæses' name.

Words in one language elegantly us'd  
 Will hardly in another be excus'd: 210  
 And some that Rome admir'd in Cæsar's time  
 May neither suit our genius nor our clime.  
 'The genuine sense, intelligibly told,  
 Shews a Translator both discreet and bold.

Excursions are inexpiable bad, 215  
 And 't is much safer to leave out than add.

Quàm par est textûsque tenax, et mordicûs hærens.  
 Ut bis Romanas Parthi fregère phalanges, 231  
 Aut, Labiene, tua, aut Crassi hoc edifferat umbra;  
 Quando ita consuluit famæ pia Roma suorum,  
 Ut Pacorum vix nostra, agnoscant vix sæc'la Monæsen.

Quæ verba alterius linguæ splendore nitescunt,  
 Fortè carent veniâ, si vis transferre; nec olim, 236  
 Omnia, quæ fovère Augusti tempora, nostro  
 Conveniunt genio, nec honore ferentur eodem  
 Reddita: sed propriè sensus, quos continet autor,  
 Qui docet, hic interpretes erit consultus, et audax. 240

Longè a proposito nullis lustranda piac'lis  
 Culpa recedendi: nihil addas, siquid omittas  
 Tutius est, verbis cultum patientibus ægrè.

\* Hor. lib. iii. ode 5.

Abstruse and mystic thoughts you must express  
 With painful care, but seeming easiness,  
 For truth shines brightest thro' the plainest dress. }  
 Th' Ænean Muse, when she appears in state, 220  
 Makes all Jove's thunder on her verses wait,  
 Yet writes sometimes as soft and moving things  
 As Venus speaks or Philomela sings.  
 Your author always will the best advise;  
 Fall when he falls, and when he rises rise. 225  
 Affected noise is the most wretched thing  
 That to contempt can empty scribblers bring.  
 Vowels and accents, regularly plac'd,  
 On even syllables (and still the last)

---

Mystica si vatum quandoque arcana resolves,  
 Lima tibi facilem cura mentita laboret, 245  
 Nativa ut videatur; amat splendescere verum  
 Simplex munditiis: cum sese Ænëia Musa  
 Inferat incessu magno, Jovis æmula cingit  
 Flamma latus, fulmenque: interdum mollia scribit,  
 Quæ, Philomela, canas, quæ tu, Cytherëa, loquaris.  
 Consilium dabit ipse autor, rectèque monebit, 251  
 Cumque cadente cadas, et cum surgente resurgas.  
 Crede mihi, nugas miserum affectare canoras:  
 Nil aliud premit inferiùs per inania raptos.  
 Syllabanam modò par cadat omnis, et ultima semper,  
 (Quæ levis est cura) et propriis accentibus aures 256  
 Ordo petat numerosus, habebunt verba sonos, et

Tho' gross innumerable faults abound;      230  
 In spite of nonsense never fail of sound.  
 But this is meant of even verse alone,  
 As being most harmonious and most known;  
 For if you will unequal numbers try,  
 There accents on odd syllables must lie.      235  
 Whatever sister of the learned Nine  
 Does to your suit a willing ear incline,  
 Urge your success, deserve a lasting name,  
 She'll crown a grateful and a constant flame;  
 But if a wild uncertainty prevail,      240  
 And turn your veering heart with ev'ry gale,  
 You lose the fruit of all your former care  
 For the sad prospect of a just despair.

---

Justum adè modulamen inania plurima rerum.  
 Hæc modò vera pari de carmine dicere fas est,  
 Notum aliis quoniam magis, et quia dulcius; at si  
 Forsan inæquales numeros tentare libebit,      261  
 Quà cadit accentus, cave, syllaba quæq; sit impar.  
 E doctâ Aonidum turbâ quæcunque sororum  
 Arridens precibus surdam non admovet aurem,  
 Utere sorte tuâ, decus immortale mereri      265  
 Nunc aude; flammæ Musa immemor esse fidelis  
 Non ingrata solet: quòd si tibi mobile pectus  
 Fluctuat, et facili quòvis impellitur aurâ,  
 Præteritus fordescet honos, mæstusque videbis  
 Spem meritò creptam tibi cum mercede laborum.      270

A quack (too scandalously mean to name)  
 Had by man-midwifery got wealth and fame: 245  
 As if Lucina had forgot her trade;  
 The lab'ring wife invokes his surer aid.  
 Well-season'd bowls the gossip's spirits raise,  
 Who while she guzzles chats the doctor's praise;  
 And largely what she wants in words supplies 250  
 With maudlin-eloquence of trickling eyes.  
 But what a thoughtless animal is man!  
 (How very active in his own trepan!)  
 For, greedy of physicians' frequent fees,  
 From female mellow praise he takes degrees; 255

Ille, ferunt, (prohibent sed multa opprobria nomen)  
 Obstetricis erat functus dum munere; Agyrta  
 Et famam, et nummos peperit: quasi non memor artis  
 Ilithyia suæ; fer opem tu certior, inquit,  
 Parturiens, vis docte, uxor: recreantur aniles. 275  
 Multâ facce animi; et media inter pocula, Agyrta  
 Facta salutiferi resonant: si copia verbis  
 Desit, facundos oculis litat ebria rores. [corpus!  
 Ast homo, quàm brutum est (prò dii!) sine pectore  
 Quàm sibimet promptâ molitur fraude ruinam! 280  
 Nam medicorum avidè dum mercenarius aurum  
 Appetit, en! pariter doctam sibi vendicat artem  
 Syrmate non licito mirantia compita verrens;  
 Judice quèd vetulâ medicus sæpe audiit, ultrò

Struts in a new unlicens'd gown, and then  
 From saving women falls to killing men.  
 Another such had left the nation thin,  
 In spite of all the children he brought in.  
 His pills as thick as hand-grenadoes flew, 266  
 And where they fell as certainly they flew;  
 His name struck every where as great a damp  
 As Archimedes thro' the Roman camp.  
 With this the doctor's pride began to cool,  
 For smarting soundly may convince a fool. 265  
 But now repentance came too late for grace,  
 And meagre Famine star'd him in the face:

Prodiit et medicus, desertâque arte tuendi 285  
 Uxorum vitas, properat jugulare maritos.  
 Huic alter geminus (talibus si fortè fuisset  
 In terris) sexum jam nostrum abolere nefandis  
 Artibus, artis inops valuisset, tot licet edens  
 In lucem natos: telorum haud ferreus imber 290  
 Densior emitti solet, hinc quam emissa volabant  
 Pharmaca, quaque cadent, similem traxere ruinam,  
 Nec certam minus, ac quondam sublimis ab arce  
 Ille Syracosius Romanis undique castris  
 Spargebat geometra; novus vel nomine solo 295  
 Dat stragem medicus: sic deservescere fastus  
 Paulatim cepit; stultus sua damna remordent  
 Supplicio edoctos tandem: factum dolet; at quid  
 Serò dolere juvat, si gratia victa ferendo est,



Fain would he to the wives be reconcil'd,  
 But found no husband left to own a child.  
 The friends that got the brats were poison'd too;  
 In this sad case what could our vermine do? 271  
 Worry'd with debts, and past all hope of bail,  
 Th' unpity'd wretch lies rotting in'a jail;  
 And there, with baskèt-alms scarce kept alive,  
 Shews how mistaken talents ought to thrive. 275  
 I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,  
 Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen;  
 Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,  
 And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!

Jamque oculos si macra Famis turbavit imago? 300  
 Sæpius optavit sponfas placare relictas,  
 Sed non sponsus erat, proles quem agnoscere posset.  
 Ipse etiam cecidit medicinâ extinctus eâdem  
 Furtivus pater: en! quò nunc se proripit ille  
 Accisis pennis, multo et gravis ære, nec usquam 305  
 Spes vadis? ergo miser nulli miserabilis imo  
 Carcere putrescit, vitam vix asse rogato  
 Sustentans, tristisque monet, quæ fata meretur,  
 Qui ruit ingenium contra, et temerarius errat.

Illius ipse vicem sincero ex pectore acerbam 310  
 Ingemo, qui Laribus durè compressus iniquis  
 Prostituit calamos, et conditione malignâ  
 Scribendo quæstum meritorius urget, ut actor  
 Causarum, non, quid pulchrum, quid turpe, requirit,

But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pamper'd, heirs, 280  
 Who to your country owe your swords and cares,  
 Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,  
 For rich ill poets are without excuse.  
 'Tis very dang'rous tampering with a Muse;  
 The profit 's small, and you have much to lose; 285  
 For tho' true wit adorns your birth or place,  
 Degen'rate lines degrade th' attainted race;  
 No poet any passion can excite  
 But what they feel transport them when they write.

---

At, dictante gulâ, rapit imperiosior auri 315  
 Majestas cum voce fidem: sed vos, quibus ingens  
 Luxuries rerum, patriæ quos cuncta saluti  
 Consecrare decet, vos, Pompiliana propago,  
 Ne vanæ illecebræ captent, et pectora fallant;  
 Namque malis simul, et locupletibus esse poëtis 320  
 Non homines, non dii, non concessere columnæ.  
 Extremum discrimen adis, illudere dives  
 Qui chartis audes; nimis alea luditur impar  
 Hæc tibi: committis totum, dum quærere pauca  
 Vix tandem poteris sudans. Feliciter ortus 325  
 Quamvis fortè tuos cognatæ carmina venæ  
 Illustrent, clarum inficiunt tibi stemma vicissim  
 Degeneres versus, ultrò accersitus et error.  
 Jam frustrà stimulis animum mihi tangis inestem,  
 Scribentis nisi mens affectibus æstuat iisdem, 330  
 Ni rabie fera corda tument, et sanguinis undis.

Have you been led thro' the Cumæan cave, 290  
And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave ?

I hear her now ; I see her rolling eyes :

And panting, " Lo! the god, the god!" she cries;  
With words not her's, and more than human sound,  
She makes th' obedient ghosts peep trembling thro'  
the ground. 295

But tho' we must obey when Heav'n commands,  
And man in vain the sacred call withstands,

Beware what spirit rages in your breast ;

For ten inspir'd ten thousand are possess'd.

Thus make the proper use of each extreme, 300

And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.

*Túne per Euböice deductus virginis antrum*

*Sensisti vatem violento numine ferri,*

*Cùm Phœbi impatiens bacchatur? Ego audio, circùm*

*Disiectos ego cerno oculos, et pectus anhelum, 335*

*" Et deus, ecce deus!" clamat: jam non sua verba,*

*Nec mortale sonans, pallentes undique manes*

*Elicit, éque imis trepidos jubet ire sepulcris.*

*His licèt imperiis parendum haud mollibus ultrò est,*

*Atque homines magnum furiato corde laborant 340*

*Excussisse Deum frustra; at qui sæviat intùs*

*Spiritus; intererit multùm; fortè unus, et alter*

*Phœbo agitur, falsis dum mille furoribus acti.*

*Affectu sic, si sapias, utroque fruaris*

*Pectoris, extremo licèt hinc, atque inde remoto, 345*

As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,  
 And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,  
 Your pulse advises, and begins to beat  
 Thro' ev'ry swelling vein a loud retreat; 305  
 So when a Muse propitiously invites;  
 Improve her favours, and indulge her flights;  
 But when you find that vig'rous heat abate,  
 Leave off, and for another summons wait.  
 Before the radiant sun a glimm'ring lamp, 310  
 Adult'rate metals to the sterling stamp,  
 Appear not meaner than mere human lines  
 Compar'd with those whose inspiration shines:

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Bile canens calidâ, frigenti carmina limans.  
 Ut nimis illa volant celeri cùm tempora lapsu,  
 Plena coronato rident ubi spumea Baecho  
 Pocula, dant monitus venæ, motuque frequenti  
 Subfultant, canit et toto tuba corde recessum. 350  
 Musa ubi te auspiciis, pronisque furoribus urget,  
 Utere muneribus, nec celsa sub astra volatus  
 Compesce ardentes, sed cùm tibi deficit ardor  
 Pectoris, inceptos præfens in tempus iambos  
 Deponas, meliora et te ad momenta reserves. 355  
 Non magis ad Phœbi radiatum lumen hebescit,  
 Fax tremulùm splendens, aut distant ære lupini,  
 Quàm sonat humanâ carmen triviale monetâ  
 Percussum, si divinis componitur inde  
 Carminibus, verum quæ spirant enthea Phœbum. 360

'These nervous, bold; those languid and remis;  
'There cold salutes, but here a lover's kifs. 315

Thus have I seen a rapid headlong tide  
With foaming waves the passive Soane divide,  
Whose lazy waters without motion lay,  
While he, with eager force, urg'd his impetuous way.

The privilege that ancient poets claim, 320 }  
Now turn'd to license by too just a name, }  
Belongs to none but an establish'd fame, }  
Which scorns to take it——

Abfurd expressions, crude abortive thoughts,  
All the lewd legion of exploded faults, 325

Hic vires, animique, ibi stagnat frigidus humor,  
Aut natat in labris delumbis, ut oscula libat  
Casta parens puero : sed in his furor omnis amantùm.  
Haud aliter quondam magno cum murmure vidi  
Per medium ire Ararim, et tacitum distinguere flumen  
Æstu præcipiti Rhodanum : stagnantibus undis 366  
Miratur patiens Araris, dum spumeus amnis  
Urget iter, fervensque fretis petit æquora torrens.

Libertas, prisca sibi quam arripuere poetæ,  
(Nomine jam nimium quæ dicta licentia justo) 370  
Famæ securo scriptori propria soli est,  
Quam parcè veniam tamen is, sumetque pudenter.  
Abfurdus sensus, cruda, imperfectaque vocum  
Progenies, malè nata cohors, et Apolline lævo  
Affectare proterva diem, se hoc jure tuctur : 375

Base fugitives to that asylum fly,  
 And sacred laws with insolence defy:  
 Not thus our heroes of the former days  
 Deserv'd and gain'd their never-fading bays;  
 For I mistake, or far the greatest part  
 Of what some call neglect was study'd art: 330  
 When Virgil seems to trifle in a line,  
 'Tis like a warning-piece, which gives the sign  
 To wake your fancy, and prepare your fight  
 To reach the noble height of some unusual flight.  
 I lose my patience when with faucy pride  
 By untun'd ears I hear his numbers try'd. 336

Defendit numerus quia scilicet improbus, et plebs,  
 Jam Phœbum impunè, et rident Parnassia jura.  
 Non sic heroes, quos sæc'la priora tulerunt,  
 Æternùm virides lauros fecêre merendo.  
 Fallor enim, vel quæ multis incuria visa est,  
 Artis opus summum fuit; ut cùm fortè videtur 380  
 Ludere Virgilius vulgari in carmine, signum hoc  
 Præmittit, jubet huc totas intendere curas,  
 Huc geminas acies, oculo surgentis ut acri  
 Insolitos valeas nisus æquare sequendo. 385  
 Ast ego jam bili non impero, nam quis iniqui  
 Tam patiens fastûs, quis ferreus, ut teneat se?  
 Omnia jam sunt præpostera! quippe ubi sanæ  
 Plebs rationis inops, imitatrix turba novorum,  
 Improba sollicitat divini scripta Maronis: 390

Reverse of Nature! shall such copies then  
 Arraign th' originals of Maro's pen!  
 And the rude notions of pedantic schools  
 Blaspheme the sacred founder of our rules! 340

The delicacy of the nicest ear  
 Finds nothing harsh or out of order there.  
 Sublime or low, unbended or intense,  
 The sound is still a comment to the sense. 345

A skilful ear in numbers should preside,  
 And all disputes without appeal decide:  
 This ancient Rome and elder Athens found,  
 Before mistaken stops debauch'd the sound.

Cùm sacrum exemplar, leges qui condidit ipfas,  
 Ad trutinam revocant tyrones lege soluti;  
 Et prædulce melos, statuit quod maximus autor,  
 Vocibus, et linguâ violat schola rauca profanâ.

Cuncta licet judex digitis, et callidus aure  
 Suspensat, nihil hîc durum reprehendere possit,  
 Nil incompositum; sive is sublimia tentat,  
 Seu modò deductus, lenis, seu tensus, et acer,  
 Ipse aperit sensum sonus, et commendat in aurem.

De numeris litem dirimat solertior auris,  
 Judiciumque istâ ferat irrevocabile causâ.  
 Illud Roma vetus, sêniores illud Athenæ  
 Expertæ, cùm non titubarent carmina punctis  
 Præve dispositis, quæ contiguos malè sensus,  
 Nativosque sonos intempestiva premebant. 405

When, by impulse from Heav'n, Tyrtæus sung,  
 In drooping soldiers a new courage sprung,      351  
 Reviving Sparta now the fight maintain'd,  
 And what two gen'ral's lost a poet gain'd.  
 By secret influence of indulgent Skies  
 Empire and poesy together rise.      355  
 True poets are the guardians of a state,  
 And when they fail portend approaching fate;  
 For that which Rome to conquest did inspire  
 Was not the Vestal but the Muses' fire;  
 Heav'n joins the blessings: no declining age      360  
 Ere felt the raptures of poetic rage.

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Impellente Deo cecinit cum carmina quondam  
 Tyrtæus, subiit nova victi pectora virtus  
 Militis, immotam in medio se turbine belli  
 Sparta reviviscens tenuit, vatesque redemit  
 Unicus a gemino amissos ductore triumphos.      410  
 Sic arcana jubet placidi indulgentia Fati,  
 Surgat ut imperium, surgit cum dia poësis.  
 Regnorum servant sacro sub pectore vates  
 Palladium, pariterque ruunt cum vatibus illa,  
 Aut nutant ruitura brevi: qui subdidit olim      415  
 Romæ animi vires, tantoque accendit amore  
 Lauri, non Vestalis erat, sed Delius ignis.  
 Munera conjungunt Superi; vergentia sæc'la  
 Gaudia Pierii nunquam sensêre furoris.



Of many faults rhyme is perhaps the cause;  
 Too strict to rhyme, we slight more useful laws,  
 For that in Greece or Rome was never known,  
 'Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown; 365  
 Subdu'd, undone, they did at last obey,  
 And change their own for their invader's way.

I grant that from some mossy idol oak,  
 In double rhymes, our Thor and Woden spoke,  
 And by succession of unlearned times, 370  
 As Bards began, so Monks rung on the chimes.

But now that Phœbus and the sacred Nine,  
 With all their beams, on our blest'd island shine,

Fortè mali caput est dominans sub fine sonorum 420  
 Rhythmus; qui rhythmo paret, meliora relinquit  
 Turpe jugum subiens; Latium hunc, nec Græcia nôrat,  
 Diluvies prius in linguas quàm fluxerat ambas  
 Barbara, cùm victi tandem cessère, suasque  
 Mutavère vias victoris jura sequuti. 425

Muscosâ, fateor, Vodinus ab ilice noster,  
 Et Thorus pede bis percussio oracula fudit  
 Auribus ingeminans agrestibus: hinc mala porrò  
 Fluxit in ætatem obscuram prurigo sonandi,  
 Pulsâruntque greges Monachorum, Helicone relicto,  
 Pulsârant primi quæ tintinnabula Bardi. 435

At cùm Castalides Divæ, et Thymbraeus Apollo  
 Jam pleno Britonum redeuntes lumine terras

Why should not we their ancient rites restore,  
 And be what Rome or Athens were before? 375  
 “ Have we forgot how Raphael’s num’rous profè \*  
 “ Led our exalted souls thro’ heav’nly camps,  
 “ And mark’d the ground where proud apostate  
 “ Defy’d Jehovah! Here’twixt host and host, [thrones  
 “ (A narrow but a dreadful interval!) 380  
 “ Portentous sight! before the cloudy van  
 “ Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc’d,  
 “ Came tow’ring arm’d in adamant and gold:  
 “ There bellowing engines with their fiery tubes  
 “ Dispers’d ethereal forms, and down they fell 385

Illustrant, liceat Phœbi, ritusque Sororum  
 Instaurare, iterum hîc Roma, atque legantur Athenæ.  
 “ Ergone Miltoni numerosa oratio lapsa est 436  
 “ Pectoribus, nostras cum per cœlestia castra  
 “ Sublimes animas rapuit, campumque notavit,  
 “ Quò demente tumens fastu, procerumque rebellis  
 “ Explicuit se multa cohors, ipsumque Tonantem  
 “ Solicitare ausa est armis! hîc inter utramque 441  
 “ Eccelaciem (horrendum visu, brevè at intervallum)  
 “ Arduus, arma tenens nimbosâ in fronte phalangum  
 “ Lucifer exultat, saltuque ingente superbus  
 “ Prorumpit rapidè; galeâ spectabilis aureâ, 445  
 “ Munitusque humeros latos solido adamante.  
 “ Rauco illic fremitu tormenta vomentia flammam  
 “ Ætherias sternunt formas, et turbine vasto  
 \* An essay on blank verse out of Paradise Lost, Book VI.

“ By thousands, angels on archangels roll’d;  
 “ Recover’d, to the hills they ran, they flew, [woods)  
 “ Which (with their pond’rous load, rocks, waters,  
 “ From their firm seats torn by the shaggy tops 389  
 “ They bore like shields before them thro’ the air,  
 “ Till more incens’d they hurl’d them at their foes.  
 “ All was confusion, heav’n’s foundations shook,  
 “ Threat’ning no less than universal wreck,  
 “ For Michæel’s arm main promontories flung,  
 “ And over-pres’d whole legions weak with sin: 395  
 “ Yet they blasphem’d and struggled as they lay,

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“ Undique cernere erat magni per inania cœli  
 “ Agmina mille simul super agmina mille voluta. 450  
 “ Ut rediêre animi, colles petiêre volatu  
 “ Præcipiti, subito quos ex radicibus altis,  
 “ Rupesque, fluviosque, immensaque pondera, sylvas,  
 “ Avellunt unâ, latèque per aëra torquent  
 “ Pro clypeis, vel cùm rabies magis arsit, in hostem  
 “ Ipsas vi rapidâ ex alto misêre ruinas. 456  
 “ Jam chæos omnia erant; totus fundamine ab ipso  
 “ Æther contremuit, dirum promittere visus  
 “ Naturæ exitium: Michæel nam sedibus imis  
 “ Tota vibrat sôlus jam promontoria dextrâ 460  
 “ Extorquens, totas vitiis, et crimine fractas  
 “ Obruit ille acies, sed nec spirare superbi  
 “ Cessavêre minas, et adhuc fremuêre jacentes;

" Till the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd,  
 " And, arm'd with vengeance, God's victorious Son  
 " (Effulgence of paternal Deity)  
 " Grasping ten thousand thunders in his hand, 400  
 " Drove th' old orig'nal rebels headlong down,  
 " And sent them flaming to the vast abyss."

O may I live to hail the glorious day,  
 And sing loud Pæans thro' the crowded way,  
 When in triumphant state the British Muse, 405  
 True to herself, shall barb'rous aid refuse,  
 And in the Roman majesty appear,  
 Which none know better, and none come so near. 408

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" Dum Christi effulgens vexillum apparuit altè,  
 " Ingens, terribilique incumbens hostibus umbrâ,  
 " Ultricemque ferens Pænam invictissima proles 466  
 " Numinis æterni (quantum Patris instar in ipso!)  
 " Miscet agens telis, et vivo sulphure fixos  
 " Dextrâ præcipitans barathrum deturbat ad imum."

O! mihi tam longæ superet pars ultima vitæ, 470  
 Spiritus, et quantum sat erit plaudentibus inter-  
 Esse, triumphali cùm Musa Britannica pompâ  
 Per densas hominum læto Pæane catervas  
 Procedet verâ facie, non barbara cultu,  
 Ipsa suis opibus pollens, atque æmula Romæ, 475  
 Majestate pari, et nativo lumine fulgens,  
 Juncta duci, claudensque latus, quam nulla recentûm  
 Callet Musa magis, sequitur nec passibus æquis. 478

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## THE DREAM.

To the pale tyrant who to horrid graves  
 Condemns so many thousand helpless slaves,  
 Ungrateful we do gentle sleep compare,  
 Who, tho' his victories as num'rous are,  
 Yet from his slaves no tribute does he take, 5  
 But woful cares that load men while they wake.  
 When his soft charms had eas'd my weary sight  
 Of all the baleful troubles of the light,  
 Dorinda came, divested of the scorn  
 Which the unéquall'd maid so long had worn; 10  
 How oft', in vain, had Love's great god essay'd  
 'To tame the stubborn heart of that bright maid!  
 Yet, spite of all the pride that swells her mind,  
 'The humble god of Sleep can make her kind.  
 A rising blush increas'd the native store 15  
 Of charms that but too fatal were before.  
 Once more present the vision to my view,  
 The sweet illusion, gentle Fate! renew;  
 How kind, how lovely she, how ravish'd I!  
 Shew me, blest'd god of Sleep! and let me die. 20

## THE GHOST

OF THE OLD HOUSE OF COMMONS TO THE NEW ONE,

*Appointed to meet at Oxford.*

**F**ROM deepest dungeons of eternal night,  
 The seats of Horror, Sorrow, Pains, and Spite,  
 I have been sent to tell you, tender youth!  
 A seasonable and important truth.  
 I feel (būt, oh! too late) that no disease                   5  
 Is like a surfeit of luxurious ease;  
 And of all others the most tempting things  
 Are too much wealth and too indulgent kings.  
 None ever was superlatively ill  
 But by degrees, with industry and skill;                   10  
 And some, whose meaning hath at first been fair,  
 Grow knaves by use, and rebels by despair.  
 My time is past, and yours will soon begin;  
 Keep the first blossoms from the blast of sin,  
 And by the fate of my tumultuous ways                   15  
 Preserve yourselves, and bring serener days.  
 The busy, subtle, serpents of the law,  
 Did first my mind from true obedience draw.  
 While I did limits to the king prescribe,  
 And took for oracles that canting tribe,                   20  
 I chang'd true freedom for the name of Free,  
 And grew seditious for variety:

All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd,  
 And by the laws illegally abus'd;  
 The robe was summon'd, Maynard in the head, 25  
 In legal murder none so deeply read;  
 I brought him to the bar, where once he stood,  
 Stain'd with the (yet unexpiated) blood  
 Of the brave Strafford, when three kingdoms rung  
 With his accumulative hackney-tongue; 30  
 Pris'ners and witnessess were waiting by,  
 These had been taught to swear, and those to die,  
 And to expect their arbitrary fates,  
 Some for ill faces, some for good estates.  
 To fright the people, and alarm the Town, 35  
 Bedloe and Oates employ'd the rev'rend gown;  
 But while the triple mitre bore the blame,  
 The king's Three Crowns were their rebellious aim:  
 I seem'd (and did but seem) to fear the Guards,  
 And took for mine the Bethels and the Wards, 40  
 Anti-monarchic Heretics of state,  
 Immoral Atheists, rich and reprobate:  
 But above all I got a little guide  
 Who ev'ry ford of villany had try'd;  
 None knew so well the old pernicious way 45  
 To ruin subjects, and make kings obey;  
 And my small Jehu, at a furious rate,  
 Was driving Eighty back to Forty-eight;  
 This the king knew, and was resolv'd to bear,  
 But I mistook his patience for his fear. 50

All that this happy island could afford  
 Was sacrific'd to my voluptuous board.  
 In his whole paradise one only tree  
 He had excepted by a strict decree;  
 A sacred tree! which royal fruit did bear, 55 }!  
 Yet it in pieces I conspir'd to tear:  
 Beware, my Child! divinity is there. }  
 'This so undid all I had done before,  
 I could attempt and he endure no more;  
 My unprepar'd and unrepenting breath 60  
 Was snatch'd away by the swift hand of Death,  
 And I, with all my sins about me, hurl'd  
 'To th' utter darkness of the lower world;  
 A dreadful place! which you too soon will see,  
 If you believe seducers more than me. 65

### ROSS'S GHOST.

SHAME of my life, disturber of my tomb,  
 Base as thy mother's prostituted womb;  
 Huffing to cowards, fawning to the brave,  
 To knaves a fool, to cred'lous fools a knave, }  
 'The king's betrayer, and the people's slave! 5 }  
 Like Samuel, at thy necromantic call  
 I rise, to tell thee God has left thee, Saul.  
 I strove in vain th' infected blood to cure;  
 Streams will run muddy where the spring's impure.



In all your meritorious life we see  
 Old Taaf's invincible sobriety.  
 Places of Master of the Horse; and Spy,  
 You (like Tom Howard) did at once supply :  
 From Sidney's blood your loyalty did spring ;  
 You show us all your parents but the king, 15  
 From whose too tender and too bounteous arms  
 (Unhappy he who such a viper warms!  
 As dutiful a subject as a son !)  
 To your true parent, the whole Town, you run.  
 Read, if you can, how th' old apostate fell, 20  
 Outdo his pride, and merit more than hell :  
 Both he and you were glorious and bright,  
 The first and fairest of the sons of light ;  
 But when, like him, you offer'd at the crown,  
 Like him, your angry father kick'd you down. 25

### A PARAPHRASE ON PS. CXLVIII.

O AZURE vaults! O crystal sky!  
 The world's transparent canopy,  
 Break your long silence, and let mortals know  
 With what contempt you look on things below.  
 Wing'd squadrons of the god of War, 5  
 Who conquer wheresoe'er you are,  
 Let echoing anthems make his praises known  
 On earth his footstool, as in heav'n his throne.

Great eye of all, whose glorious ray  
 Rules the bright empire of the day, 10  
 O praise his name! without whose purer light  
 'Thou hadst been hid in an abyfs of night.

Ye Moon and Planets! who difpenfe  
 By God's command your influence,  
 Refign to him, as your Creator due, 15  
 'That veneration which men pay to you.

Faireft, as well as firft, of things,  
 From whom all joy, all beauty, fprings;  
 O! praise th' Almighty Ruler of the globe,  
 Who ufeth thee for his empyreal robe. 20

Praise him ye loud harmonious Spheres!  
 Whofe facred ftamp all Nature bears;  
 Who did all forms from the rude chaos draw,  
 And whofe command is th' univerfal law.

Ye wat'ry Mountains of the fky, 25  
 And you fo far above our eye,  
 Vaft ever-moving Orbs! exalt his name,  
 Who gave its being to your glorious frame.

Ye Dragons! whofe contagious breath  
 Peoples the dark retreats of Death, 30

Change your fierce hissing into joyful song,  
And praise your Maker with your forked tongue.

Praise him, ye Monsters of the deep!  
That in the seas' vast bosoms sleep,  
At whose command the foaming billows roar, 35  
Yet know their limits, tremble and adore.

Ye Mists and Vapours, Hail and Snow!  
And you who thro' the concave blow,  
Swift executors of his holy word,  
Whirlwinds and Tempests! praise th' Almighty Lord.

Mountains! who to your Maker's view 41  
Seem less than molehills do to you,  
Remember how, when first Jehovah spoke,  
All heav'n was fire, and Sinai hid in smoke.

Praise him, sweet Offspring of the ground, 45  
With heav'nly nectar yearly crown'd!  
And ye tall Cedars! celebrate his praise,  
That in his temple sacred altars raise.

Idle Musicians of the spring,  
Whose only care 's to love and sing, 50  
Fly thro' the world, and let your trembling throat  
Praise your Creator with the sweetest note.

Praise him each savage furious Beast  
 That on his stores do daily feast!  
 And you tame Slaves of the laborious plow,      55  
 Your weary knees to your Creator bow.

Majestic Monarchs, mortal gods!  
 Whose pow'r hath here no periods,  
 May all attempts against your crowns be vain!  
 But still remember by whose pow'r you reign.      60

Let the wide world his praises sing  
 Where Tagus and Euphrates spring,  
 And from the Danube's frosty banks, to those  
 Where from an unknown head great Nilus flows.

You that dispose of all our lives,      65  
 Praise him from whom your pow'r derives;  
 Be true and just like him, and fear his word,  
 As much as malefactors do your sword.

Praise him old Monuments of time!  
 O praise him in your youthful prime!      70  
 Praise him, fair Idols of our greedy sense!  
 Exalt his name, sweet age of Innocence!

Jehovah's name shall only last  
 When heav'n, and earth, and all is past:

Nothing, great God! is to be found in thee 75  
But unconceivable eternity.

Exalt, O Jacob's sacred race!  
The God of gods, the God of grace!  
Who will above the stars your empire raise,  
And with his glory recompense your praise. 80

## ODE UPON SOLITUDE.

### I.

HAIL, sacred Solitude! from this calm bay  
I view the world's tempestuous sea,  
And with wise pride despise  
All those senseless vanities:  
With pity mov'd for others, cast away 5  
On rocks of hopes and fears, I see them tost  
On rocks of folly, and of vice I see them lost:  
Some the prevailing malice of the great,  
Unhappy men or adverse Fate,  
Sunk deep into the gulfs of an afflicted state: 10  
But more, far more, a numberless prodigious train,  
Whilst Virtue courts them, but, alas! in vain,  
Fly from her kind embracing arms,  
Deaf to her fondest call, blind to her greatest charms,  
And, sunk in pleasures and in brutish ease, 15  
They in their shipwreck'd state themselves obdurate  
please.

## II.

Hail, sacred Solitude! soul of my soul,  
 It is by thee I truly live;  
 Thou dost a better life and nobler vigour give;  
 Dost each unruly appetite control; 20  
 Thy constant quiet fills my peaceful breast  
 With unmix'd joy, uninterrupted rest.  
 Presuming Love does ne'er invade  
 This private solitary shade;  
 And, with fantastic wounds by Beauty made, 25  
 The joy has no alloy of jealousy, hope, and fear,  
 The solid comforts of this happy sphere:  
 Yet I exalted love admire,  
 Friendship abhorring fordid gain,  
 And purify'd from lust's dishonest stain: 30  
 Nor is it for my Solitude unfit,  
 For I am with my friend alone,  
 As if we were but one;  
 'Tis the polluted love that multiplies,  
 But friendship does two souls in one comprise. 35

## III.

Here in a full and constant tide doth flow  
 All blessings man can hope to know;  
 Here in a deep recess of thought we find  
 Pleasures which entertain and which exalt the mind;  
 Pleasures which do from friendship and from know-  
 ledge rise, 40  
 Which make us happy, as they make us wise:

Here may I always on this downy grass,  
 Unknown, unseen, my easy minutes pass,  
 'Till with a gentle force victorious Death  
 My Solitude invade, 45  
 And, stopping for a while my breath,  
 With ease convey me to a better shade. 47

## ON THE

## DEATH OF A LADY'S DOG.

THOU, happy Creature! art secure  
 From all the torments we endure;  
 Despair, ambition, jealousy,  
 Lost friends, nor love, disquiet thee;  
 A sullen prudence drew thee hence 5  
 From noise, fraud, and impertinence.  
 Tho' life essay'd the surest wile,  
 Gilding itself with Laura's smile,  
 How didst thou scorn life's meaner charms,  
 Thou who couldst break from Laura's arms! 10  
 Poor Cynic! still methinks I hear  
 Thy awful murmurs in my ear,  
 As when on Laura's lap you lay,  
 Chiding the worthless crowd away.  
 How fondly human passions turn!  
 What we then envy'd now we mourn! 16

## ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

## I.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day!  
 Shall the whole world in ashes lay,  
 As David and the Sibyls say.

## II.

What horror will invade the mind  
 When the strict Judge, who would be kind,      5  
 Shall have few venial faults to find!

## III.

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound  
 Shall thro' the rending tombs rebound,  
 And wake the nations under ground.

## IV.

Nature and Death shall, with surprise,      10  
 Behold the pale offender rise,  
 And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

## V.

'Then shall, with universal dread,  
 'The sacred mystic book be read,  
 'To try the living and the dead.      15

## VI.

'The Judge ascends his awful throne ;  
 He makes each secret sin be known ;  
 And all with shame confess their own.



## VII.

O then! what int'rest shall I make  
 To save my last important stake, 20  
 When the most just have cause to quake?

## VIII.

Thou mighty formidable King!  
 Thou mercy's unexhausted spring!  
 Some comfortable pity bring.

## IX.

Forget not what my ransom cost, 25  
 Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,  
 In storms of guilty terror tost.

## X.

Thou who for me didst feel such pain,  
 Whose precious blood the cross did stain,  
 Let not those agonies be vain. 30

## XI.

Thou whom avenging pow'rs obey,  
 Cancel my debt (too great to pay)  
 Before the sad accounting-day.

## XII.

Surrounded with amazing fears,  
 Whose load my soul with anguish bears, 35  
 I sigh, I weep : accept my tears.

## XIII.

'Thou who wert mov'd with Mary's grief,  
 And, by absolving of the thief,  
 Hast given me hope, now give relief.

## XIV.

Reject not my unworthy pray'r; 40  
 Preserve me from that dang'rous snare  
 Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.

## XV.

Give my exalted soul a place  
 Among thy chosen right-hand race,  
 'The sons of God, and heirs of grace. 45

## XVI.

From that insatiable abyfs,  
 Where flames devour and serpents hiss,  
 Promote me to thy seat of blifs.

## XVII.

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,  
 My God! my Father! and my Friend! 50  
 Do not forsake me in my end.

## XVIII.

Well may they curse their second breath  
 Who rise to a reviving death;  
 Thou! great Creator of mankind!  
 Let guilty man compassion find. 55

## A PROSPECT OF DEATH.

## I.

SINCE we can die but once, and after death  
 Our state no alteration knows,  
 But when we have resign'd our breath  
 Th' immortal spirit goes  
 To endless joys or everlasting woes; 5  
 Wise is that man who labours to secure  
 That mighty and important stake,  
 And by all methods strives to make  
 His passage safe, and his reception sure.  
 Merely to die no man of reason fears, 10  
 For certainly we must,  
 As we are born, return to dust;  
 'Tis the last point of many ling'ring years:  
 But whither then we go,  
 Whither we fain would know, 15  
 But human understanding cannot show:  
 This makes us tremble, and creates  
 Strange apprehensions in the mind,  
 Fills it with restless doubts and wild debates,  
 Concerning what we, living, cannot find. 20  
 None know what death is but the dead,  
 Therefore we all by nature dying dread,  
 As a strange doubtful way we know not how to tread,

## II.

When to the margin of the grave we come,  
 And scarce have one black painful hour to live, 25  
 No hopes, no prospect, of a kind reprieve  
 To stop our speedy passage to the tomb,  
 How moving and how mournful is the sight!  
 How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous sad!  
 Where then is refuge, where is comfort, to be had 30  
 In the dark minutes of the dreadful night  
 'To cheer our drooping souls for their amazing flight?  
 Feeble and languishing in bed we lie,  
 Despairing to recover, void of rest,  
 Wishing for death, and yet afraid to die; 35  
 'Terrors and doubts distract our breast,  
 With mighty agonies and mighty pains oppress'd.

## III.

Our face is moisten'd with a clammy sweat;  
 Faint and irregular the pulses beat;  
 The blood unactive grows, 40  
 And thickens as it flows,  
 Depriv'd of all its vigour, all its vital heat.  
 Our dying eyes roll heavily about,  
 Their lights just going out,  
 And for some kind assistance call; 45  
 But pity, usefess pity, is all  
 Our weeping friends can give  
 Or we receive;  
 Tho' their desires are great their pow'rs are small.

The tongue 's unable to declare 50  
 The pains, the griefs, the miseries, we bear.  
 How insupportable our torments are!  
 Music no more delights our deaf'ning ears,  
 Restores our joys, or dissipates our fears,  
 But all is melancholy, all is sad, 55  
 In robes of deepest mourning clad;  
 For ev'ry faculty and ev'ry sense  
 Partakes the woe of this dire exigence.

## IV.

Then we are sensible too late  
 'Tis no advantage to be rich or great; 60  
 For all the fulsome pride and pageantry of state  
 No consolation brings;  
 Riches and honours then are usefess things,  
 Tasteless or bitter all,  
 And like the book which the Apostle ate, 65  
 To their ill-judging palate sweet,  
 But turn at last to nauseousness and gall!  
 Nothing will then our drooping spirits cheer  
 But the remembrance of good actions past:  
 Virtue's a joy that will for ever last, 70  
 And make pale Death less terrible appear;  
 Takes out his baneful sting, and palliates our fear.  
 In the dark antichamber of the grave  
 What would we give, even all we have,  
 All that our care and industry had gain'd, 75  
 All that our fraud, our policy, or art, obtain'd,

Could we recall those fatal hours again  
 Which we consum'd in senseless vanities,  
 Ambitious follies and luxurious ease; 79  
 For then they urge our terrors, and increase our pain.

## V.

Our friends and relatives stand weeping by,  
 Dissolv'd in tears to see us die,  
 And plunge into the deep abyss of wide eternity.  
 In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve,  
 Their sorrows cannot ours relieve. 85  
 They pity our deplorable estate,  
 But what, alas! can pity do  
 To soften the decrees of Fate?  
 Besides the sentence is irrevocable too.  
 All their endeavours to preserve our breath, 90  
 Tho' they do unsuccessful prove,  
 Shew us how much, how tenderly, they love,  
 But cannot cut off the entail of Death.  
 Mournful they look, and crowd about our bed;  
 One, with officious haste, 95  
 Brings us a cordial we want sense to taste;  
 Another softly raises up our head,  
 This wipes away the sweat, that, sighing, cries,  
 " See what convulsions, what strong agonies,  
 " Both soul and body undergo ! 100  
 " His pains no intermission know ;  
 " For ev'ry gasp of air he draws returns in sighs."

Each would his kind assistance lend  
 'To serve his dear relation or his dearer friend;  
 But still in vain with Destiny they all contend. 105

## VI.

Our father, pale with grief and watching grown,  
 Takes our cold hand in his and cries, " Adieu!  
 " Adieu, my Child! now I must follow you;"  
 'Then weeps, and gently lays it down.  
 Our sons, who in their tender years 110  
 Were objects of our cares and of our fears,  
 Come trembling to our bed, and, kneeling, cry,  
 " Bless us, O Father! now before you die;  
 " Bless us, and be you blest'd to all eternity!"  
 Our friend, whom equal to ourselves we love, 115  
 Compassionate and kind,  
 Cries, " Will you leave me here behind?  
 " Without me fly to the blest'd seats above?  
 " Without me did I say? Ah! no;  
 " Without thy friend thou can'st not go: 120  
 " For tho' thou leav'st me grov'ling here below,  
 " My soul with thee shall upward fly,  
 " And bear thy spirit company  
 " Thro' the bright passage of the yielding sky.  
 " Ev'n Death, that parts thee from thyself, shall be  
 " Incapable to separate 126  
 " (For 't is not in the pow'r of Fate)  
 " My friend, my best, my dearest, friend and me.

“ But since it must be so, farewell !  
 “ For ever ? No ; for we shall meet again, 130  
 “ And live like gods, tho’ now we die like men,  
 “ In the eternal regions where just spirits dwell.”

## VII.

The soul, unable longer to maintain  
 The fruitless and unequal strife,  
 Finding her weak endeavours vain 135  
 To keep the counterscarp of life,  
 By slow degrees retires more near the heart,  
 And fortifies that little fort  
 With all the kind artifices of art,  
 Botanic ligons guarding ev’ry part : 140  
 But Death, whose arms no mortal can repel,  
 A formal siege disdains to lay,  
 Summons his fierce battalions to the fray,  
 And in a minute forms the fœble citadel.  
 Sometimes we may capitulate, and he 145  
 Pretends to make a solid peace ;  
 But ’t is all sham, all artifice,  
 That we may negligent and careless be ;  
 For if his armies are withdrawn to-day,  
 And we believe no danger near, 150  
 But all is peaceable and all is clear,  
 His troops return some unsuspected way :  
 While in the soft embrace of Sleep we lie  
 The secret murderers stab us, and we die.



Since our first parents' fall  
 Inevitable Death descends on all,  
 A portion none of human race can miss;  
 But that which makes it sweet or bitter is  
 'The fears of misery or certain hope of bliss:  
 For when th' impenitent and wicked die,  
 Loaded with crimes and infamy, 160  
 If any sense at that sad time remains,  
 They feel amazing terrors, mighty pains,  
 The earnest of that vast stupendous woe  
 Which they to all eternity must undergo, 165  
 Confin'd in hell with everlasting chains.  
 Infernal spirits hover in the air  
 Like rav'nous wolves to seize upon their prey,  
 And hurry the departed souls away  
 'To the dark receptacles of Despair, 170  
 Where they must dwell till that tremendous day  
 When the loud trumpet calls them to appear  
 Before a Judge most terrible and most severe,  
 By whose just sentence they must go  
 'To everlasting pains and endless woe, 175  
 Which always are extreme, and always will be so.

## VIII.

But the good man, whose soul is pure,  
 Unspotted, regular, and free  
 From all the ugly stains of lust and villany,  
 Of mercy and of pardon sure, 180

Looks thro' the darknes of the gloomy night,  
 And sees the dawning of a glorious day;  
 Sees crowds of angels ready to convey  
 His soul, whene'er she takes her flight,  
 'To the surprising mansions of immortal light: 185  
 'Then the celestial guards around him stand,  
 Nor suffer the black demons of the air  
 'T' oppose his passage to the Promis'd Land,  
 Or terrify his thoughts with wild despair,  
 But all is calm within, and all without is fair. 190  
 His pray'rs, his charity, his virtues press  
 'To plead for mercy when he wants it most,  
 Not one of all the happy number 's lost;  
 And those bright advocates ne'er want success.  
 But when the soul 's releas'd from dull mortality, 195  
 She passes up in triumph thro' the sky,  
 Where she 's united to a glorious throng  
 Of angels, who, with a celestial song,  
 Congratulate her conquest as she flies along.

## IX.

If therefore all must quit the stage, 200  
 When, or how soon, we cannot know,  
 But, late or early, we are sure to go  
 In the fresh blood of youth or wither'd age,  
 We cannot take too sedulous a care  
 In this important grand affair; 205  
 For as we die we must remain;

Hereafter all our hopes are vain  
 To make our peace with Heav'n, or to return again.  
 The Heathen, who no better understood  
 Than what the light of Nature taught, declar'd 210.  
 No future miseries could be prepar'd  
 For the sincere, the merciful, the good;  
 But if there was a state of rest,  
 They should with the same happiness be bless'd  
 As the immortal gods, if gods there were, possess'd.  
 We have the promise of eternal Truth 216  
 Those who live well, and pious paths pursue,  
 To man and to their Maker true,  
 Let them expire in age or youth  
 Can never miss 220  
 Their way to everlasting bliss;  
 But from a world of misery and care  
 To mansions of eternal ease repair,  
 Where joy in full perfection flows,  
 No interruption, no cessation, knows,  
 But in a mighty circle round for ever goes. 226

ON

## MR. DRYDEN'S RELIGIO LAICI.

BEGONE, you slaves! you idle vermine! go,  
 Fly from the scourges, and your master know;  
 Let free impartial men from Dryden learn  
 Mysterious secrets of a high concern,

H ij

And weighty truths, solid convincing sense, 5  
 Explain'd by unaffected Eloquence.

What can you (Rev'rend Levi!) here take ill?  
 Men still had faults, and men will have them still;  
 He that hath none, and lives as angels do,  
 Must be an angel; but what 's that to you? 10

While mighty Lewis finds the Pope too great,  
 And dreads the yoke of his imposing seat,  
 Our sects a more tyrannic pow'r assume,  
 And would for scorpions change the rods of Rome;  
 'That church detain'd the legacy divine; 15  
 Fanatics cast the pearls of Heav'n to swine:  
 What then have honest thinking men to do  
 But chuse a mean between th' usurping two?

Nor can th' Egyptian Patriarch blame my Muse,  
 Which for his firmness does his heat excuse; 20  
 Whatever councils have approv'd his creed,  
 'The preface, sure, was his own act and deed.  
 Our church will have that preface read, you'll say;  
 'Tis true, but so she will th' Apocrypha,  
 And such as can believe them freely may. 25

But did that God, (so little understood)  
 Whose darling attribute is being good,  
 From the dark womb of the rude chaos bring  
 Such various creatures, and make man their king,  
 Yet leave his fav'rite man, his chiefest care, 30  
 More wretched than the vilest insects are?

O! how much happier and more safe are they?  
 If helpless millions must be doom'd a prey  
 To yelling Furies, and for ever burn  
 In that sad place from whence is no return, 35  
 For unbelief in one they never knew,  
 Or for not doing what they could not do!  
 The very fiends know for what crime they fell,  
 (And so do all their foll'wers that rebel);  
 If then a blind well-meaning Indian stray, 40  
 Shall the great gulf be shew'd him for the way?  
 For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,  
 Or the fall'n angels' rooms will be but ill supply'd.  
 That Christ, who at the great deciding day  
 (For he declares what he resolves to say) 45  
 Will damn the goats for their ill-natur'd faults,  
 And save the sheep for actions, not for thoughts,  
 Hath too much mercy to send men to hell  
 For humble charity and hoping well.  
 To what stupidity are zealots grown, 50  
 Whose inhumanity profusely shown,  
 In damning crowds of souls may damn their own. }  
 I'll err at least on the securer side,  
 A convert free from malice and from pride. 54

# THE PRAYER OF JEREMIAH

PARAPHRASED.

*Prophetically representing the passionate grief of the Jewish people for the loss of their town and sanctuary.*

## I.

STAND, sun of Justice! sov'reign God Most High!  
In Libra fix thy bench of equity,  
And weigh our case—  
Look down on earth, nay look as low again  
As we 're inferior to the rest of men; 5  
We wretched, once like thy archangels bright,  
Are cast down headlong with diminish'd light:  
So meteors fall, and as they downwards fly  
Leave a long train of less'ning light and die.

## II.

Then let that other smoother face of thine, 10  
'The sun of Justice, take its turn and shine;  
If not alone, at least to mix allays,  
And streak thy justice with alternate rays,  
To see and pity our distress; for, oh!  
As thou 'rt exalted our condition 's low. 15

## III.

Houses, estates, our temple, and our town,  
Which God and birthright long had made our own,  
'To barb'rous nations now are fall'n a prey,  
And we from all we love are torn away.  
Thus, early orphans whilst our fathers live, 20  
We know no comfort, they no comfort give:

Our mothers are but widows under chains  
 Of wedlock, and of all their nuptial gains  
 None of the mother but the pangs remains.  
 Famish'd with want, we wilds and deserts tread, 25  
 And, fainting, wander for our needful bread  
 Where wolves and tigers round in ambush lie,  
 And hosts with naked swords stand threat'ning by;  
 But keener hunger, more a beast of prey,  
 More sharp than these, more ravenous than they, }  
 Thro' swords, and wolves, and tigers, breaks our }  
 IV. [bitter way.]

The fowls, and beasts, and ev'ry sylvan kind, 32  
 Down to the meanest insects, Heav'n design'd  
 To be the slaves of man, were always free  
 Of waters, woods, and common air; but we, 35  
 We slaves, and beasts, and more than insects vile,  
 That half-born wanton on the banks of Nile,  
 Are glad to buy the leavings they can spare  
 Of waters, woods, and the more common air.

## V.

With loads of chains our foes pursue their stroke, 40  
 And lug our akeing necks beneath their yoke:  
 No intermission gives the weary breath,  
 But endless drudging drags us on to death.  
 Our cries ascend, and like a trumpet blow,  
 All Egypt and Assyria hear our woe: 45  
 Here nights we labour, there whole days we sweat,  
 And barely earn the heartless bread we eat.

## VI.

Our old forefathers finn'd, and are no more;  
 They pawn'd their children to defray their score.  
 O happy they! by death from suff'ring freed, 50  
 But all our fathers' scourges lash their seed.  
 Vengeance, at which great Sion's entrails shakes,  
 Shoots thro' the inmost of the soul, and rakes  
 Where pride lurks deepest, there we feel our pain,  
 Our slaves are masters, and our menials reign; 55  
 Whilst we, unrescu'd, send our cries around  
 'To seek relief, but no relief is found.

## VII.

Look on our cheeks, and in each furrow trace  
 A storm of famine driving on our face;  
 The scorching tempest lets its fury go, 60  
 And pours upon us in a burst of woe:  
 The signs of conscious guilt our brows impart,  
 Black as our sin, and harden'd as our heart.

## VIII.

From Sion's Mount the humble matrons cry,  
 With mournful echoes Judah's maids reply; 65  
 Our great ones fall beneath their sweeping hand,  
 Ev'n venerable Age cannot withstand  
 Their impious scoffs; our youth, in bloomy prime  
 Compell'd, submit to their indecent crime,  
 And children, 'whelm'd with labour, fall before  
 their time. 70

Thus prince and people, infancy and age,  
 Promisc'ous objects of an impious rage,



But serve to haunt us wherefoe'er we go  
With horrid scenes of universal woe.

## IX.

Old men no more in Sion's council fit, 75  
Nor young in concerts of her music meet;  
Such foolish change fond profligates devise,  
The old turn fingers, and the young advise;  
Perverted order to confusion runs,  
And all our dwindling music ends in groans. 80  
Sion! thy ancient glories are decay'd, }  
Thy laurels wither, and thy garlands fade; }  
Oh, Sin! 't is thou hast this destruction made. }

## X.

'Tis Sion then, 't is Sion we deplore,  
For her we grieve, for Sion is no more! 85  
Our eyes condole in tears, and jointly smart  
With all the anguish of an akeing heart;  
For who can hold to see the woful sight,  
All nations envy and the world's delight!  
Now grown a desert where the foxes range, 90  
And howling wolves lament the dismal change?

## XI.

But thou, unshaken God! shalt ever be;  
Thy throne stands fast upon eternity;  
Then must we thus by thee forsaken lie,  
Or, lost for ever, in oblivion die? 95  
Turn but to us, O Lord! we'll mend our ways;  
Oh! once restore the joys of ancient days:

Ev'n tho' we seem the outcasts of thy care,  
 Refuse of death, and gleanings of the war,  
 Resume the Father, and let sinners know  
 Thy mercy's greater than thy people's woe. 101

## S O N G.

*On a young lady who sung finely, and was afraid of a cold.*

WINTER! thy cruelty extend  
 Till fatal tempests swell the sea:  
 In vain let sinking pilots pray;  
 Beneath thy yoke let Nature bend,  
 Let piercing frost and lasting snow 5  
 Thro' woods and fields destruction sow!

Yet we unmov'd will sit and smile,  
 While you these lesser ills create,  
 These we can bear; but, gentle Fate!  
 And thou, blest'd Genius of our isle! 10  
 From Winter's rage defend her voice,  
 At which the list'ning gods rejoice.

May that celestial sound each day  
 With ecstasy transport our souls,  
 Whilst all our passions it controls, 15  
 And kindly drives our cares away!  
 Let no ungentle cold destroy  
 All taste we have of heav'nly joy! 18

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# PROLOGUES, &c.

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## PROLOGUE

### TO POMPEY. A TRAGEDY.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. CATH. PHILIPS,

*From the French of Monsieur Corneille, and acted at the  
theatre in Dublin.*

THE mighty rivals, whose destructive rage  
Did the whole world in civil arms engage,  
Are now agreed, and make it both their choice  
To have their fates determin'd by your voice.  
Cæsar from none but you will have his doom;      5  
He hates th' obsequious flatteries of Rome :  
He scorns where once he rul'd now to be try'd,  
And he hath rul'd in all the world beside.  
When he the Thames, the Danube, and the Nile,  
Had stain'd with blood, Peace flourish'd in this isle;  
And you alone may boast you never saw  
Cæsar till now, and now can give him law.

Great Pompey, too, comes as a suppliant here,  
But says he cannot now begin to fear :  
He knows your equal justice, and (to tell      15  
A Roman truth) he knows himself too well.

Success, 't is true, waited on Cæsar's side,  
 But Pompey thinks he conquer'd when he dy'd.  
 His fortune, when she prov'd the most unkind,  
 Chang'd his condition but not Cato's mind. 20  
 'Then of what doubt can Pompey's cause admit,  
 Since here so many Catos judging fit?

But you, bright Nymphs! give Cæsar leave to woo  
 The greatest wonder of the world but you,  
 And hear a Muse who has that hero taught 25  
 To speak as gen'rously as e'er he fought,  
 Whose eloquence from such a theme deters  
 All tongues but English, and all pens but her's.  
 By the just Fates your sex is doubly blest!  
 You conquer'd Cæsar, and you praise him best. 30

And you (illustrious Sir \*!) receive as due  
 A present Destiny reserv'd for you :  
 Rome, France, and England, join their forces here  
 'To make a poem worthy of your ear.  
 Accept it then, and on that Pompey's brow  
 Who gave so many crowns bestow one now. 36

\* To the Lord Lieutenant.

## A PROLOGUE

SPOKEN TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE DUKE OF YORK, AT EDINBURGH.

**F**OLLY and vice are easy to describe,  
 The common subjects of our scribbling tribe;  
 But when true virtues, with unclouded light,  
 All great, all royal, shine divinely bright,  
 Our eyes are dazzled, and our voice is weak;      5  
 Let England, Flanders, let all Europe, speak;  
 Let France acknowledge that her shaken throne  
 Was once supported, Sir! by you alone;  
 Banish'd from thence for an usurper's sake,  
 Yet trusted then with her last desp'rate stake:      10  
 When wealthy neighbours strove with us for pow'r,  
 Let the sea tell how in their fatal hour,  
 Swift as an eagle, our victorious prince,  
 Great Britain's genius, flew to her defence;  
 His name struck fear, his conduct won the day,      15  
 He came, he saw, he seiz'd, the struggling prey,  
 And while the heav'ns were fire and th' ocean blood,  
 Confirm'd our empire o'er the conquer'd flood.

Oh, happy Islands! if you knew your bliss,  
 Strong by the sea's protection, safe by his;      20

Express your gratitude the only way,  
And humbly own a debt too vast to pay :  
Let Fame aloud to future ages tell  
None e'er commanded, none obey'd, so well ;  
While this high courage, this undaunted mind, 25  
So loyal, so submissively resign'd,  
Proclaim that such a hero never springs  
But from the uncorrupted blood of kings. 28

## EPILOGUE

TO ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

*When acted in the theatre in Dublin.*

You 'ave seen to-night the glory of the East,  
 The man who all the then known world possest,  
 That kings in chains did Son of Ammon call,  
 And kingdoms thought divine, by treason fall.  
 Him Fortune only favour'd for her sport, 5  
 And when his conduct wanted her support  
 His empire, courage, and his boasted line,  
 Were all prov'd mortal by a slave's design.  
 Great Charles! whose birth has promis'd milder sway,  
 Whose awful nod all nations must obey, 10  
 Secur'd by higher pow'rs, exalted stands  
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;  
 Those miracles that guard his crowns declare  
 That Heav'n has form'd a monarch worth their care,  
 Born to advance the loyal, and depose 15  
 His own, his brother's, and his father's, foes.  
 Faction, that once made diadems her prey,  
 And stopp'd our prince in his triumphant way,  
 Fled like a mist before this radiant day. }  
 So when, in heav'n, the mighty rebels rose, 20  
 Proud, and resolv'd that empire to depose,  
 Angels fought first, but unsuccessful prov'd,  
 God kept the conquest for his best Belov'd;

At sight of such omnipotence they fly  
 Like leaves before autumnal winds, and die. 25  
 All who before him did ascend the throne  
 Labour'd to draw three restiff nations on;  
 He boldly drives them forward without pain;  
 They hear his voice and straight obey the rein.  
 Such terror speaks him destin'd to command; 30  
 We worship Jove with thunder in his hand,  
 But when his mercy without pow'r appears  
 We slight his altars, and neglect our pray'rs.  
 How weak in arms did Civil Discord shew!  
 Like Saul, she struck with fury at her foe, 35 }  
 When an immortal hand did ward the blow.  
 Her offspring, made the royal hero's scorn,  
 Like sons of Earth, all fell as soon as born.  
 Yet let us boast, for sure it is our pride, 39  
 When with their blood our neighbour lands were dy'd,  
 Ireland's untainted loyalty remain'd,  
 Her people guiltless, and her fields unstain'd. 42



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# TRANSLATIONS.

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## HORACE'S ART OF POETRY\*.

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*Scribendi recte, sapere est et principium et fons.*

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### PREFACE.

I HAVE seldom known a trick succeed, and will put none upon the reader, but tell him plainly that I think it could never be more seasonable than now to lay down such rules as, if they be observed, will make men write more correctly, and judge more discreetly. But Horace must be read seriously or not at all, for else the reader will not be the better for him, and I shall have lost my labour. I have kept as close as I could both to the meaning and the words of the author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive if he were alive; and I have often asked myself that question. I know this is a field,

*Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit Alumnus.*

But with all the respect due to the name of Ben. Johnson, to which no man pays more veneration than I, it cannot be denied that the constraint of rhyme, and a

\* Printed from Dr. Rawlinson's copy, corrected by the Earl of Roscommon's own hand.

literal translation, (to which Horace in this book declares himself an enemy) has made him want a comment in many places.

My chief care has been to write intelligibly, and where the Latin was obscure I have added a line or two to explain it.

I am below the envy of the critics; but if I durst I would beg them to remember that Horace owed his favour and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varius, that Fundanius and Pollio are still valued by what Horace says of them, and that, in their golden age, there was a good understanding among the ingenious, and those who were the most esteemed were the best-natured.

# HORACE

OF THE ART OF POETRY.

IF in a picture, Piso, you should see  
A handsome woman with a fish's tail,  
Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,  
Or limbs of beasts of the most diff'rent kinds  
Cover'd with feathers of all sorts of birds, 5  
Would you not laugh, and think the painter mad?  
Trust me that book is as ridiculous  
Whose incoherent style (like sick men's dreams)  
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.  
Painters and poets have been still allow'd 10

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## DE ARTE POETICA LIBER,

AD PISONES.

HUMANO capiti cervicem pictor equinam  
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,  
Undique collatis membris: ut turpiter atrum  
Definat in piscem mulier formosa superne:  
Spectatum admitti risum teneatis amici? 5  
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum  
Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ  
Fingentur species: ut nec pes nec caput uni  
Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus atque poetis

Their pencils and their fancies unconfin'd :  
 This privilege we freely give and take ;  
 But Nature and the common laws of sense  
 Forbid to reconcile antipathies,  
 Or make a snake engender with a dove, 15  
 And hung'ry tigers court the tender lambs.

Some, that at first have promis'd mighty things,  
 Applaud themselves when a few florid lines  
 Shine thro' th' insipid dulcness of the rest ;  
 Here they describe a temple or a wood, 20  
 Or streams that thro' delightful meadows run,  
 And there the rainbow or the rapid Rhine ;  
 But they misplace them all, and crowd them in,  
 And are as much to seek in other things  
 As he that only can design a tree 25

*Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas. 10*  
*Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.*  
*Sed non ut placidis cœant immitia, non ut*  
*Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.*

*Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis*  
*Purpureus, latè qui splendeat, unus et alter 15*  
*Affuitur pannus : quum lucus, et ara Dianæ*  
*Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,*  
*Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.*  
*Sed nunc non erat his locus : et fortasse cupressum*  
*Scis simulare. Quid hoc ? si fractis enatat exspes 20*

Would be to draw a shipwreck or a storm.

When you begin with so much pomp and show,

Why is the end so little and so low?

Be what you will, so you be still the same.

Most poets fall into the grossest faults, 30

Deluded by a seeming excellence :

By striving to be short they grow obscure,

And when they would write smoothly they want

Their spirits sink ; while others, that affect [strength ;

A lofty style, swell to a tympany. 35

Some tim'rous wretches start at ev'ry blast,

And, fearing tempests, dare not leave the shore ;

Others, in love with wild variety,

Draw boars in waves and dolphins in a wood.

Thus fear of erring, join'd with want of skill, 40

Is a most certain way of erring still.

Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur ? amphora cœpit

Institui ; currente rota cur urceus exit ?

Denique fit quod vis simplex duntaxat et unum.

Maxima pars vatum, pater, et juvenes patre digni,

Decipimur specie recti. brevis esse laboro, 25

Obscurus fio : sectantem levia, nervi

Deficiunt animique : professus grandia, turget :

Serpit humi tutus nimium, timidusque procellæ :

Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,

Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum. 30

In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.

The meanest workman in th' Æmilian square  
 May grave the nails, or imitate the hair,  
 But cannot finish what he hath begun:  
 What can be more ridiculous than he? 45  
 For one or two good features in a face,  
 Where all the rest are scandalously ill,  
 Make it but more remarkably deform'd.

Let poets match their subject to their strength,  
 And often try what weight they can support, 50  
 And what their shoulders are too weak to bear.  
 After a serious and judicious choice,  
 Method and eloquence will never fail.

As well the force as ornament of verse  
 Consist in chusing a fit time for things, 55

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Æmilium circa ludum faber imus et ungues  
 Exprimet, et molles imitabitur ære capillos:  
 Infelix operis summâ, quia ponere totum  
 Nesciet. hunc ego me, si quid componere curem, 35  
 Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso,  
 Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam  
 Viribus, et versate diu, quid ferre recusent,  
 Quid valeant humeri, cui lecta potenter erit res, 40  
 Nec facundia deferet hunc, nec lucidus ordo.

Ordinis hæc virtus erit et venus, aut ego fallor,  
 Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici

And knowing when a Muse may be indulg'd  
In her full flight, and when she should be curb'd.

Words must be chosen and be plac'd with skill:

You gain your point when by the noble art  
Of good connexion an unusual word 60

Is made at first familiar to our ear;  
But if you write of things abstruse or new,  
Some of your own inventing may be us'd,  
So it be seldom and discreetly done:

But he that hopes to have new words allow'd, 65  
Must so derive them from the Grecian spring,

As they may seem to flow without constraint.

Can an impartial reader discommend

In Varius or in Virgil what he likes

In Plautus or Cæcilius? Why should I 70

*Pleraque differat, et præsens in tempus omittat.*

*Hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carminis auctor.* 45

*In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque ferendis:*

*Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum*

*Reddiderit junctura novum. si fortè necesse est*

*Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum,*

*Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis* 50

*Continget: dabiturque licentia sumta pudenter.*

*Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si*

*Græco fonte cadant, parce detorta. quid autem*

*Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus ademtum*

*Virgilio Varioque? ego, cur acquirere pauca* 55

Be envy'd for the little I invent,  
 When Ennius and Cato's copious style  
 Have so enrich'd and so adorn'd our tongue?  
 Men ever had, and ever will have, leave  
 To coin new words well suited to the age. 75  
 Words are like leaves, some wither ev'ry year,  
 And ev'ry year a younger race succeeds.  
 Death is a tribute all things owe to Fate;  
 The Lucrine mole (Cæsar's stupendous work)  
 Protects our navies from the raging north; 80  
 And (since Cethegus drain'd the Pentine lake)  
 We plough and reap where former ages row'd.  
 See how the Tiber (whose licentious waves  
 So often overflow'd the neighb'ring fields)  
 Now runs a smooth and inoffensive course, 85

Si possum, invideor? quum lingua Catonis et Ennii  
 Sermonem patrium ditaverit, et nova rerum  
 Nomina protulerit? licuit, semperque licebit,  
 Signatum præfente nota procudere nomen.  
 Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos, 60  
 Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit ætas,  
 Et juvenum ritu florent modò nata, vigentque.  
 Debemur morti nos, nostraque; sive receptus  
 Terra Neptunus classes aquilonibus arcet,  
 Regis opus; sterilisve diu palus, aptaque remis, 65  
 Vicinas urbes alit, et grave sentit aratrum:  
 Seu cursam mutavit iniquum frugibus annis,



Confin'd by our great Emperor's command :  
 Yet this, and they, and all, will be forgot ;  
 Why then should words challenge eternity,  
 When greatest men and greatest actions die ?  
 Use may revive the obsoletest words, 90  
 And banish those that now are most in vogue.  
 Use is the judge, the law, and rule of speech.

Homer first taught the world in epic-verse  
 To write of great commanders and of kings.

Elegies were at first design'd for grief, 95  
 Tho' now we use them to express our joy ;  
 But to whose Muse we owe that sort of verse  
 Is undecided by the men of skill.

Rage with Iambics arm'd Archilochus,  
 Numbers for dialogue and action fit, 100

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*Doctus iter melius. mortalia facta peribunt,  
 Nedum sermonum stet honos, et gratia vivax.  
 Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidère, cadentque, 70  
 Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,  
 Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.*

*Res gestæ regumque ducumque, et tristia bella,  
 Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.*

*Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primùm,  
 Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos. 76  
 Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiserit auctor,  
 Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est.*

*Archilochum proprio rabies armavit Iambo.*

And favourites of the dramatic Muse;  
 Fierce, lofty, rapid, whose commanding sound  
 Awe's the tumultuous noises of the pit,  
 And whose peculiar province is the stage.

Gods, heroes, conquerors, Olympic crowns, 105  
 Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine,  
 Are proper subjects for the lyric song.

Why is he honour'd with a Poet's name  
 Who neither knows nor would observe a rule,  
 And chuses to be ignorant and proud, 110  
 Rather than own his ignorance and learn?  
 Let ev'ry thing have its due place and time.

A comic subject loves an humble verse;  
 Thyestes scorns a low and comic style;

Hunc focci cepere pedem grandæque cœthurni, 80  
 Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares  
 Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.

Musa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque deorum,  
 Et pugilem victorem, et equum certamine primum,  
 Et juvenam curas, et libera vina referte. 85

Descriptas fervare vices, operumque colores  
 Cur ego, & nequos ignoroque, Poëta salutor?  
 Cur nescire, pudens prave, quam discere, malo?

Verfibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult;  
 Indignatur item privatis ac prope focco 90  
 Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyestæ.  
 Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.

Yet Comedy sometimes may raise her voice, 115  
 And Chremes be allow'd to foam and rail.  
 Tragedians, too, lay by their state to grieve;  
 Peleus and Telephus, exil'd and poor,  
 Forget their swelling and gigantic words.  
 He that would have spectators share his grief 120  
 Must write not only well but movingly,  
 And raise men's passions to what height he will.  
 We weep and laugh as we see others do:  
 He only makes me sad who shews the way,  
 And first is sad himself: then, Telephus! 125  
 I feel the weight of your calamities,  
 And fancy all your miseries my own,  
 But if you act them ill I sleep or laugh;

---

Interdum tamen et vocem Comœdia tollit,  
 Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore:  
 Et tragicus plerumque dolêt sermone pedestri. 95  
 Telephus et Peleus, quam p̄auper et exul uterque,  
 Projicit ampullas, et sesquipedalia verba,  
 Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.  
 Non satis est pulcra esse poëmata: dulcia sunt,  
 Et quocumque volent, animam auditoris agunt.  
 Ut ridētibus arrident, ita flentibus adsient 101  
 Humani vultus. si vis me flere, dolendam est  
 Primum ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia lædent,  
 Telephe, vel Peleu: malè si mandata loquēris,  
 Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. tristia mœstum 105

Your looks must alter as your subject does,  
 From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe; 130  
 For Nature forms and softens us within,  
 And writes our fortune's changes in our face.  
 Pleasure enchants, impetuous rage transports,  
 And grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd soul,  
 And these are all interpreted by speech; 135  
 But he whose words and fortunes disagree,  
 Absurd, unpity'd, grows a public jest.  
 Observe the characters of those that speak,  
 Whether an honest servant or a cheat,  
 Or one whose blood boils in his youthful veins, 140  
 Or a grave matron, or a busy nurse,  
 Extorting merchants, careful husbandmen,  
 Argives or Thebans, Asians or Greeks.

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Vultum verba decent: iratum, plena minarum:  
 Ludentem, lasciva: severum, seria dictu.  
 Format enim Natura prius nos intus ad omnem  
 Fortunarum habitum: juvat, aut impellit ad iram  
 Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, et angit: 110  
 Post effert animi motus interprete linguâ.  
 Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,  
 Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.  
 Intererit multum divusne loquatur an heros:  
 Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente juventâ 115  
 Fervidus: an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix:  
 Mercatorne vagus, cultorve virentis agelli:  
 Colchus, an Assyrius: Thebis nutritus, an Argis.

Follow report, or feign coherent things ;  
 Describe Achillès as Achilles was, 145  
 Impatient, rash, inexorable, proud,  
 Scorning all judges, and all law but arms :  
 Medea must be all revenge and blood,  
 Ino all tears, Ixion all deceit,  
 Io must wander, and Orestes mourn. 150

If your bold Muse dare tread unbeaten paths,  
 And bring new characters upon the stage,  
 Be sure you keep them up to their first height.  
 New subjects are not easily explain'd,  
 And you had better chuse a well-known theme 155  
 Than trust to an invention of your own ;  
 For what originally others writ  
 May be so well disguis'd and so improv'd,

*Aut famum sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge  
 Scriptor. honoratum si forte reponis Achillem : 120  
 Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,  
 Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.  
 Sit Medea ferox, invictaque : flebilis Ino,  
 Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.*

*Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, et audes 125  
 Personam formare novam, servetur ad inum  
 Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.  
 Difficile est proprie communia dicere : tuque  
 Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,  
 Quàm si proferres ignota indictaque primus. 130*

That with some justice it may pass for your's;  
 But then you must not copy trivial things, 160  
 Nor word for word too faithfully translate,  
 Nor (as some servile imitators do)  
 Prescribe at first such strict uneasy rules  
 As you must ever slavishly observe,  
 Or all the laws of decency renounce. 165

Begin not as th' old poetaster did,  
 "Troy's famous war, and Priam's fate, I sing."  
 In what will all this ostentation end?  
 'The lab'ring mountain scarce brings forth a mouse:  
 How far is this from the Mæonian style? 170  
 "Muse! speak the man who, since the siege of Troy,  
 "So many towns, such change of manners, saw."  
 One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke,

*Publicæ materies privati juris erit, si  
 Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem :  
 Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus  
 Interpres : nec desilies imitator in arctum,  
 Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lcx.  
 Nec si incipies, ut scriptor Cyclicus olim : 136  
 "Fortunam Priami cantabo et nobile bellum."  
 Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?  
 Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.  
 Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur ineptè : 140  
 (Dic mihi, Musa, virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,  
 Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.)*

The other out of smoke brings glorious light,  
 And (without raising expectation high) 175  
 Surprises us with daring miracles,  
 The bloody Lestrygons, Charybdis' gulf,  
 And frighted Greeks, who near the Ætna shore  
 Hear Scylla bark and Polyphemus roar.  
 He doth not trouble us with Leda's eggs 180  
 When he begins to write the Trojan war;  
 Nor, writing the return of Diomed,  
 Go back as far as Meleager's death:  
 Nothing is idle; each judicious line  
 Insensibly acquaints us with the plot; 185  
 He chuses only what he can improve,  
 And truth and fiction are so aptly mix'd  
 That all seems uniform and of a piece.  
 Now hear what ev'ry auditor expects,

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem  
 Cogitat: ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat:  
 Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Charybdi-  
 Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri, 146  
 Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo:  
 Semper ad eventum festinat: et in medias res,  
 Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit: et quæ  
 Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit: 150  
 Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,  
 Primo ne medium, medeo ne discrepet inum.  
 Tu, quid ego, et populus mecum desideret, audi.

If you intend that he should stay to hear 190  
 The epilogue, and see the curtain fall :  
 Mind how our tempers alter in our years,  
 And by that rule form all your characters.  
 One that hath newly learn'd to speak and go  
 Loves childish plays, is soon provok'd and pleas'd, 195  
 And changes ev'ry hour his wav'ring mind.  
 A youth that first casts off his tutor's yoke  
 Loves horses, hounds, and sport, and exercise,  
 Prone to all vice, impatient of reproof,  
 Proud, careless, fond, inconstant, and profuse. 200  
 Gain and ambition rule our riper years,  
 And make us slaves to interest and pow'r.

---

Si plausoris eges aulæa manentis, et usque  
 Sessuri, donec cantor, vos plaudite, dicat : 155  
 Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores :  
 Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus et annis.  
 Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, et pede certo  
 Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, et iram  
 Colligit ac ponit temerè et mutatur in horas. 160  
 Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,  
 Gaudet equis canibusque et aprici gramine campi :  
 Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper :  
 Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris :  
 Sublimis, cupidusque et amata relinquere pernix. 165  
 Conversis studiis ætas animusque virilis  
 Quærit opes et amicitias, infervit honori :



Old men are only walking hospitals,  
 Where all defects and all diseases crowd  
 With restless pain, and more tormenting fear, 205  
 Lazy, morose, full of delays and hopes,  
 Oppress'd with riches which they dare not use;  
 Ill-natur'd censurs of the present age,  
 And fond of all the follies of the past :  
 Thus all the treasure of our flowing years 210  
 Our ebb of life for ever takes away.  
 Boys must not have th' ambitious care of men,  
 Nor men the weak anxieties of age.  
 Some things are acted, others only told;  
 But what we hear moves less than what we see. 215

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Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare laboret.  
 Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda : vel quod  
 Quærit, et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti : 170  
 Vei quod res omnes timidè gelidèque ministrat,  
 Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusque futuri,  
 Difficilis, querulus : laudator temporis acti  
 Se puero, censor castigatorque minorum.  
 Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum, 175  
 Multa recedentes adimunt. ne fortè seniles  
 Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles,  
 Semper in adjunctis ævoque morabimur aptis.  
 Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.  
 Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem, 180

Spectators only have their eyes to trust,  
 But auditors must trust their ears and you;  
 Yet there are things improper for a scene,  
 Which men of judgment only will relate.  
 Medea must not draw her murd'ring knife, 220  
 And spill her children's blood, upon the stage,  
 Nor Atreus there his horrid feast prepare.  
 Cadmus and Progné's metamorphosis,  
 (She to a swallow turn'd, he to a snake)  
 And whatsoever contradicts my sense 225  
 I hate to see, and never can believe.

Five acts are the just measure of a play.  
 Never presume to make a god appear  
 But for a bus'ness worthy of a god;  
 And in one scene no more than three should speak.

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Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ  
 Ipse sibi tradit spectator. Non tamen intus  
 Digna geri, promes in scenam: multaque tolles  
 Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.  
 Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet; 185  
 Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus:  
 Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.  
 Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.  
 Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu  
 Fabula, quæ posci vult, et spectata reponi. 190  
 Nec deus interfit, nisi dignus vindici nodus  
 Inciderit: nec quarta loqui persona laboret.

A chorus should supply what action wants, 231  
 And hath a generous and manly part,  
 Bridles wild rage, loves rigid honesty,  
 And strict observance of impartial laws,  
 Sobriety, security, and peace, 235  
 And begs the gods, who guide blind Fortune's wheel,  
 To raise the wretched and pull down the proud :  
 But nothing must be sung between the acts  
 But what some way conduces to the plot.  
 First the shrill found of a small rural pipe 240  
 (Not loud like trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)  
 Was entertainment for the infant stage,  
 And pleas'd the thin and bashful audience  
 Of our well-meaning frugal ancestors ;

Actoris partes chorus officiumque virile  
 Defendat : neu quid medios intercinat actus,  
 Quod non proposito conducat et hæreat apertè. 195  
 Ille bonis faveatque, et concilietur amicis :  
 Et regat iratos, et amet peccare timentes :  
 Ille dapes laudet mensæ brevis, ille salubrem  
 Justitiam, legesque, et apertis otia portis :  
 Ille tegat commissa : deosque precetur et oret 200  
 Ut redeat miseris, abeat Fortuna superbis.

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vincta, tubæque  
 Æmula, sed tenuis simplexque, foramine pauco  
 Aspirare, et adesse choris erat utilis, atque  
 Nondum spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu, 205

But when our walls and limits were enlarg'd, 245  
 And men (grown wanton by prosperity)  
 Study'd new arts of luxury and ease,  
 The verse, the music, and the scene, is improv'd;  
 For how should ignorance be judge of wit,  
 Or men of sense applaud the jests of fools? 250  
 Then came rich clothes and graceful action in,  
 Then instruments were taught more moving notes,  
 And Eloquence with all her pomp and charms  
 Foretold us useful and sententious truths,  
 As those deliver'd by the Delphic god. 255  
 The first tragedians found that serious style

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Quò sanè populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,  
 Et frugi, castusque verecundusque coibat.  
 Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, et urbem  
 Latior amplecti murus: vinoque diurno  
 Placari genius festis impunè diebus, 210  
 Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.  
 Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberque laborum  
 Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?  
 Sic priscaë motumque et luxuriam addidit arti  
 Tibicen: traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem. 215  
 Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,  
 Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia præceptis:  
 Utiliumque sagax rerum, et divina futuri  
 Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.  
 Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,

Too grave for their uncultivated age,  
 And so brought wild and naked Satyrs in,  
 Whose motion; words, and shape, were all a farce,  
 (As oft' as decency would give them leave) 260  
 Because the mad ungovernable rout,  
 Full of confusion, and the fumes of wine,  
 Lov'd such variety and antic tricks :  
 But then they did not wrong themselves so much  
 To make a god, a hero, or a king, 265  
 (Strip'd of his golden crown and purple robe)  
 Descend to a mechanic dialect,  
 Nor (to avoid such meanness) soaring high  
 With empty sound and airy notions fly ;  
 For Tragedy should blush as much to stoop 270  
 To the low mimic follies of a farce,

Mox etiam agrestes Satyros nudavit, et asper 221  
 Incolumi gravitate jocumtentavit : eo quod  
 Illecebris erat et grata novitate morandus  
 Spectator, functusque sacris, et potus, et exlex.  
 Verum ita riores, ita commendare dicaces 225  
 Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere seria ludo :  
 Ne, quicumque deus, quicumque adhibebitur heros,  
 Regali conspectus in auro nuper et ostro,  
 Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas :  
 Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes et inania captet. 230  
 Effutire leves indigna Tragœdia versus :  
 Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus,

As a grave matron would to dance with girls.  
 You must not think that a satiric style  
 Allows of scandalous and brutish words,  
 Or the confounding of your characters. 275  
 Begin with truth, then give invention scope,  
 And if your style be natural and smooth,  
 All men will try and hope to write as well,  
 And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd.  
 So much good method and connexion may 280  
 Improve the common and the plainest things:  
 A Satyr that comes staring from the woods  
 Must not at first speak like an orator;  
 But tho' his language should not be refin'd,

*Intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.  
 Non ego inornata et dominantia nomina solùm,  
 Verbaque, Pisones, satyrarum scriptor amabo : 235  
 Nec sic enitar tragico differre colori,  
 Ut nihil intersit Davusne loquatur, et audax  
 Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone talentum :  
 An custos famulusque dei Silenus alumni.  
 Ex noto fictum cœrmen sequar : ut sibi quis 240  
 Speret idem : sudet multum, frustra que laboret  
 Aufus idem. tantum series juncturaque pollet,  
 Tantum de medio sumtis accedit honoris.  
 Sylvis deducti caveant, me iudice, Fauni,  
 Ne, velut innati triviis, ac penè forenses, 245  
 Aut nimiùm teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,*

It must not be obscene and impudent; 285  
 The better sort abhors scurrility,  
 And often censures what the rabble likes.  
 Unpolish'd verses pass with many men,  
 And Rome is too indulgent in that point;  
 But then to write at a loose rambling rate, 290  
 In hope the world will wink at all our faults,

Aut immunda crepent ignominiosaque dicta.  
 Offenduntur enim quibus est equus et pater et res:  
 Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat et nucis emtor,  
 Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve corona. 250  
 Syllaba longa breva subjecta, vocatur iambus,  
 Pes citus; unde etiam trimetris accrescere jussit  
 Nomen iambis: quum senos redderet ictus, —  
 Primus ad extremum similis sibi. non ita pridem,  
 Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures, 255  
 Spondeos stabiles in jura paterna recepit  
 Commodus et patiens: non ut de sede secunda  
 Cederet aut quarta socialiter. hic et in Acci  
 Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, et Ennî.  
 In scenam missos magno cum pondere versus, 260  
 Aut operæ celeris nimium, curaque carentis,  
 Aut ignoratæ premit artis crimine turpi.  
 Non quivis videt immodulata poemata judex:  
 Et data Romanis venia est indigna poetis.  
 Idcircone vager, scribamque licenter? an omnes 265  
 Visuros peccata putem mea, tutus et intra

Is such a rash ill-grounded confidence  
 As men may pardon, but will never praise.  
 Be perfect in the Greek originals;  
 Read them by day, and think of them by night. 295  
 But Plautus was admir'd in former time  
 With too much patience, (not to call it worse)  
 His harsh unequal verse was music then,  
 And rudeness had the privilege of wit.

When Thespis first expos'd the Tragic Muse, 300  
 Rude were the actors, and a cart the scene,  
 Where ghastly faces, stain'd with lees of wine,  
 Frighted the children and amus'd the crowd;  
 This Æschylus (with indignation) saw,  
 And built a stage, found out a decent dress, 305

Spem veniæ cautus? vitavi denique culpam,  
 Non laudem merui. vos exemplaria Græca  
 Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.  
 At nostri proavi Plautinos et numeros et 270  
 Laudavere sales: nimium patienter utrumque,  
 Ne dicam stulte, mirati: si modo ego et vos  
 Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,  
 Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus et aure.

Ignotum Tragicæ genus invenisse Camœnæ 275  
 Dicitur, et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis:  
 Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti sæcibus ora.  
 Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ  
 Æschylus, et modicis instravit pulpita tignis,



Brought vizards in, (a civiler disguise)  
 And taught men how to speak and how to act.  
 Next Comedy appear'd with great applause,  
 Till her licentious and abusive tongue  
 Waken'd the magistrate's coercive pow'r, 310  
 And forc'd it to suppress her insolence.

Our writers have attempted ev'ry way;  
 And they deserve our praise whose daring Muse  
 Disdain'd to be beholden to the Greeks,  
 And found fit subjects for her verse at home. 315  
 Nor should we be less famous for our wit  
 Than for the force of our victorious arms;  
 But that the time and care that are requir'd

Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno. 280  
 Successit vetus his comœdia, non sine multa  
 Laude: sed in vitium libertas excidit, et vim  
 Dignam lege regi. lex est accepta: chorusque  
 Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.

Nil intentatum nostri liquere poëtæ: 285  
 Nec minimum meruère decus, vestigia Græca  
 Ausi deferere, et celebrare domestica facta:  
 Vel qui prætextas, vel qui docuère togatas.  
 Nec virtute foret clarifve potentius armis,  
 Quam lingua, Latium: si non offenderet unum- 290  
 Quemque poëtarum limæ labor et mora. Vos ô  
 Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite quod non  
 Multa diēs et multa litura coërcuit, atque

To overlook, and file, and polish well,  
Fright poets from that necessary toil. 320

Democritus was so in love with wit,  
And some men's natural impulse to write,  
That he despis'd the help of art and rules,  
And thought none poets till their brains were crackt ;  
And this hath so intoxicated some, 325

'That (to appear incorrigibly mad)  
They cleanliness and company renounce  
For lunacy beyond the cure of art ;  
With a long beard, and ten long dirty nails,  
Pass current for Apollo's livery. 330

O! my unhappy stars! if in the spring  
Some physic had not cur'd me of the spleen,  
None would have writ with more success than I ;  
But I must rest contented as I am,

Perfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.

Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte 295  
Credit, et excludit sanos Helicone poëtas

Democritus : bona pars non unguis ponere curat,  
Non barbam : secreta petit loca, balnea vitat.

Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque poëtæ,  
Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam 300

Tonfori Licino commiserit. ô ego lævus,

Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam!

Non alius faceret meliora poëmata. verum

Nil tanti est. ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum

And only servè to whet that wit in you 335  
 To which I willingly resign my claim.  
 Yet without writing I may teach to write,  
 Tell what the duty of a poet is,  
 Wherein his wealth and ornaments consist,  
 And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd, 340  
 What fit, what not, what excellent or ill.

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well;  
 And when Philosophy directs your choice  
 To proper subjects rightly understood,  
 Words from your pen will naturally flow; 345  
 He only gives the proper characters  
 Who knows the duty of all ranks of men,  
 And what we owe our country, parents, friends,  
 How judges and how senators should act,  
 And what becomes a general to do: 350

Reddere que ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi: 305  
 Munus et officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo:  
 Unde parentur opes: quid alat formetque poëtam:  
 Quid deceat, quid non: quo virtus, quo ferrat error.  
 Scribendi rectè, sapere est et principium et fons.  
 Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ: 310  
 Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.  
 Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis:  
 Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus et hospes:  
 Quod sit conscripti, quod judicis officium: quæ  
 Partes in bellum missi ducis: ille profecto 315

Those are the likeſt copies which are drawn  
 By the original of human life.  
 Sometimes in rough and undigeſted plays  
 We meet with ſuch a lucky character  
 As, being humour'd right, and well purſu'd, 355  
 Succéds much better than the ſhallow verſe  
 And chiming trifles of more ſtudioſus pens.

Greece had a genius, Greece had eloquence,  
 For her ambition and her end was fame.  
 Our Roman youth is diligently taught 360  
 The deep myſterious art of growing rich,  
 And the firſt words that children learn to ſpeak  
 Are of the value of the names of coin.  
 Can a penurious wretch, that with his milk  
 Hath ſuck'd the baſeſt dregs of uſury, 365

Reddere perſonæ ſcit convenientia cuique.  
 Reſpicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo  
 Doctum imitatoreſ, et veras hinc ducere voces.  
 Interdum ſpecioſa locis morataque rectè  
 Fabula, nullius veneris, ſine pondere et arte, 320  
 Valdiùs oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,  
 Quam verſus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

Græcis ingenium, Græcis dedit ore rotundo  
 Muſa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris.  
 Romani pueri longis rationibus aſſem 325  
 Diſcunt in partes centum diducere. dicat  
 Filius Albiſi, ſi de quincunce remota eſt

Pretend to gen'rous and heroic thoughts?  
 Can rust and avarice write lasting lines?  
 But you, brave youth! wise Numa's worthy heir,  
 Remember of what weight your judgment is,  
 And never venture to commend a book 370  
 That has not pass'd all judges and all tests.

A poet should instruct, or please, or both:  
 Let all your precepts be succinct and clear,  
 That ready wits may comprehend them soon,  
 And faithful memories retain them long; 375  
 All superfluities are soon forgot.  
 Never be so conceited of your parts  
 To think you may persuade us what you please,  
 Or venture to bring in a child alive

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Uncia, quid superat? Poteras dixisse, triens. eu,  
 Rem poteris servare tuam. redit uncia: quid sit?  
 Semis. At hæc animos ærugo et cura peculi 330  
 Quum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi  
 Possè linenda cedro, et levi servanda cupresso?

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ,  
 Aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.  
 Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis: ut cito dicta 335  
 Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.  
 Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.  
 Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris.  
 Nec, quodcumque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi:

That Canibals have murder'd and devour'd. 380  
 Old age explodes all but morality;  
 Austerity offends aspiring youths;  
 But he that joins instruction with delight,  
 Profit with pleasure, carries all the votes:  
 These are the volumes that enrich the shops, 385  
 'These pass with admiration thro' the world,  
 And bring their author to eternal fame.

Be not too rigidly censorious;  
 A string may jar in the best master's hand,  
 And the most skilful archer miss his aim: 390  
 But in a poem elegantly writ  
 I would not quarrel with a slight mistake,

---

Neu pransæ Lamix vivum puerum extrahat alvo. 340  
 Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis,  
 Celsi prætereunt austerâ poëmata Rhamnes.  
 Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,  
 Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.  
 Hic meret æra liber Sosis: hic et mare transit, 345  
 Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.

Sunt delicta tamèn quibus ignovisse velimus.  
 Nam neque chorda sonum reddit quem vult manus  
 et mens,  
 Poscentique gravem persæpe remittit acutum:  
 Nec semper feriet quodcumque minabitur arcus. 350  
 Verùm ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis

Such as our nature's frailty may excuse;  
 But he that hath been often told his fault,  
 And still persists, is as impertinent  
 As a musician that will always play,  
 And yet is always out at the same note:  
 When such a positive abandon'd fop  
 (Among his numerous absurdities)  
 Stumbles upon some tolerable line,  
 I fret to see them in such company,  
 And wonder by what magic they came there.  
 But in long works sleep will sometimes surprize:  
 Homer himself hath been observ'd to nod.  
 Poems, like pictures, are of different sorts,  
 Some better at a distance, others near;  
 Some love the dark, some chuse the clearest light,

Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,  
 Aut humana parum cavit Natura. quid ergo?  
 Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,  
 Quamvis est monitus, veniâ caret: et citharædus  
 Ridetur, chordâ qui semper oberrat eâdem: 356  
 Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, fit Chærilus ille,  
 Quem bis terque bonum, cum risu miror: et idem  
 Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.  
 Verùm opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum. 360  
 Ut pictura, pœsis erit, quæ, si propius stes,  
 Te capiet magis: et quædam, si longius abstes.  
 Hæc amat obscurum, volet hæc sub luce videri,

And boldly challenge the most piercing eye;  
Some please for once, some will for ever please.

But, Piso! (tho' your knowledge of the world, 410  
Join'd with your father's precepts, make you wise)

Remember this as an important truth:  
Some things admit of mediocrity;

A counsellor or pleader at the bar  
May want Messala's pow'rful eloquence, 415

Or be less read than deep Cassellius;  
Yet this indiff'rent lawyer is esteem'd;

But no authority of gods nor men  
Allow of any mean in poesy.

As an ill concert and a coarse perfume 420  
Disgrace the delicacy of a feast,

And might with more discretion have been spar'd;

Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen:

Hæc placuit semel, hæc decies repetita placebit. 365

O major juvenum, quamvis et voce paternâ

Fingeris ad rectum, et per te sapis, hoc tibi dictum

Tolle memor: certis medium et tolerabile rebus

Rectè concedi. consultus juris, et actor

Causarum mediocris, abest virtute disertis 370

Messalæ, nec scit quantum Cassellius Aulus:

Sed tamen in pretio est: mediocribus esse poëtis

Non homines, non dî, non concessere columnæ.

Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors, 374

Et crassum unguentum et Sardo cum melle papaver,



Se poesy, whose end is to delight,  
Admits of no degrees, but must be still  
Sublimely good or despicably ill. 425

In other things men have some reason left,  
And one that cannot dance, or fence, or run,  
Despairing of success, forbears to try;  
But all (without consideration) write,  
Some thinking that th' omnipotence of wealth 430  
Can turn them into poets when they please.  
But, Piso! you are of too quick a sight  
Not to discern which way your talent lies,  
Or vainly with your genius to contend;  
Yet if it ever be your fate to write, 435  
Let your productions pass the strictest hands

Offendunt, poterat duci quia cœna sine istis :  
Sic animis natum inventumque poëma juvandis,  
Si paulùm à summo discessit, vergit ad imum.

Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis :  
Indoctusque pilæ discive trochive quiescit, 380  
Ne spissæ risum tolliant impunè coronæ :  
Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere. quidni ?  
Liber et ingenuus, præsertim census equestrem  
Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.  
Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva : 385  
Id tibi judicium est, ea mens : si quid tamen olim  
Scripseris, in Metii descendat judicis aures,

Mine and your father's, and not see the light  
 Till time and care have ripen'd ev'ry line.  
 What you keep by you you may change and mend,  
 But words once spoke can never be recall'd. 440

Orpheus, inspir'd by more than human pow'r,  
 Did not, as poets feign, tame savage beasts,  
 But men as lawless and as wild as they,  
 And first dissuaded them from rage and blood.  
 'Thus when Amphion built the Theban wall. 445  
 'They feign'd the stones obey'd his magic lute.  
 Poets, the first instructors of mankind,  
 Brought all things to their proper native use;  
 Some they appropriated to the gods,  
 And some to public some to private ends: 450  
 Promiscuous love by marriage was restrain'd,

---

Et patris, et nostras: nonumque prematur in annum  
 Membranis intus positis, delere licebit  
 Quod non edideris: nescit vox missa reverti. 390

Sylvestres homines facer interpretque deorum  
 Cædibus et victu sædo deterruit Orpheus:  
 Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres rapidosque leones:  
 Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis  
 Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece blanda 395  
 Ducere quò vellet. fuit hæc sapientia quondam,  
 Publica privatis fecernere, sacra profanis:  
 Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis,

Cities were built and useful laws were made :

So great was the divinity of verse,

And such observance to a poet paid.

Then Homer's and Tyrtæus' martial Muse 455

Waken'd the world, and founded loud alarms.

To verse we owe the sacred oracles

And our best precepts of morality :

Some have by verse obtain'd the love of kings,

(Who with the Muses ease their weary'd minds) 460

'Then blush not, noble Piso! to protect

What gods inspire, and kings delight to hear.

Some think that poets may be form'd by art,

Others maintain that Nature makes them so;

I neither see what art without a vein 465

Nor wit without the help of art can do,

Oppida moliri; leges incidere ligno.

Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque 400

Carminibus venit. post hos insignis Homerus

Tyrtæusque mares animos in Martia bella

Versibus exacuit. dictæ per carmina sortes:

Et vitæ monstrata via est: et gratia regum

Pieriis tentata modis: ludusque repertus, 405

Et longorum operum finis: ne fortè pudori

Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.

Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,

Quæsitum est: ego nec studium sine divite vena,

Nec rude quid profit video ingenium. alterius sic 410

But mutually they crave each other's aid.  
 He that intends to gain th' Olympic prize  
 Must use himself to hunger, heat, and cold,  
 Take leave of wine, and the soft joys of love; 470  
 And no musician dares pretend to skill  
 Without a great expense of time and pains;  
 But ev'ry little busy scribbler now  
 Swells with the praises which he gives himself,  
 And, taking sanctuary in the crowd, 475  
 Brags of his impudence, and scorns to mend.

A wealthy poet takes more pains to hire  
 A flatt'ring audience than poor tradesmen do  
 To persuade customers to buy their goods.  
 'Tis hard to find a man of great estate. 480

*Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice.  
 Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,  
 Multa tulit fecitque puer: sudavit, et alsit:  
 Abstulit venere et vino. qui Pythia cantat  
 Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitque magistrum. 415  
 Nunc fatis est dixisse, ego mira poemata pango.  
 Occupet extremum scabies: mihi turpe relinqui est,  
 Et, quod non didici, sane nescire fateri.*

Ut præco ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas,  
 Assentatores jubet ad lucrum ire poëta 420  
 Dives agris, dives positus in sænore nummis.  
 Si verò est unctum qui rectè ponere possit,  
 Et spondere levi pro paupere, et eripere atris

That can distinguish flatterers from friends.  
 Never delude yourself, nor read your book  
 Before a brib'd and fawning auditor,  
 For he 'll commend and feign an ecstasy,  
 Grow pale or weep, do any thing to please: 485  
 True friends appear less mov'd than counterfeit;  
 As men that truly grieve at funerals  
 Are not so loud as those that cry for hire.  
 Wise were the kings who never chose a friend  
 Till with full cups they had unmask'd his soul, 490  
 And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts.  
 You cannot arm yourself with too much care  
 Against the smiles of a designing knave.

---

*Litibus implicitam : mirabor si sciet inter-  
 Noscere mendacem verumque beatus amicum. -425*  
*Tu seu donâris, seu quid donare voles cui,  
 Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum  
 Lætitiæ, clamabit enim, Pulchrè, bene, Recte,  
 Pallefcet super his : etiam stillabit amicis  
 Ex oculis rorem : faliet, tundet pede terram. 430*  
*Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt  
 Et faciunt propè plura dolentibus ex animo : sic  
 Derisor verò plus laudatore movetur :*  
*Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,  
 Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborent 435*  
*An fit amicitia dignus. Si carmina condes,  
 Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.*

Quintilius, if his advice were ask'd,  
 Would freely tell you what you should correct, 495  
 Or, if you could not, bid you blot it out,  
 And with more care supply the vacancy ;  
 But if he found you fond and obstinate,  
 (And apter to defend than mend your faults)  
 With silence leave you to admire yourself, 500  
 And without rival hug your darling book.  
 The prudent care of an impartial friend  
 Will give you notice of each idle line,  
 Shew what sounds harsh, and what wants ornament,  
 Or where it is too lavishly bestow'd ; 505  
 Make you explain all that he finds obscure,  
 And with a strict inquiry mark your faults,  
 Nor for these trifles fear to lose your love.

Quintilio si quid recitares, Corrige, fodes,  
 Hoc, aiebat, et hoc. melius te posse negares,  
 Bis terque expertum frustra? delere jubebat, 440  
 Et malè tornatos incudi reddere versus.  
 Si defendere delictum quàm vertere malles,  
 Nullam ultra verbum aut operam fumebat inanem,  
 Quin sine rivali teque et tua solus amares.  
 Vir bonus et prudens versus reprehendet inertes: 445  
 Culpabit duros: incomtis allinet atrum  
 Transverso calamo signum: ambitiosa recidet  
 Ornamenta: parum claris lucem dare coget:  
 Arguet ambiguè dictum: mutanda notabit:

Those things which now seem frivolous and slight  
 Will be of a most serious consequence 510  
 When they have made you once ridiculous.

A poctaster, in his raging fit,  
 (Follow'd and pointed at by fools and boys)  
 Is dreaded and proscrib'd by men of sense;  
 They make a lane for the polluted thing, 515  
 And fly as from th' infection of the plague,  
 Or from a man whom, for a just revenge,  
 Fanatic Frenzy sent by Heav'n pursues.  
 If (in the raving of a frantic Muse)  
 And minding more his verses than his way, 520  
 Any of these should drop into a well,  
 Tho' he might burst his lungs to call for help  
 No creature would assist or pity him,

Fiet Aristarchus. nec dicet, Cur ego amicum 450  
 Offendam in nugis? Hæ nugæ seria ducent  
 In mala, derisum semel, exceptumque sinistre.

Ut, mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urget,  
 Aut fanaticus error, et iracunda Diana,  
 Vefanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque poëtam, 455  
 Qui sapiunt; agitant pueri, incautique sequuntur.  
 Hic, dum sublimes versus ructatur, et errat,  
 Si veluti merulis intentus decidit auceps  
 In puteum, foveamve: licet, Succurrite, longum  
 Clamet, io, cives; non sit qui tollere curet. 460  
 Si quis curet opem ferre, et demittere funem,

But seem to think he fell on purpose in.  
 Hear how an old Sicilian poet dy'd; 525  
 Empedocles, mad to be thought a god,  
 In a cold fit leap'd into Ætna's flames.  
 Give poets leave to make themselves away,  
 Why should it be a greater sin to kill  
 Than to keep men alive against their will? 530  
 Nor was this chance, but a deliberate choice;  
 For if Empedocles were now reviv'd  
 He would be at his frolic once again  
 And his pretensions to divinity.  
 'Tis hard to say whether for sacrilege 535  
 Or incest, or some more unheard-of crime,  
 The rhyming fiend is sent into these men;  
 But they are all most visibly possess'd,  
 And, like a baited bear when he breaks loose,

---

Quî scis, an prudens huc se dejecerit? atque  
 Servari nolit? dicam, Siculique poetæ  
 Narrabo interitum: deus immortalis haberi  
 Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam  
 Insiluit. sit jus, liceatque perire poetis. 466  
 Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti,  
 Nec semel hoc fecit: nec, si retractus erit, jam  
 Fiet homo, et ponet famosæ mortis amorem.  
 Nec satis apparet cur versus factitet; utrum 470  
 Minxerit in patrios cineres, an tristi bidental  
 Moverit incestus. certè furit, ac velut ursus,



Without distinction seize on all they meet: 540  
 None ever 'scap'd that came within their reach,  
 Sticking like leeches, till they burst with blood;  
 Without remorse insatiably they read,  
 And never leave till they have read men dead. 544

---

Objectos cavæ valuit si frangere clathros,  
 Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus. 474  
 Quem verò arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,  
 Non missura cutem nisi plenâ cruoris hirudo. 476

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# THE TWENTY-SECOND ODE

OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

VIRTUE, dear Friend! needs no defence;  
The surest guard is innocence:  
None knew till guilt created fear  
What darts or poison'd arrows were:

Integrity undaunted goes 5  
Thro' Libyan sands or Scythian snows,  
Or where Hydaspes' wealthy side  
Pays tribute to the Persian pride.

---

## AD ARISTIUM.

ODE XXII.

*Vita integritatem et innocentiam ubique est tutam.*

INTEGER vitæ, scelerisque purus  
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,  
Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,  
Fusce, pharetrâ:

Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas, 5  
Sive facturus per inhospitalem  
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus  
Lambit Hydaspes.

For as (by am'rous thoughts betray'd)  
 Careless in Sabine woods I stray'd, 10  
 A grisly foaming wolf unfed,  
 Met me unarm'd, yet trembling fled.

No beast of more portentous size  
 In the Hercynian forest lies;  
 None fiercer, in Numidia bred, 15  
 With Carthage were in triumph led.

Set me in the remotest place  
 That Neptune's frozen arms embrace,  
 Where angry Jove did never spare  
 One breath of kind and temp'rate air; 20

Namque me sylvâ lupus in Sabinâ  
 Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra 10  
 Terminum curis vagor expeditus,  
 Fugit inermem.

Quale portentum neque militaris  
 Daunia in latis alit esculetis:  
 Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum 15  
 Arida nutrix.

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis  
 Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ:  
 Quod latus mundi nebulae, malûsque  
 Jupiter urget: 20

Set me where on some pathless plain  
 The swarthy Africans complain,  
 To see the chariot of the Sun  
 So near their scorching country run;

The burning zone, the frozen isles, 25  
 Shall hear me sing of Cælia's smiles:  
 All cold but in her breast I will despise,  
 And dare all heat but that in Cælia's eyes. 28

Pone sub curru nimum propinqui  
 Solis, in terrâ domibus negatâ :  
 Dulcè ridentem Lalagen amabo,  
 Dulcè loquentem. 24

## THE SAME IMITATED.

### I.

VIRTUE, dear Friend! needs no defence,  
 No arms but its own innocence :  
 Quivers and bows, and poison'd darts,  
 Are only us'd by guilty hearts.

### II.

An honest mind safely alone 5  
 May travel thro' the burning zone,  
 Or thro' the deepest Scythian fnows,  
 Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows.

## III.

While rul'd by a resistless fire,  
 Our great Orinda \* I admire, 10  
 The hungry wolves, that see me stray  
 Unarm'd and single, run away.

## IV.

Set me in the remotest place  
 That ever Neptune did embrace;  
 When there her image fills my breast, 15  
 Helicon is not half so blest.

## V.

Leave me upon some Libyan plain,  
 So she my fancy entertain,  
 And when the thirsty monsters meet,  
 They 'll all pay homage to my feet. 20

## VI.

The magic of Orinda's name  
 Not only can their fierceness tame,  
 But, if that mighty word I once rehearse,  
 They seem submissively to roar in verse. 24

\* Mrs. Catharine Philips.

# THE SIXTH ODE

OF THE THIRD BOOK OF HORACE.

*Of the corruption of the times.*

THOSE ills your ancestors have done,  
Romans! are now become your own,  
And they will cost you dear,  
Unless you soon repair  
The falling temples, which the gods provoke, 5  
And statues sully'd yet with sacrilegious smoke.

Propitious Heav'n, that rais'd your fathers high,  
For humble grateful piety,

---

## AD ROMANOS.

HOR. LIB. III. ODE VI.

*Corruptos suæ ætatis mores insectatur.*

DELICTA majorem immeritus lues,  
Romane: donec templa refeceris,  
Ædēsque labentes deorum, et  
Fæda nigro simulacra fumo.

Dīs te minorem quòd geris, imperas. 5  
Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.

(As it rewarded their respect)  
 Hath sharply punish'd your neglect. 10  
 All empires on the gods depend;  
 Begun by their command, at their command they end.

Let Crassus' ghost and Labienus' tell  
 How twice by Jove's revenge our legions fell,  
 And, with insulting pride, 15  
 Shining in Roman spoils, the Parthian victors ride.

The Scythian and Egyptian scum  
 Had almost ruin'd Rome,  
 While our seditions took their part, [dart.  
 Fill'd each Egyptian sail, and wing'd each Scythian

---

*Dî multa neglecti dederunt  
 Hesperix mala luctuosæ.*

Jam bis Monæses, et Pacori manus  
 Non auspicatos contudit impetus 10  
 Nostros, et adjecisse prædam  
 Torquibus exiguis renidet.

Penè occupatam seditionibus  
 Delevit urbem Dacus, et Æthiops:  
 Hic classe formidatus, ille 15  
 Missilibus melior sagittis.

First, those flagitious times 21  
 (Pregnant with unknown crimes)  
 Conspire to violate the nuptial bed,  
 From which polluted head  
 Infectious streams of crowding sins began, 25  
 And thro' the spurious breed and guilty nation ran.

Behold a ripe and melting maid  
 Bound prentice to the wanton trade;  
 Ionian artists, at a mighty price,  
 Instruct her in the mysteries of vice; 30  
 What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay,  
 And with an early hand they form the temper'd clay.

Marry'd, their lessons she improves  
 By practice of adult'rous loves,

---

*Fœcunda culpæ sæcula, nuptias  
 Primùm inquinavere, et genus, et domos.  
 Hòc fonte derivata clades  
 In patriam, populùmque fluxit.* 20

*Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos  
 Matura virgo, et fingitur artubus  
 Jam nunc, et incestos amores  
 De tenero meditatur ungui.*

*Mox juniores quærit adulteros 25  
 Inter mariti vina : neque eligit*



And scorns the common mean design 35  
 To take advantage of her husband's wine,  
 Or snatch, in some dark place,  
 A hasty illegitimate embrace.

No! the brib'd husband knows of all,  
 And bids her rise when lovers call. 40  
 Hither a merchant from the Straights,  
 Grown wealthy by forbidden freights,  
 Or city cannibal, repairs,  
 Who feeds upon the flesh of heirs;  
 Convenient brutes! whose tributary flame 45  
 Pays the full price of lust, and gilds the flighted shame.

'Twas not the spawn of such as these  
 That dy'd with Punic blood the conquer'd seas,  
 And quash'd the stern Æacides;

Cui donet impermissa raptim  
 Gaudia, luminibus remotis:

Sed iussa coràm non sinè conscio  
 Surgit marito: seu vocat institor, 30  
 Seu navis Hispanæ magister,  
 Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.

Non his juvenus orta parentibus  
 Infecit æquor sanguine Punico,

Made the proud Asian monarch feel 50  
 How weak his gold was against Europe's steel,  
 Forc'd ev'n dire Hannibal to yield,  
 And won the long-disputed world at Zama's fatal  
[field:

But soldiers of a rustic mould,  
 Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold, 55  
 Either they dug the stubborn ground,  
 Or thro' hewn woods their weighty strokes did found;  
 And after the declining sun  
 Had chang'd the shadows, and their task was done,  
 Home with their weary team they took their way,  
 And drown'd in friendly bowls the labour of the day.

Pyrrhúmque, et ingentem cecidit 35  
 Antiochum, Annibalémque dirum :

Sed rusticorum mascula militum  
 Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus  
 Versare glebas, et severæ  
 Matris ad arbitrium recisos 40

Portare fustes, sol ubi montium  
 Mutaret umbras, et juga demeret  
 Bobus fatigatis, amicum  
 Tempus agens abeunte curru.

Time sensibly all things impairs; 62  
 Our fathers have been worse than theirs,  
 And we than ours; next age will see  
 A race more profligate than we  
 (With all the pains we take) have skill enough to be.

---

Damnosa quid non imminuit diés? 45  
 Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit  
 Nos nequiores, mox daturos  
 Progeniem vitiosorem. 48

---

# SILENUS.

VIRGIL'S SIXTH ECLOGUE.

## The Argument.

TWO young shepherds, Chromis and Mnasyllus, having been often promised a song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this eclogue; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promise. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his song, in which he describes the formation of the universe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philosophy; and then runs through the most surprising transformations which have happened in Nature since her birth. This eclogue was designed as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philosophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnasyllus as the two pupils.

I FIRST of Romans stoop'd to rural strains,  
Nor blush'd to dwell among Sicilian swains.  
When my Thalia rais'd her bolder voice,  
And kings and battles were her lofty choice,  
Phœbus did kindly humbler thoughts infuse, 5  
And with this whisper check th' aspiring Muse.

---

# SILENUS.

ECLOGA VI.

*Faunorum et Satyrorum et Sylvanorum delectatio.*

PRIMA Syracosio dignata est ludere versu,  
Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.  
Cum canerem reges, et prælia, Cynthius aurem  
Vellit, et admonuit: Pasterem, Tityre, pingues

A shepherd, Tityrus! his flocks should feed,  
And chuse a subject suited to his reed.

Thus I (while each ambitious pen prepares  
To write thy praises, Varus! and thy wars) 10  
My past'ral tribute in low numbers pay,  
And tho' I once presum'd, I only now obey.

But yet (if any with indulgent eyes  
Can look on this, and such a trifle prize)  
Thee only Varus! our glad swains shall sing, 15  
And ev'ry grove and ev'ry echo ring.  
Phœbus delights in Varus' fav'rite name,  
And none who under that protection came  
Was ever ill receiv'd, or unsecure of fame. }

Proceed, my Muse! 20  
Young Chromis and Mnafylus chanc'd to stray  
Where (sleeping in a cave) Silenus lay,

Pascere oportet oves, deductum dicere carmen. 5  
Nunc ego (namque supèr tibi erunt, qui dicere laudes,  
Vare, tuas cupiant, et tristia condere bella)  
Agrestem tenui meditabor arundine Musam.  
Non injusta cano. si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis  
Captus amore leget; te nostræ, Vare, myricæ, 10  
Te nemus omne canet. nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,  
Quam sibi que Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.  
Pergite, Pierides. Chromis et Mnafylus in antro  
Silenum pueri somno videre jacentem,

Whose constant cups fly fuming to his brain,  
 And always boil in each extended vein :  
 His trusty flagon, full of potent juice,                    25  
 Was hanging by, worn thin with age and use ;  
 Dropp'd from his head, a wreath lay on the ground ;  
 In haste they seiz'd him, and in haste they bound ;  
 Eager, for both had been deluded long  
 With fruitless hope of his instructive song :                    30  
 But while with conscious fear they doubtful stood,  
 Ægle, the fairest Naïs of the flood,  
 With a vermilion dye his temples stain'd.  
 'Waking, he smil'd, " And must I then be chain'd ?  
 " Loose me," he cry'd ; " 't was boldly done to find  
 " And view a god, but 't is too bold to bind.                    36  
 " The promis'd verse no longer I 'll delay,  
 " (She shall be satisfy'd another way)."

Inflatum hesterno venas, ut semper, Iaccho,                    15  
 Serta procul tantùm capiti delapsa jacebant :  
 Et gravis attritâ pendebat cantharus ansâ.  
 Aggressi (nam sæpe senex spe carminis ambo  
 Luferat) injiciunt ipsis ex vincula fertis.  
 Addit se sociam, timidisque supervenit Ægle ;                    20  
 Ægle Naïadum pulcherrima. jamque videnti  
 Sanguineis frontem moris, et tempora pingit.  
 Ille dolum ridens, Quò vincula nescitis ? inquit.  
 Solvite me, pueri. satis est potuisse videri,

With that he rais'd his tuneful voice aloud,  
 The knotty oaks their list'ning branches bow'd, 40  
 And savage beasts and sylvan gods did crowd: }

For, lo! he sung the world's stupendous birth,  
 How scatter'd seeds of sea, and air, and earth,  
 And purer fire, thro' universal night  
 And empty space did fruitfully unite; 45  
 From whence th' innumerable race of things  
 By circular successive order springs.

By what degrees this earth's compacted sphere  
 Was harden'd, woods, and rocks, and towns, to bear;  
 How sinking waters (the firm land to drain) 50  
 Fill'd the capacious deep, and form'd the main,  
 While from above, adorn'd with radiant light,  
 A new-born sun surpris'd the dazzled sight;

*Carmina quæ vultis, cognoscite : carmina vobis; 25*

*Huic aliud mercedis erit. simul incipit ipse.*

*Tum verò in numerum Fauuósque ferásque videres*

*Ludere, tum rigidas motare cacumina quercus.*

*Nec tantùm Phœbo gaudet Parnassia rupes :*

*Nec tantùm Rhodope mirantur et Ismarus Orphea.*

*Namque canebat, uti magnum par inane coacta 31*

*Semina terrarúmque, animæque, marisve fuissent,*

*Et liquidi simul ignis : ut his exordia primis*

*Omnia, et ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.*

*Tum durare solum, et discludere Nerea ponto 35*

*Cœperit, et rerum paulatim sumere formas.*

How vapours turn'd to clouds obscure the sky,  
 And clouds dissolv'd the thirsty ground supply; 55  
 How the first forest rais'd its shady head, [tains fed.  
 Till when few wand'ring beasts on unknown moun-

Then Pyrrha's stony race rose from the ground,  
 Old Saturn reign'd with golden plenty crown'd,  
 And bold Prometheus (whose untam'd desire 60  
 Rivall'd the Sun with his own heav'nly fire)  
 Now doom'd the Scythian vulture's endless prey,  
 Severely pays for animating clay.

He nam'd the nymph (for who but gods could tell?)  
 Into whose arms the lovely Hylas fell. 65

Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost;  
 Hylas in vain resounds thro' all the coast.

He with compassion told Pasiphae's fault,  
 Ah! wretched Queen! whence came that guilty  
 thought?

Jamque novum ut terræ stupeant lucefcere solem,  
 Altiùs atque cadant submotis nubibus imbres :  
 Incipiant fylvæ cùm primùm furgere, cùmque  
 Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes. 40

Hinc lapides Pyrrhæ jactos, Saturnia regna,  
 Caucafiasque refert volucres, furtúmque Promethei.  
 His adjungit, Hylan nautæ quo fonte relictum  
 Clamâffent : ut litus, Hyla, Hyla, omne fonaret.

Et fortunatam, fi numquam armenta fuiffent, 45  
 Pasiphaën nivei folatur amore juvenci.



The maids of Argos, who with frantic cries,  
 And imitated lowings fill'd the skies,  
 (Tho' metamorphos'd in their wild conceit)  
 Did never burn with such unnat'ral heat.  
 Ah! wretched Queen! while you on mountains stray,  
 He on soft flow'rs his snowy side does lay, 75  
 Or seeks in herds a more proportion'd love:  
 "Surround, my nymphs," she cries, "surround the  
 "Perhaps some footsteps printed in the clay [grove;  
 "Will to my love direct your wand'ring way;  
 "Perhaps, while thus in search of him I roam, 80  
 "My happier rivals have entic'd him home."

Ah! Virgo infelix! quæ te dementia cepit?  
 Prætides implêrunt falsis mugitibus agros:  
 At non tam turpes pecudum tamen ulla secuta est  
 Concubitus, quamvis collo timuisset aratrum, 50  
 Et sæpe in lævi quæfisset cornua fronte.  
 Ah! Virgo infelix! tu nunc in montibus erras!  
 Ille, latus niveum molli fultus hyacintho,  
 Ilice sub nigrâ pallentes ruminat herbas, [phæ  
 Aut aliquam in magno sequitur grege. claudite nym-  
 Diææ nymphæ, nemorum jam claudite saltus: 56  
 Si quâ fortè ferant oculis sese obvia nostris  
 Errabunda bovis vestigia. forsitan illum  
 Aut herbâ captum viridi, aut armenta secutum,  
 Perducant aliquæ stabula ad Gortynia vaccæ. 60

He sung how Atalanta was betray'd  
 By those Hesperian baits her lover laid,  
 And the sad sisters who to trees were turn'd,  
 While with the world th' ambitious brother burn'd.  
 All he describ'd was present to their eyes, 86  
 And as he rais'd his verse the poplars seem'd to rise.

He taught which Muse did by Apollo's will  
 Guide wand'ring Gallus to th' Aonian hill:  
 (Which place the god for solemn meetings chose) 90  
 With deep respect the learned senate rose,  
 And Linus thus (deputed by the rest)  
 'The hero's welcome and their thanks express:  
 " This harp of old to Hesiod did belong,  
 " To this, the Muses' gift, join thy harmonious song;  
 " Charm'd by these strings, trees starting from the  
 ground 96  
 " Have follow'd with delight the pow'rful sound.

Tum canit Hesperidum miratam mala puellam:  
 Tum Phaëthontidas musco circumdat amaræ  
 Corticis, atque solo proceras erigit alnos.

Tum canit, errantem permessi ad flumina Gallum  
 Aonas in montes ut duxerit una sororum; 65  
 Utque viro Phœbi chorus adfurrexerit omnis;  
 Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor,  
 Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,  
 Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos (en accipe) Musæ;  
 Ascrao quos antè seni: quibus ille solebat 70

“ Thus consecrated, thy Grynæan grove

“ Shall have no equal in Apollo’s love.”

Why should I speak of the Megarian maid, 100  
For love perfidious, and by love betray’d?

And her who round with barking monsters arm’d,  
The wand’ring Greeks (ah! frighted men!) alarm’d,  
Whose only hope on shatter’d ships depends,  
While fierce sea-dogs devour the mangled friends? 105

Or tell the Thracian tyrant’s alter’d shape,  
And dire revenge of Philomela’s rape,  
Who to those woods directs her mournful course,  
Where she had suffer’d by incestuous force,  
While, loath to leave the palace too well known, 110  
Progné flies hov’ring round, and thinks it still her  
own?

*Cantando rigidas deducere montibus ornos.*

*His tibi Grynæi nemoris dicatur origo :*

*Nequis fit lucus, quo se plus jactet Apollo.*

*Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, quam fama secuta est,  
Candida succinctam latrantibus inguina monstribus 75*

*Dulichias vexâsse rates, et gurgite in alto*

*Ah timidos nautas canibus lacerâsse marinis :*

*Aut ut mutatos Terei narraverit artus ?*

*Quas illi Philomela dapes, quæ dona parârit ?*

*Quo cursu deserta petiverit, et quibus antè 80*

*Infelix sua tecta supervolitaverit alis ?*

O ij

Whatever near Eurota's happy stream,  
 With laurels crown'd, had been Apollo's theme  
 Silenus sings; the neighb'ring rocks reply,  
 And send his mystic numbers thro' the sky;     115  
 Till Night began to spread her gloomy veil,  
 And call'd the counted sheep from ev'ry dale;  
 The weaker light unwillingly declin'd,  
 And to prevailing shades the murm'ring world re-  
                   sign'd.   119

---

Omnia quæ, Phœbo quondam meditante, beatus  
 Audiit Eurotas, jussitque ediscere lauros,  
 Ille canit. pulsæ referunt ad sidera valles.  
 Cogere donec oves stabulis, numerúmque referre  
 Jussit, et invito processit vesper Olympo.     86

*Part of the fifth scene of the second act in*  
GUARINI'S PASTOR FIDO,

TRANSLATED.

AN! happy grove! dark and secure retreat  
Of sacred Silence, Rest's eternal seat,  
How well your cool and unfrequented shade  
Suits with the chaste retirements of a maid!  
Oh! if kind Heav'n had been so much my friend 5  
To make my fate upon my choice depend,  
All my ambition I would here confine,  
And only this Elysium should be mine.

---

*Part of the fifth Scene of the Second Act in*  
GUARINI'S PASTOR FIDO.

AMARILLI.

CARE felice beate,  
E voi solinghi, e taciturni horroti  
Di riposo, e di pace alberghi veri.  
O quanto volentieri  
A riuederui i torno, e se le stelle 5  
M' haueffer dato inforte  
Di viuer à me stessa, e di far vita  
Conforme à le mie voglie;  
Io già co campi Elisi

Fond men, by passion wilfully betray'd,  
 Adore those idols which their fancy made; 10  
 Purchasing riches with our time and care,  
 We lose our freedom in a gilded snare;  
 And having all, all to ourselves refuse,  
 Oppress'd with blessings which we fear to use.  
 Fame is at best but an inconstant good, 15  
 Vain are the boasted titles of our blood;  
 We soonest lose what we most highly prize,  
 And with our youth our short-liv'd beauty dies.

---

Fortunato giardin de semidei 10  
 La vostr'ombra gentil non cangerei.  
 " Che se ben dritto miro  
 " Questi beni mortali  
 " Altro non son che mali :  
 " Men' hà, chi più n' abbonda, 15  
 " E posseduto è più, che non possede,  
 " Ricchezze nò, ma lacci  
 " De l' altrui libertate.  
 " Che val ne più verdi anni  
 " Titolo di bellezza, 20  
 " O fama d'honestate,  
 " E'n mortal sangue nobiltà celeste :  
 " Tante grazie del cielo, e de la terra.  
 " Qui larghi, e lieti campi  
 " E là felici piagge, 25

In vain our fields and flocks increase our store,  
 If our abundance makes us wish for more: 20  
 How happy is the harmless country-maid  
 Who, rich by nature, scorns superfluous aid!  
 Whose modest clothes no wanton eyes invite,  
 But like her soul preserves the native white; 24  
 Whose little store her well-taught mind does please,  
 Nor pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with wanton ease;  
 Who, free from storms, which on the great ones fall,  
 Makes but few wishes, and enjoys them all;

---

“ Fecondi paschi, e più fecondo armento,  
 “ Se'n tanti beni il cor non è contento ?”  
 Felice pastorella,  
 Cui cinge à pena il fianco  
 Pouera sì, ma schietta, 30  
 E candida gonnella.  
 Ricca sol di se stessa,  
 E de le grazie di Natura adorna,  
 Che'n dolce pouertate  
 Nè pouertà conosce, nè i disagi 35  
 De le ricchezze sente,  
 Ma tutto quel possiede  
 Per cui desio d'hauer non la tormenta;  
 Nuda sì, ma contenta.  
 Co doni di natura 40  
 I doni di natura anco nudrica;

No care but love can discompose her breast,  
 Love! of all cares the sweetest and the best; 30  
 While on sweet grafs her bleating charge does lie,  
 Our happy lover feeds upon her eye;  
 Not one on whom or gods or men impose,  
 But one whom Love has for this lover chose,  
 Under some fav'rite myrtle's shady boughs, 35  
 They speak their passions in repeated vows,

---

Col latte, il latte auuiua,  
 E col dolce de l' api  
 Condifce il mel de le natie dolcezze.  
 Quel fonte ond'ella beue, 45  
 Quel solo anco la bagna, e la consiglia;  
 Paga lei, pago il mondo:  
 Per lei di nemi il ciel s'oscura indarno,  
 E di grandine s' arma,  
 Che la sua pouertà nulla pauenta: 50  
 Nuda sì, ma contenta.  
 Sola una dolce, e d'ogn' affanno sgombra  
 Cura le sta nel core.  
 Pasce le verdi herbette  
 La greggia à lei commessa, ed ella pasce 55  
 De suo'begli occhi il pastorello amante,  
 Non qual le destinaro  
 O gli huomini, o le stelle,  
 Ma qual le diede Amore.  
 E tra l' ombrose piante 60



And whilst a blush confesses how she burns,  
 His faithful heart makes as sincere returns;  
 Thus in the arms of Love and Peace they lie,  
 And while they live their flames can never die. 43

---

D'vn favorito lor Mirteto adorno  
 Vagheggiata il vagheggia, nè per lui  
 Sente foco d' amor, che non gli scopra,  
 Ned' ella scopre ardor, ch'egli non senta,  
 Nuda sì, ma contenta. 65  
 O vera vita, che non fà che sia  
 Morire innanzi morte. 67

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